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SELECTIONS

FROM

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

T. Stothard R.A.

MIDNIGHT.

SEVERAL

POETICAL

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SELECTIONS

FROM

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, B.A.,
OF LINC. COLL., OXON.;
Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity;" "The Messiah," &c.

WITH

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

AND

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

EXTRACTS FROM SATIRES, NOTES, &c.

LONDON:
CHARLES MASON, 18, WINE OFFICE COURT,
FLEET STREET.

1836.

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TO THE READER.

THE *acknowledged* productions of Mr. R. Montgomery consist of "The Omnipresence of the Deity" —"Death; with other Poems"—"Satan"—"Oxford"—"The Messiah"—and "Woman, the Angel of Life;" * all of which are too well known and appreciated to require critical dissertation or introductory remarks. Had the present design, therefore, embraced no more than "SELECTIONS" from *these*, the reader might have been spared the perusal of prefatory observations: but having introduced, by way of *Appendix* to this volume, a variety of extracts from two *anonymous* poems, the one entitled "The Age Reviewed, a Satire," and the other

* Of the first named Poem 15,000 copies have been sold; and of the others, collectively, about 15,000; making a total of 30,000 volumes, independent of several which have been reprinted in America and on the Continent. A circulation so extensive, and in so short a period, (for it is less than seven years since Mr. Montgomery produced his "Omnipresence of the Deity") has obtained for his works a more than ordinary share of notoriety, and must surely have been sufficient to satisfy the most ardent aspirations after poetic fame.

designated "The Puffiad;" thereby identifying Mr. M. with the authorship of those works,—it would neither be fair as regards him, nor courteous towards the public, that they should be passed over in silence. And since a real necessity exists for alluding to *them*, we may perhaps be excused if we take advantage of the opportunity, and discuss the nature and merits of some of the others.

In the first place, we contend that there is no inconsistency, and not a shadow of impropriety, for a writer of ethics to display his powers as a satirist, if by such means vice can be corrected, or folly put to the blush. If the *moral aim and tendency* of a satirical poem be apparent, the attempt is laudable; and if, moreover, it be executed with judgment and good taste, it deserves the highest commendation. With regard to the satires attributed to Mr. Montgomery, this we fearlessly aver, that, how much soever some of his readers may differ with him as to the accuracy of certain likenesses which he has so boldly sketched, no one who examines them with an unprejudiced eye can deny that a *healthy moral tone* pervades even his most caustic strictures. To us, indeed, it appears, that whatever was opposed to religion or morals, whatever tended to national degradation or individual abasement, whatever was designed to mislead the understanding or corrupt the heart, invariably met with his severest repre-

hension; in short, we everywhere recognise in him the zealous advocate of virtue, and the well-intentioned champion of right. And surely it ought to excite no great surprise, if it should be found that he occasionally gave too ready credence to the oracles of party, or was sometimes misled by those *ignes fatui* which often dazzle the sight and bewilder the senses of older and more wary observers.

Having said thus much, we shall now proceed with the more agreeable task of quoting the opinions of others, who, having investigated and analysed the works of Mr. R. Montgomery, have had the manly candour to avow their sentiments. Many of the observations that follow are extracted from an ably-written essay,* which appeared during that memorable era, when, on the publication of "Satan," such a literary warwhoop was raised against the author and his poem, that not only the candour of criticism, but even the common courtesies of life, seemed to be lost sight of in the pursuit of splenetic witticisms and the indulgence of gross scurrility.†

* The essay alluded to appeared as a pamphlet, and was entitled, "Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers; with some Remarks on the present state of English Poetry, and on the Laws of Criticism. By Edward Clarkson. London; Printed for James Ridgway. 1830."

† Alluding (but as slightly as possible) to his angry antagonists, Mr. Montgomery himself thus writes in his Preface to "*The Messiah*:" "On attacks, personal or otherwise, the author has nothing to remark; nor does he wish to sully, by acrimonious

Speaking of the "Age Reviewed," the writer just alluded to remarks, "I take it for granted that this powerful Juvenalian Sketch, characterised as it is by great talent, and by many faults—by much of the virtuous indignation, and by too much of the censorious indiscretion of youth, is Mr. Robert Montgomery's. It has not been acknowledged by him, but it may be fairly inferred that he would have repudiated the ownership so repeatedly attributed to him, had it not been his. Proofs of the ownership might, indeed, be adduced." He further on observes, "If *The Age Reviewed* may be, in fierce vituperation and range of purpose, compared to Juvenal, the style occasionally approaches to that of the orthodox poet, Young, in his powerful satire, the *Universal Passion.*" Again, commenting on the manly feeling and fearless disinterestedness which the author evinces, he says, "There is no malignant worldly rancour in the display of his appalling satiric power, but a virtuous indignation, scorning folly, and hating vice and crime, whether ragged or ribanded, with a perfect hatred."

discussion, pages dedicated, he fondly hopes, to a better and nobler purpose. If his writings and character have been misrepresented by anonymous foes, it is gratifying to remember, that they have neither subdued exertion, nor perverted his mind; much less have they lost him the esteem and friendship of many of the good and great of his country, which, but for his productions he had never enjoyed." [For a more copious and pertinent reply to his adversaries, see *Notes*, p. 315 of the *Appendix*.]

We shall now revert to Mr. Montgomery's religious poems, particularly to the one against which such anathemas have been hurled; and in so doing we shall avail ourselves of the reasoning of those who have most profoundly studied the subject.

It has been well remarked by one writer, that "the embodied principle of evil has been already made the subject of immortal verse by Milton and Byron; the Satan of the one and the Lucifer of the other, are at bottom the same character, but, being described in different relations, assume a different aspect. The Satan of Milton is described in all the energies of rebellious ambition—a proud intelligence combating with the Almighty for the dominion of the universe. The Lucifer of Byron has given up the contest, and has substituted fraudful cunning for the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.' The former describes the relation of the Evil Being to Deity,—the latter, his relation to man. Another yet remained;—neither of these poets had described the relation of such a being to himself, and endeavoured to unfold the thoughts, the speculations, the intellectual workings of a fallen spirit. There was in another respect also a gap in the poetical character of Satan—*the time* chosen by Milton was when the world had first started into life and beauty; the time selected by Byron was when sin and sorrow were just beginning to blight

its moral loveliness; the period when ages had rolled over the history of the human race—when guilty passions and ferocious desires had written the annals of crime with indefinite characters on the face of nature—when nations, and not individuals, were the subject of the demon's observation, had been left untouched.

"This hitherto untouched field has now been occupied by Mr. Montgomery, in his poem of 'SATAN:' he has chosen the present hour as the time in which the proud competitor for the dominion of the universe should revisit the earth and survey all its extremes of ennobling virtue and debasing crime; he has pourtrayed the thoughts of mingled scorn, sorrow, envy, and the maddening sense of degradation which such a spirit may be supposed to have felt from the view of such a spectacle. The world is shown to us as it may have appeared in his reflections, and the inmost workings of his soul are delineated with an intensity—with almost a profusion of power, rare at all times, and never more rare than in the present day. Now that we have fallen on the age of 'superficial poetry,' such as 'he that runs may read,'—the age of boarding-school literature, where no abstract thought, no complication of feeling, checks for a single moment the reader's happy progress, but where he is permitted to reach the end of the

volume without having made a single pause, and can lay it down without a passage remaining to burden his memory, it is at all events a decided change to meet with a poem which will not allow of such rapid driving over as its macadamized cotemporaries. The subject chosen by Mr. M. required much abstraction, much condensation of thought; it must, consequently, be read slowly and with care —where every line is replete with deep energy and vigorous conception, the reader is forced to pause and reflect: he finds new worlds of thought opened to his view, and the old world presented to him in a new and original form. *To sum up the character in one word, the reader will find this a purely intellectual poem, in which the universe of matter is made beautifully subservient to the developement of the universe of mind.*

"A very foolish notion seems to prevail in the world, that Satan must possess a mind in which evil is constantly looked upon as good: this arises from the mistake of supposing that the object at which he aims in his fallen state is that which he believes would in any state have been the best; but it is perfectly absurd to imagine that the innate excellence and beauty of virtue could be hidden from any superior intelligence. The curse pronounced on the disappointed demons more probably included

the bitter punishment which Persius prays may be inflicted on tyrants—

"Virtutem videant intabescantque relictâ."

Accordingly, we find Satan a very equitable judge of human nature—indeed, it would be hard to assign a reason why he should be a liar to himself—and yet there have been people who deem it inconsistent with demoniac nature that Satan should even whisper to himself his perceptions of moral loveliness, his contempt for the sensual slaves who are dragged bound to his chariot wheels. They forget that 'the devils *believe* and tremble,' and that the greatest triumph of Milton's genius is when he describes Satan in the full consciousness of all he had lost, subduing by innate energies the intense agonies of hopeless despair. It is the fidelity with which Mr. M. has preserved in Satan the wisdom of his former high estate amid all the degradation of present misery, that gives the principal charm to his poem. Utterly depraved as a moral agent, Satan still maintains the dignity of super-human intellect: though a devil, he is still an arch-angel. The execution of this poem is every way worthy of the sublime conception which it has embodied. We were particularly struck with the descriptions of external nature, which, in addition to their graphic loveliness, have the still greater merit

of being all combined with internal feeling. It would seem as if the poet's soul had poured itself abroad on the scenes that he depicts, and made them an actual part of his existence. But there is one praise to which Mr. M. is entitled far beyond any one we have mentioned: there is a spirit of unaffected piety and pure morality in every line of his poem, which has, unfortunately, been long a stranger to our literature. He has successfully shown that the spirit of true Christianity, far from being inimical to poetical power, adds to genius new vigour and vitality, and opens to the soul visions of glory, and vistas of happiness, which none can describe but those who have drunk from the fountains of Zion as well as from the streams of Castalia."

Let us now see what others say. In an elaborate review of "Satan," Mr. Clarkson thus expresses himself:

"All poems should have a *moral;* and *à fortiori* a sacred poem. *Satan* has a striking moral, which, if the critics had been prompted by the rules of their art to search for it, would have furnished them with a key to the apparent discrepancy of Satan's character. It is this—that THE HIGHEST INTELLECTUAL REFINEMENT MAY BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE GREATEST MORAL DEBASEMENT. A terrible and wholesome warning—at once supported by religion, by philosophy, and experience,—to this

day of ambition, pretence, and refinement—to this boasted age of the 'march of mind.' Almost the whole of the second book of *Satan* is one of the best reasoned poetical answers I have read to the doctrine of human perfectibility. There is obviously a moral balance in the affairs of the world; weakness counterpoises strength; a compensating weight detracts from each increased momentum of our progress, and we oscillate backward towards our first impassable and dependent line. * * * If men could progressively become perfect here, in *enjoyment, morals,* and *intellect,* (all *three* are necessary to perfectibility,) the narrative of the fall, and of the existence of Satan, as Mr. Montgomery makes him argue (Book II.,) might be neglected as a fable; nor would there be any occasion for the Christian religion, which pronounces the irresistible syllogism: '*God is Omnipotent, Omnipresent,* and JUST; ye *cannot have* JUSTICE *here; therefore, Omnipotence* MUST do *justice to all elsewhere.*'

"That the poem of *Satan* has its defects (in common with every thing human) it would be dishonest to deny: but they are not those defects which the gentlemen, whose strictures I have rigidly but fairly analysed, point out. They are, occasional tumour and obscurity; occasional prolongation and harshness in the structure of the sentences and idioms occasional want of condensation, synthesis, and pr

cision ; all faults arising from redundant luxuriancy of imagination. The great fault, however, is one that only genius could commit; *materiem superat opus ;* the exuberant profusion of power amounts, in some instances, to *supererogation and waste.*

" His highest praise is, that he never humiliates morality, nor violates modesty. His images and sentiments are pure ; and can make no ' worthy man a foe.' Against his *Satan* cannot be brought the charge which has been adduced by Johnson against Milton, and by others against Byron, that each has outraged the ears of piety and virtue, by putting blasphemous expressions against the Almighty into the mouth of the evil principle. The restriction has *displeased* some of Mr. Montgomery's critics, by rendering the *character* of his *Satan* less *impure,* but it has *pleased* the more discriminating by preserving the purity of *his own.*"

If any apology be thought necessary for so lengthy a disquisition on the poetical consistency of the Satanic character, according to Mr. Montgomery's delineation of the Evil Principle, it must be found in the perversion given to it by those who took such inordinate pains in the dissemination of their scurrilous attacks. We know of no other method to disabuse the public mind, than to offer antidotes to the poison. The learned and respectable Editor of " The Imperial Magazine," the late Rev.

Samuel Drew, at the end of a long and careful review of "Satan," sums up his analysis in these words:—"This poem embraces a vast fund of materials, which are at once diversified and important. The sentiments are bold and energetic. The language is always harmonious, frequently elegant, and sometimes sublime. It is a work which genius may be proud to own, and one which will augment, rather than diminish, the Author's reputation." Another liberal critic, the Editor of the London University Magazine, observes, that "no conception can be more grand, more truly sublime, than such a Being contemplating 'all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them;' looking down on the changes of realm and the chances of time with the haughtiness of an immortal Spirit, who knew himself superior to such vicissitudes. These feelings Mr. Montgomery has pourtrayed with great power and with apalling effect." Many others also, among whom were the Editors of the Times, the Literary Gazette, the Gentleman's Magazine, the Evangelical, &c. acknowledged the sublime tenor, power, and beauty of the poem; and the Essayist whom we have already quoted, forcibly and truly observes, that "Mr. Montgomery's *Satan* is a deeply-reasoned abstraction, logically and metaphysically consistent—a personification of the greatest archangels fallen—still vividly alive to

the perceptions of eternal beauty—not fallen in intellect, though debased in morals,—and therefore more intensely wrung with remorse and despair for the ambitious folly which divorced him so irrevocably from the 'fair and good.'"

The author then describes the peculiar beauties of Mr. Montgomery's poetry, and quotes numberless passages in support of the opinions he advances. "To descant on his beauties," he observes, "is indeed a grateful theme: they are redundant and inexhaustible. By the side of their steady light, all the little faults elaborately exhumed by purblind malice, or frankly admitted by friendly truth, disappear as specks in the sun seen through a darkened glass; unincorporate with his genius, they are consumed by its heat, or dissipated with its radiance.

"In proof of the truth of this commendation, I need only refer to the sublimity of this Author's tempests, his exquisite sun-sets, his gorgeous sun-risings, his boldly outlined cities, with their cathedrals, and fanes, and palaces; his tender landscapes, with their umbrageous or enamelled valleys, clustered copses, embosomed homesteads or sequestered village churches. Poetry never painted more vivid pictures on the fancy. Here lies Robert Montgomery's true power! the lock of strength which testifies his poetic eminence is his *graphic energy and vivid truth of description*. The pictures which

his genius conceives he brings out with such forcible hue and outline, that while they burst on the mind's eye, with the startling suddenness of magic, they fix themselves as firmly on that internal retina, as if they possessed the reality of palpable forms."

Having at length, with great acumen and in the spirit of liberal criticism, gone into a detailed examination and comparison of the whole of Mr. Montgomery's works *at that time published*, the Essay writer thus concludes his strictures on the didactic poems:

"In reverting to all the extracts from Mr. Montgomery's works, and looking to the distinct and peculiar excellencies which they exhibit in so wide a range of subject, and such various walks of poetry, I feel that I am more liable,—through that guarded and respectful cautiousness of discretion which every writer ought to observe in addressing the entire body of the thinking public,—to the charge of underrating, than to that of overrating, Mr. Montgomery's poetical grade. To the *evidential* investigation of that grade, it would be unwise and 'ultra quam sat est' to add anything; but this, I now find, I may confidently do—challenge his adversaries to produce from any modern bard writer (not even excepting Lord Byron) a larger number of forcible and noble passages in the domains of didactic poetry and satire.

"One more argument before I recapitulate and conclude. Besides the eminent and elevated merit of Mr. R. Montgomery's poetry (which for any critic to deny, in the face of the evidence here adduced, and in the face of the public, would be, to use the energetic language of St. Paul, 'to lie to his own soul'), his didactic works are characterised by a peculiarly high and equally sustained tone of morals and religion. Hence one class of objectors. May he not breathe the ether of loftier sentiments than may suit the marsh miasma of certain literary cotemporary coteries, *Epicuri de grege porci;*—may not the mountain air to which the 'broad sail vans' of his eagle wings ascend, be such an atmosphere as the measured and measuring materialism of *Utilitarian literature* cannot breathe in and live? The *Literary Gazette*, referring to the religious character pervading Mr. R. Montgomery's didactic poetry, announces its appearance as a poetical era. In this I concur. Master minds either are created by, or themselves create and indicate great social and poetical eras. It is when the waters are stirred, that the most buoyant and valuable order of minds rises, like the fire-containing, inextinguishable oil of the naptha springs, to the surface. Great genius requires great excitement. Extraordinary events are requisite either as the precursors, the stimulants, or the accompaniments of genius. Galvanized into

giant force by them, common events touch not its governing nerve; but if it be heaven, 'heaven born,' it will, in its own unhurried and sure time, make itself manifest and stand."

And here, perhaps, we may not inaptly quote the words of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, whose accomplished mind led him to make a selection from the works of our great dramatic bard :—" Those narrow minds which are incapable of elevating their ideas to the sublimity of their authors, are willing to bring them down to a level with their own. Hence many fine passages have been condemned in Shakspeare, as rant, and fustian, intolerable bombast, and turgid nonsense, which, if read with the least glow of the same imagination that warmed the writer's bosom, would blaze in the robes of sublimity, and obtain the commendations of a Longinus. And unless some of the same spirit that elevated the poet, elevate the reader too, he must not presume to talk of taste and elegance; he will prove a languid reader, an indifferent judge, and a far more indifferent critic and commentator."

But, before we conclude, we must permit our author to deliver his own sentiments on the subject: *

"Amid the lamentations over departed taste which from time to time are raised in some of our periodicals, that one is more than usually eloquent which

* Vide Preface to "The Omnipresence of the Deity." 13th edit.

alludes to a decline of the poetical genius among us. But, trace these critical elegies to their source, and they will generally be found to emanate from the sour, the fameless, or the disappointed; whose thermometer for measuring public taste rises or falls, according to the success of their own productions. Such writers are the veritable '*laudatores temporis acti.*' There is nothing original, however, in their cast or character. Refer to the reviews of the last fifty years,—and the same groaning admiration of the past will be heard. But some philosophical critics have occupied a more cheerful and commanding ground; and observed, that no period in the poetical history of England has been brighter than that in which we live, and that a taste for imaginative luxuries has seldom surpassed that which characterizes the present day. For with much that is frothy, superficial, and vain,—how much that is noble, pure, and exalting, has the literature of the 19th century produced!—And though many, alas! of the chief stars which adorned our intellectual firmament, have lately withdrawn their beams,—during the pause which exists between their set and the rise of others, we have ample for admiration to gaze on, in the glory which they have left behind.

"A love for the ideal is enthroned in every reflective heart; and though there may be periods, when a taste for the beautiful and the unseen appears to

slumber or be palled,—this earthly dimness which overclouds the bright instincts of the soul, soon passes away. All that concentrates itself round the thought of man's eternity, may be referred, more or less, to a passion for the ideal; and religion, while eminently practical in its lofty influence, is ever attracting our spirit to contemplate that paradise which blooms in the regions of hereafter. What is there noble in the records of mind, to which the ideal is entirely unrelated?—The crown which the eyes of the martyr miniatured as he closed them in flames; the divine imitation which Meekness and Righteousness picture before them in the war of life; the grand discoveries which the prophetic dreams of Science anticipate when she contemplates the worlds of air, or fastens her gaze on the wonders of earth; and, finally, that faultless model which Genius ever images, in her toils and pains,—all these, in a great degree, arise from that dominion which the ideal exercises over mankind. To assert, therefore, that this no longer exists, libels the character of the human soul.

"Now it is the privilege of poetry to adumbrate in language that glory, loveliness, and sublimity, which the creative eye of imagination beholds. The living and the actual are neither perverted nor forgotten; and while the truth and sternness, the passions, principles, and working day realities of life are

described with severe fidelity, the yearnings of the soul for perfection, and its deep sense of the infinite and the immortal—may be interpreted and described. The ideal and the actual thus move hand in hand along the page of poesy, each lending the other its native influence; as light and shadow over a landscape contribute a divided charm, and blend with the beauty of the whole.

"To the minds of those who think the art of converting pence into pounds the noblest object of human pursuit,—observations on the benign influence of poetry will sound like the mere prattle of puerile enthusiasm. And yet, though it may harmonize with the doctrines of an utilitarian to decry poetry, and to shed the mildew of his irony over every work which attempts to reveal it,—he is as tasteless as he is unphilosophical; and, while professing to triumph over the dreams of sentimentalism proves himself to be the wildest of all visionaries: for is he not so, who thinks and writes as though "profit and loss" were the be-all and end-all of man's existence; and considers him only as a creature for time, while the instincts of eternity already throb in his bosom? Now, next to the renovating power of religion, true poetry confronts this worldly epicureanism with a sacred defiance; and viewing man in his two-fold responsibility, for time and for eternity,

appeals to him with a voice that is echoed from the depths of his intellectual being.

"The desire of fame is laudable under certain moral limitations; but our *motives* of action should ascend to a far higher source.—And, would that a deeper view of what forms the true greatness and glory of the mind, more thoroughly pervaded our literature! How much that is low would then be exalted, how much that is servile made free; and, where now envy and malice strut their miserable hour, how soon would magnanimity and genius, hand in hand, complete their bright career! But in the war of emulation the noble aims of mental exertion soon evaporate; the noise and not the power of reputation alone is prized; and under a mania for literary prominence on the public stage, ambition darkens into envy, and disappointment is soured into rivalrous contempt.

"Yet may the eye of the contemplatist repose on a more attractive scene; and behold in the varied ranks of learning, science, and taste, men who stand apart from the arrogant littleness around them,—silently building their monument of fame; and from time to time sending forth streams of thought that refresh and invigorate the world truth. And yet to those who estimate fame by th talk of the tongue rather than by the homage of th

mind, the works of such men seem to languish in unappreciated excellence; but it is far otherwise: the noble thought, the wise reflection, or the beautiful idea,—each has its hour and scene of influence; though often, like a trackless angel on some errand of love,—acting silent, secret, and unobserved.

"Let it never be forgotten, that as good and evil are the two antagonistic influences at war in the world, so every writer, whatever his intellectual rank, ranges himself on one side or the other:—it is a glorious reflection that he co-operates, however humbly, with the former; and infinitely awful, to be found, however triumphantly, with the latter!"

Care has been taken to select such passages as could best be detached from the body of each Work, without impairing the sense; but no classification of the extracts has been attempted. It was thought that by giving to each an appropriate title, and printing the whole in alphabetical order, the diversity of the subjects, aided by their metrical variety, would give the SELECTIONS an air of novelty and interest, independent of their value in a moral or poetical sense; and that, by so doing, every useful purpose would be answered. In the full expectation, therefore, that this volume, presenting, as it does, a *fair specimen* of Mr. R. Montgomery's Works, will afford general satisfaction, and be the means of

giving increased value and popularity to the whole, the Selector respectfully takes his leave:—being convinced that, wherever the dignity and pathos of true poetry are hallowed by the sublimity of the subject, the perusal of such works must tend to purify and exalt the minds of all who have a taste for the one, or a reverence for the other.

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SELECTIONS

FROM

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

R. MONTGOMERY.

ADDRESS TO THE DEPARTED SPIRIT OF A BELOVED MOTHER.

Oh thou, for ever fond, for ever true,
Beneath whose smile the boy to manhood grew,
To sorrow piteous, and to error mild,
Has death for ever torn thee from thy child?
Thy voice that counsell'd, charm'd, consoled, and bless'd;
Thy deep solicitude that found no rest
But in completion of some pure design,
To make my happiness the spring of thine;
Thy boundless love, whose providential gaze
Pour'd light and tenderness round all my ways;
Those myriad fascinations felt and known
Of truth maternal to be born alone,
(Too coldly prized, while we command them ours,
And feel them gladden our unduteous hours,
But, oh! how worshipp'd, magically dear,
When call'd to life by mem'ry's votive tear!)—

Though these have perish'd, love in deathless bloom
Outlives the torpor of the wintry tomb.
There is a clime where sorrow never came,
There is a peace perennially the same;
There rolls a world where sever'd hearts renew
Bright sympathies, the exquisite and true!
But chasten'd, clear'd, exalted, and refined,
To each pure tone of beatific mind;—
There may we meet, departed Spirit! there,
The home of bliss, the paradise of prayer;
A few more pangs, a few more tears to shed,
And I shall mingle with the faded dead;
A few fleet years, and this tried heart must brave
The damp oblivion of the dreamless grave;
When, calm as thine, may resignation close
These eyes for glory, in their last repose!—

And if the dead on this dull world may gaze,
To breathe a blessing round our troubled ways;
If by some ministry, to man unknown,
They still can make a human wish their own,
And wander round, ineffably serene,
That unforgotten home, where life has been,—
Spirit maternal! often gaze on me,
And soothe the pang that so remembers thee!
Hover around me when I mourn or pray,
A dream by night to consecrate the day;
When temper kindles, or when passion dares,
Renew thy warning, and recall thy cares,
Bid thy past love like inspiration rise,
And plead for virtue with a mother's sighs!

AMBITIOUS HOPES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS OF GENIUS.

Thou wert not moulded for the selfish world!
Too lofty and too full of heavenly fire
E'er to be measured by ungifted minds,
Whom glory hath not raised. Ambition rock'd
Thy cradle, genius all thine infant soul
Etherealized, and in the rich orb'd eye
The rays of thought and inspiration pour'd:
Before the tongue a budding thought reveal'd,
Imagination dallied with thy mind,
And sent it playing through her airy realms:
But when the man upon thy forehead beam'd,
Impassion'd creature, then thy race began!
Feelings of beauty and of rich delight
Flow'd from the countenance of this fair earth
Full on thy soul, wherein a second world
Was shrin'd; for thee inspiring Nature glow'd
And warm'd thy fancy, like a dream from heaven.—
Thou lov'st her mightiness, her glorious mien!
Whether she lose her ocean-zone, and let
The waves abroad, or hang the sky with storms,
Or hail thee in her thunders!—or at eve,
When sunshine like a beauteous mem'ry dies,
And the breeze anthems, like a bird of air,
Call thee to witness, how in deck'd array
The marshall'd clouds attend th' imperial Sun
Before his throne of waves,—alike divine
She seems.—And not alone does Nature charm
Thy senses into wondering awe; but all
That men admire, by genius or by art

Created, bids thy soul with homage swell.
For music like a warbling seraph flings
Entrancement round thee, till thy feelings melt
As fading darkness, when by light subdued;
A living picture, like a passion pour
Delight into thine eye; and Poesy,—
It stamp'd thy mind, and colours all thy thoughts!
To have thy glory on the chart of time
Recorded, mapp'd in deep and dazzling lines,
And thus be deathless in the fame, the power
And offspring of creative soul; to build
A monument of mind, on which the good
May gaze, while future ages round it bend
With homage nobler than a king commands,—
Desire so godlike is for ever warm
And panting in thy breast; and oft, methinks
When darkness, like the death of light begins,
Beneath the lone magnificence of heaven,
While planets glow oracularly bright,—
Ambition dreams, and Hope, the charmer, smiles!
But, oh! thou victim of a mental curse,
The fire and fever of the soul are thine,
That burn within, like desolation's breath!
Body and mind, before they bloom, decay;
And ere upon the seat of high renown
The banner of thy fame exulting waves—
Lost in the tomb, thy buried hopes will lie,
And o'er thy name oblivion's pall descend!
The path to glory is a path of death
To feeling hearts, all gifted though they be,
And martyrs to the genius they adore:
The wear of passion, and the waste of thought,

The glow of inspiration, and the gloom
That like a night-shade mars the brightest hour,—
And that fierce rack on which a faithless world
Will make thee writhe—all these ennerving pangs,
With agonies that mock the might of words,
Thou canst not bear—thy temple is a tomb!—

AMERICA.

Thou grandest region of the varied globe,
Where all the climates dwell, and Nature moves
In majesty,—hereafter, when the tides
Of circumstance have rolled their changing years
What empires may be born of thee!—thy ships
By thousands, dancing o'er the isle-strewn deep;
Thy banners waved in every land. E'en now
Defiance flashes from thy fearless eye,
While Nature tells thee, greatness is thine own.—
Who on those dreadful giants of the South,
Those pyramids, by the Creator rear'd,
Thine Andes, girdled with the storms, can gaze;
Or hear Niagara's unearthly might
Leap downward in a dash of proud despair,
Mocking the thunder with impassion'd sound,—
Nor think the Spirit of Ambition wakes
From each free glory?—what a grandeur lives
Through each stern scene!—in yon Canadian woods,
Whose stately poplars clothe their heads with clouds,
And dignify creation as they stand:
Or in the rain-floods,—rivers where they fall!
Or hurricanes, that howl themselves along,
Like winged monsters, ravenously wild;—

Sublimity o'er all her soul hath breathed,
And yet, a curse is on thee!—'tis the curse
Of havoc,* which the violators reap'd
For thy young destiny, when first amid
Thy wilds the cannon pour'd its thund'ring awe,
Shaking the trees that never yet had bow'd,
Save to the storminess of Nature's ire.

AN ADMIRER OF NATURE.

In vain the witchery of words would tell
How deeply with the universe he shared,
To all of which he seem'd enlink'd by love.—
The hues and harmonies of blended things
Were beauty, to the magic of his mind:
And all the thousand wheels of moving life
Made intellectual melodies that roll'd
For ever to the charming of his soul!
Such warm imaginings, where'er he came,
A glittering falseness on the true and stern
Suffused; and through the light of feeling shone
The scene of Earth, and countenance of Heaven.—
The young enchantment of angelic spring
Flow'd in his veins, voluptuously deep.
The gentle being of a flower was dear
To him, nor would he tread its life away;
Nor wander in the soundless gloom of dell

* "The Spaniards conquered the islands, and a great part of the continent of America. Stimulated by the thirst of gold, which the New World offered to them in abundance, they committed crimes and barbarities which make humanity shudder. Millions of the unfortunates were either massacred or buried in the sea."—C. Koch's *Revolution, translated by Crichton.*

Or grove, without a sympathetic hush.
And oh! to view him when the balmy night
Breathed o'er the quiet world, and from her throne
The lustrous moon on tree and temple pour'd
The pallid radiance, of her peaceful smile,—
In the full worship of his soul he seem'd
Dissolving in the loveliness around!

ADDISON AND STEELE.

Ere Steele began what Addison pursued,
A path still fresh with England's gratitude,
Those day-born graces whose refinement blends
The charm of manner with the soul of friends,
La Casa first in Italy awoke,
And sketch'd the courtier with a master stroke;
But next the Gallic Theophrastus* threw
A playful archness o'er the scene he drew,
Dissected truth with satire's keenest knife,
And mirror'd Nature on the glass of life:
Then rose on English ground the gifted pair
Who taught to either sex a softer air,
Proved elegance to virtue's self allied,
And laugh'd at dulness, till her follies died!
O'er weeds and thorns that social life beset,
And tease their martyr into vain regret,
Their morning smile satirically pass'd,
Till fools turn'd wise, and fops were cured at last!
Nor small the debt Society should pay
To him who flaps her buzzing flies away;

* La Bruyère.

Those noisome insects on eternal wing,
That hum at banquets, or in ball-rooms sting,
Which, though they cannot heart or mind o'erpow'r,
May fret the smoothness of the calmest hour.

ALL NATURE PROCLAIMS A DEITY.

There is a voiceless eloquence on Earth,
Telling of Him who gave her wonders birth;
And long may I remain th' adoring child
Of Nature's majesty, sublime or wild;
Hill, flood, and forest, mountain, rock, and sea,
All take their terrors, or their charms from Thee,
From Thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world, a universal soul.

But who could trace Thine unrestricted course,
Though Fancy followed with immortal force?
There's not a blossom fondled by the breeze,
There's not a fruit that beautifies the trees,
There's not a particle in sea or air,
But Nature owns thy plastic influence there!
With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see
How all is fill'd and vivified by Thee;
Upon thy mirror, earth's majestic view,
To paint Thy Presence, and to feel it too.

A FINE MORNING IN SUMMER.

The night hath drows'd, the revelry is o'er,
And Nature woos me. Through the orient heaven
A dawn advances, like a shining sea;

Around in rich transcendancy of beams,
Enormous fantasies of waking light,
As foam'd from a volcano's fiery lips,—
Now welter forth, then wanton, and dissolve;
For lo! array'd in clouds of crimson bloom,
The sun-faced Morn comes gliding o'er the waves,
And veils the world with glory! Rocks and hills
Salute her with magnificence; the woods
And plains are mantled with their greenest pomp,
And night-tears glisten in her rosy beam.
But in yon valleys, where from bosom'd cots,
Like morning incense wreathy smoke ascends,
How beautiful the flush of life! The birds
Are wing'd from heaven, and steep the air in song,
While in the gladness of the new-born breeze
The young leaves flutter and the flow'rets shake
Their innocence and bloom. And ye, bright streams,
Ye woodland vagrants, humming to the wind,
In vine-like flexure, how ye rove along
By mead and bank, where violets love to dwell
In solitude and stillness: all is fresh,
And gaysome. Now the peasant, with an eye
Bright as the noon-ray sparkling through a shower,
Comes forth, and carols in thy warming beam,
Thou sky-god! throned in all thy wealth of light;
Sure airy painters have enrich'd thy sphere
With regal pageantry; such cloudy pomps
Adorn the heavens, a poet's eye would dream
His ancient gods had all return'd again,
And hung their palaces around the sun!
And this is England, bathed in morning glow:
The isle where Freedom bears a lion mien,

The land whose echoes thrill the Earth, around,
The ocean-throned, the ancient battle-famed,
The chartered clime of Heaven!

A THUNDER-STORM

A thunder-storm!—the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan.
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown?
With what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears!
The leaves all flutt'ring with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of a thunder-storm!

Oh! now to be alone, on some vast height,
Where heaven's black curtains terrify the sight,
And watch the clouds together meet and clash,
While fierce wing'd lightnings from their conflict flash;
To see the caverns of the sky disclose
The buried flames that in their wombs repose,
And mark the lurid meteors fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies,—
How quakes the spirit while the echoes roll,
And God, in thunder, rocks from pole to pole!

* * * * * *

List! now the cradled winds have hush'd their roar,
And infant waves curl gamb'ling to the shore,

While Nature seems to wake up fresh and clear
As Hope emerging from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take our pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely change!

First comes the sun, unveiling half its face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with a slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:
Next, breezes murmur with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, like orphans of the storm;
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass green lake;
And thus the tempest dies; and soft, and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill.

A SERENE EVENING.

When day hath glided to his rosy bower,
And twilight comes—the Poet's witching hour;
And dream-like language from the soft-toned wind
With pensive cadence charms the list'ning mind,
Then nature's beauty, clothed with dewy light,
Melts on the heart, like music through the night.
And not in vain, voluptuous Eventide,
Thy dappled clouds along th' horizon glide,
For oh! while heaven and earth grow dumb with
In homage to an hour divine as this, [bliss

How sweet, upon yon mountain's azure brow,
While ruddy sunbeams gild the crags below,
To stand, and mark, with meditative view,
Where the far ocean faints in hazy blue,
While on the bosom of the midway deep
The emerald waves in flashing dimples leap;
Here, as we view the burning god of time,
Wrapp'd in a shroud of glory, sink sublime,
Thoughts of ethereal beauty spring to birth,
And waft the soul beyond the dreams of earth.

ANGELS.

Elysian race! while o'er their slumbering flocks
The Galilean shepherds watch'd, ye came
To sing Hosannahs to the heaven-born babe,
And shed the brightness of your beauty round:
Nor have ye left the world, but still unseen
Surround the earth, as guardians of the good,
Inspiring souls and leading them to heaven!
And oh! when shadows of the state unknown
Advance, and Life endures the grasp of Death,
'Tis yours to hallow and illume the mind,
The starry wreath to bring, by angels worn,
And crown the Spirit for her native sphere.

A BRIDAL MORN.

Bells on the wind!—hark! peal on peal
Comes wafted with melodious zeal,

Making the morn, so bright and clear,
To thrill like joy's own atmosphere!
A bird-song from each holly flows,
The bee hums loudly in the rose,
And like a soaring dew-drop seems
The butterfly to shed its gleams
Of hue and lustre, in wild play
Of rapture round its winged way.—
Creation, like a human soul,
Feels gladness through each fibre roll!

And, mark ye, where yon church-yard shows
The tombs' and turfs' sepulchral rows,
And sunbeams o'er the graves advance,
To touch them with as bright a glance
As once around each living head
The beauty of their joyance spread!—
A crowd of village forms attends;
There lip with lip loud welcome blends;
And homeward by a rose-strewn track
The gay-eyed young are wending back,
To drink around a festive board
Such health as loving hearts afford.

But whence the joy?—behold yon room,
And there, in hymeneal bloom,
In robes like clouds of fleecy mould,
When round the moon their grace is roll'd,
Divine in youth's divinest hour,
With beauty for her matchless dower,—
The bride, the daughter, and the queen,
Whose virtues crowd our vision'd scene!

Poet and painter,—each may bring,
Fresh from the spirit's fountain-spring,
Full many a truth and many a tone
That Nature shall confess her own:—
But there, in that bright room, are met
Feelings which ne'er were mirror'd yet,
Save by the features, when they start
To life from out the living heart!
The old, the tried, whose years retain
The light of early friendship's reign,
From childhood holding firm and deep
The faith unworldly bosoms keep;
A sire, upon whose honour'd head
A silv'ry grace of time is spread,
Beholding, like a priest of joy,
The smiles which every face employ,
Though mellow'd is the meeker smile
That slumbers in his own the while,—
Again unite: and she is there,
Whose heart becomes one voiceless prayer,
That life may round a daughter pour
Exhaustless mercy's heavenly store!
And thou! 'mid all, the bridal star,
Thy bosom is one tender war,
'Tween fond regret for faded hours,
And love, whose fulness overpowers!
Deep tears within thy heart arise,
Though scarcely yet they dim thine eyes,
Lest shades of grief should haply fall
Upon thy wedding carnival,
And eyes parental catch from thee
A tear thy soul would shake to see!—

But, when the sad adieus are sigh'd,
Thy spirit to its core is tried,
As garden, ground, and village mead,
From the wing'd chariot fast recede :—
One look !—so long it seems to cling
Around the spot of life's dead spring !
One rapid glance at paths of yore,
Where roam'd the days which breathe no more!
And nature, wrung beyond control,
In tears will then unchain thy soul !
And let them fall ! for tears like thine
Might hang on eyelids when divine ;
And Love in their excess can see
How soft a woman's soul can be !

ABRAM JOURNEYING WITH HIS SON ISAAC TO MOUNT MORIAH.

Ere the rich morning on the mountains flung
A robe of beauty,—in that primest hour
When birds are darting from the dewy ground,
And Nature, soft as sleeping life, begins
To waken, and the spell of day to wear ;
Unseen, the patriarch and his cherish'd boy
Uprose, the sacrificial wood prepared,
And then, companion'd by his household youths,
They onward journey'd with the laden ass.—
Through piny glens and green acacia vales
The pilgrims wound their unreluctant way.
Oft as he went, upon his child adored
The sire of future nations look'd, and thought ;

And felt the father in his bosom rise,
As bound and bloody on the altar stretch'd,
He vision'd him ;—the long-hoped, destin'd son,
Who fond and dutiful had ever been,
And guiltless of a parent's tear !—But faith
Triumphant in the power of Mercy proved.—
Twice had the sun around the pilgrims drawn
His evening veil, when o'er a distant mount,
Upon Moriah's steep and rocky clime,
A vision of the Lord reposed, and shone,—
A cloudy signal, shaped for Abram's eye
Alone to see, and there his altar raise ;
The patriarch bowed, and o'er the mountain path
Both child and parent took their solemn way,
But each was silent, for they thought of Heaven.—
So on they went, till at the mount ordain'd
Arriving, with enamour'd gaze they saw
The hills of glory capp'd with sunset hues,
And willow'd plains ; and drank the balmy air,
And cool'd their foreheads in the breeze, that fell
Light as the tremor of an angel's wing ;
So still the hour, so calm the scene, that God
Himself seem'd waiting there to welcome man !—

APPROACH OF DEATH.

To die ! this gorgeous world of life and love
Forsake, and fleet beyond the bounds of thought
To feel the death-dews creeping o'er each limb,
Our life-stream curdle and the heart grow cold ;
To be the flesh-worm's feast,—to mould away,
And blend our being with embracing dust ;

All this, together with imagin'd wails
Of friends, whose tearful eyes attend our bier,
Calls a chill horror round the name of death,
That daunts the good, and makes the bad despair.

AN INFANT STANDING ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Beside the deep, emboss'd with beauteous waves,
An infant stands, and views the living awe
Of its immensity, with lips apart
Like a cleft rose hung radiant in the sun,—
Hush'd into sweetest wonder. How divine
The innocence of Childhood!

* * * * *

With eyes whose blueness is a summer heaven,
And cheeks where cherubim might print a kiss,
And forehead fair as moonlit snow,—thy form
Might be encradled in the rosy clouds
Of eve, that dream around their dying sun,—
So gentle and so glowing thou appear'st.
And heavenly is it for maternal eyes
In their fond light to mark thee growing, day
By day, with a warm atmosphere of love
Around thee circled with unceasing spell,
While, like a ray from her own spirit shed,
Thy mind shines forth in words of sweeter sound
Than all the music of thy manhood brings.—
'Tis now the poetry of life to thee!
With fancies fresh and innocent as flowers,
And manner sportive as the free-wing'd air,

Thou seest a friend in every smile; thy days,
Like singing birds, in gladness speed along;
And not a tear that trembles on thy lids
But shines away, and sparkles into joy!

APOSTROPHE TO FEMALE VIRTUES.

Land of my soul! maternal isle,
Array'd by Freeeom's holy smile;
Whose throne is founded in the cause
Of native worth and noble laws.
Oh! long may Private Life be found
The glory of our English ground,
And woman on her stainless brow
Wear the bright soul we honour now!—
For though thy fleets o'erawed the main,
Till every billow felt thy reign,
And captive Empires drew the car
Of vict'ry from triumphant war,—
The strength is canker'd if the core
Of private life be sound no more.—
Consumption on the cheek can bloom,
When beauty but declares a tomb,
And eyes their brightest meaning shed,
While every ray foretels the dead!
And thus may fatal glory be
An empire's garb of infamy,
If once that spring of manly pride,—
True gallantry—be stain'd or dried;
Or, woman from her high domain
Must dwindle into meaner reign.

The grace, the lustre, and the glow,
Of what our softer moods bestow;
The hopes that keep the heart awake,
And self from out the selfish take:
The glory and the might of all
Domestic hours elysium call,—
Born of her magic, blend their sway,
To charm the clouds of time away!
And if there be a home on earth,
Where nature most reveals its worth,
And Love his godhead can disclose
To feelings in their fond repose,
'Till human hearts become divine,
Angel of Life!—that home is thine!

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

How meekly piled, how venerably graced,
This hamlet fane! by mellowing age imbrown'd,
And freckled like a rock of sea-worn hue.
No marble tombs of agonizing pomp
Are here; but turf-graves of unfading green,
Where loved, yet lowly, generations sleep:
And o'er them many a Sabbath sigh is heaved
From hearts that live on sadness from the tomb.—

And such is thine, lone muser! by yon grave
Now ling'ring with a soul-expressive eye
Of sorrow. Corn-fields glowing brown, and bright
With promise, sumptuous in the noon-glare seen;
The meadows, speckled with a homeward tribe

Of village matrons, sons, and holy sires,—
The hymning birds, all music as they soar,
And those twin brooks, so beautifully glad,
That whisper happy secrets to the wind,—
Such life and beauty by the landscape breathed,
And yet,—a tomb-shade overclouds it all.
A churchyard! 'tis a homely word, yet full
Of feeling; and a sound that o'er the heart
Might shed religion. In the gloom of graves
I read the curse primeval, and the Voice
That wreak'd it, seems to whisper by these tombs
Of village quiet, that around me lie
In green humility:—can Life, the dead
Among, be musing, nor to me advance
The spirit of her thought? True, Nature wears
No rustic mourning here: in golden play [breeze
Her sprightly grass-flowers wave; the random
Hums in the noon, or with yon froward boughs
A murm'ring quarrel wakes: and yet how oft
In such a haunt, the insuppressive sigh
Is heard, while feelings that may pilot years
To glory, spring from out a minute's gloom!

BRITISH MISSIONARIES.

Go FORTH AND TEACH!—and ye have gone, and done
Deeds that will shine, when thou art dark, O Sun;
Heroes! whose crowns with gems of glory shine,
Dug from the depths of heaven's eternal mine;
O what a conquest hath the cross obtained!
There, where of old a hell of darkness reign'd,

And crime and havoc, fiend-begotton pair,
In mortal bosoms made their savage lair,
And issued thence, to riot, rage, or kill,
Like incarnations of a demon's will,—
The peace that passeth understanding grows,
And earth seems born again without her woes;
So wondrously the spell divine descends,
And man with nature in communion blends.
The isles have seen HIM! and the deserts raise
Anthems that thrill the halls of heaven with praise:
Crouching and tame the tiger passions lie,
Hush'd by the gaze of an Almighty eye!
Temples and homes of sacred truth abound,
Where Satan once with all his crew was found;
And, hark! at sunset while the shady calm
Of forest coolness floats on wings of balm,
As roams the pilgrim in that dying glare,
From a lone hamlet winds the voice of prayer,—
Breath of the soul by Jesus taught to prize
And blend with music heard beyond the skies!—
Ecstatic thought! the zenith of our dreams,
Error has died in truth's victorious beams:
And were the savage round his altar fed
On the warm fragments of the limbless dead,
Cots which an English heart delights to hail
Deck the green wilds of many a foreign dale,
And turn'd by Piety's familiar hand,
Religion sees her tear-worn bibles stand.

BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Not all the pomp and pageantry of worlds
Reflect such glory on the eye supreme,

As the meek virtues of one holy man :
For ever doth his Angel from the face
Divine, beatitude and wisdom draw :
And in his prayer, what privilege adored !—
Mounting the heavens, and claiming audience there :
Yes ! there, amid a high immortal host
Of seraphs, hymning in eternal choir,
A lip of clay its orisons can send,
In temple, or in solitude outbreathed.

BANEFUL INFLUENCE OF A CORRUPT PRESS.

That mighty lever that has moved the world,
The press of England,—from her dreadless source
Of living action, here begins to shake
The far-off isles, and awe the utmost globe !
She is a passion, pour'd into mankind,
Dark, deep, and silent oft, but ever felt ;
Mixed with the mind, and feeding with a food
Of thought, the moral being of a soul ;
Or, shaping solemn destinies for Time,
And dread Eternity. Terrific Power !
Thou mightst have half annihilated Hell,
And her great denizens, by glorious sway :
But now so false, so abject, and so foul *
Become,—no blasting Pestilence e'er shed
Such ruin from her tainted wings, as thou
May'st carry in thy circulating floods
Of thought and feeling, into human hearts.

* Of course with some honourable exceptions.

BEAUTY OF A STARLIGHT NIGHT.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in blissful dreams,
And round the lattice creep your fairy beams,
How sweet to gaze upon those placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with a moon-lit hour,
And feels from heaven a sympathetic power!
See! not a cloud careers yon pathless deep
Of molten azure,—mute as lovely sleep;
Full in her pallid light the Moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Wear the rich garment of her woven beam.
The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy prelude rolls upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored,
Still'd into homage of her living Lord!

BURNS.

The Shakspeare of the woods and fields,—
How wizard-like the sway he wields!
The heart-blood owns his lyric might,
And ripples with confess'd delight,
When Scottish valour fires the song,—
Like clarion music, stern and strong!
Excitement,—that immortal pain,
The demon of a poet's brain,—

On him it wreak'd its wildest rage!
And all that poverty could wage
Against a high and haughty mind
His trampled heart was doom'd to find.
Yet cradled in dark Mis'ry's bed,
How nobly was his genius led!
What man denied, great Nature gave:
His soul no educated slave,
The elements and seasons taught;
Creation magnified his thought;
And when amid the foliage dim
The blackbird piped his vesper-hymn,
As tides th' attractive moon obey,
So throbb'd his pulse to Nature's play.—
And woman by her smile could throw
A sunbeam o'er his blackest woe,—
A ray whose beauty reach'd the soul,
And bade his burning numbers roll!
Yet who can read the bitter fate,
So darkly chill and desolate,
That wrapt in clouds the closing day
Of him who poured as proud a lay
As ever rose from Scottish lyre
On inspiration's breath of fire!—
Nor weep to think that starless night
Should blacken round that soul of light!
Oh! who can mark his mind's undress,*
The agony of lone distress,
The curse of want that crush'd his brain
To frenzy—with a fiercer pain!—

* The dark bursts of pathos continually occurring in Burns's letters must be well known to all who have read his correspondence.

Can hear the groan of anguish'd hours,
When Misery rallied all her powers,
And thoughts like hidden scorpions tore
The mind that could no longer soar,
But prostrate in its ruin lay
A blasted wreck and bleeding prey!—
Nor ask for Pity's brightest tear
To tremble on his early bier!—

BYRON.

To crown the poet-throng appears
Another, whose poetic tears,
While a bruised spirit toils below,
Shall consecrate affection's woe;
And ever by their passion tell
The power of love's unfading spell,
That beautified with lone despair
The visions that his lines declare.
The anguish of his clouded heart
Hath ceased on earth to play its part,
And o'er his laurel-shaded brow
The damp of death lies coldly now!
The storm, the shadow, and the strife,
That made and magnified his life,
Have sunk like winds along the deep,
And left him to untroubled sleep!
But few, when Harold died, forget
The fulness of our fond regret,
As England echoed back the knell
That toll'd from Greece his last farewell!

BEAUTY.

1

Oh! Beauty is the master-charm,
The syren of the soul;
Whose magic zone encompasseth
Creation with control:
The love and light of human kind,
And foster-flame of every mind.

2

'Twas Beauty hung the Blue-robed heaven:
She glitters in each star,
Or trippeth on the twilight breeze,
In melody afar;
She danceth on the dimpled stream,
And gambols in the ripple's gleam.

3

She couches on the coral wave,
And garlandeth the sea;
And weaves a music in the wind
That murmurs from the lea;
She paints the clouds, and points the ray,
And basketh in the blush of day.

4

She sits among the spangled trees,
And streaks the bud and flower;
She dims the air, and drops the dew
Upon the moonlight bower:
'Tis she unwreathes the locks of Night,
And clotheth nature with delight.

5

And woman !—Beauty was the power
That, with angelic grace,
Breath'd love around her glowing form,
And magic in her face ;
She twined the tendrils of her hair,
And on that brow her throne is there !

6

Oh ! Beauty is the master-charm,
The syren of the soul ;
Whose magic zone encompasseth
Creation with control !
The love and light of human kind,
And foster-flame of every mind.

CHRISTIANITY CONTRASTED WITH THE MERE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

When lived the age, or where the clime so rude,
What island nurs'd in billowy solitude,
Where dreams of God were never known to shine
Round a dark soul, with imagery divine ;—
The heathen through his cloud of error saw
The bright perfection of celestial law ;
E'en the grim savage, when his eye commands
A broad extent of green-apparell'd lands,
Or views the tempest wave his cloudy wing
In sultry darkness o'er the world of spring,
Can hail the image of some dreamt Unknown,—
A sceptered Being on his boundless throne,—
Then, boast not thou, whose eye alone can see
In nature's glass reflected Deity:

From whence does moral elevation flow,
What pang is mute, what balm prepared for woe,
Though ocean, mountain, sky, and air impress
Full on the soul His felt almightiness,
Can ocean teach magnificence of mind?
Is truth made vocal by the deep-voiced wind?
Can flowers their bloom of innocence impart,
Or tempt one weed of vileness from the heart?
Can thy benevolence, all-bounteous Sun,
Thou burning shadow of the brightest One!—
Array our souls with emulative beam,
Like thine, to glad life's universal stream?
From yon pale stars does purity descend,
And their chaste beauty with our spirit blend?
Alas! oh God! if thou *alone* art found
When most creation with thy smile is crown'd;
Rather in blindness let this outward eye
Be dead to nature, than Thy throne deny,
Rais'd on the glory of redemption's might,
And dazzling angels with too deep a light!

There is a Presence spiritually vast
Around Thy Church, arisen Saviour! cast;
A holy effluence, an unspoken awe,
A sanctity which carnal eye ne'er saw,—
A pure, impalpable, almighty sense
Of peace, by reconciled Omnipotence,—
That hallows, haunts, and makes a Christian mind
Rich in all grace, celestially refined:
Mere Nature's worshippers can never feel
The fulness of that high seraphic zeal
Which veileth all things with religious light,
And works unwearied in Jehovah's sight;

Thought, dream, and action,—ev'ry pulse of soul
The awe of Christ will solemnly control:
Girt by the Spirit, wheresoe'er they rove,
True faith is feeding on His breath of love.
Nature is now a more than nature far;
Each miracle of sun, or moon, or star,
Each sight, and sense, and sound of outward things
Seems haunted by august imaginings;
A dream of Calvary around her floats,
And oft the dew of those delicious notes
By angels once in Bethlehem's valley pour'd
Descends, with all their melody restored,
Till—peace on earth! to pardon'd man, goodwill!
With tones of heaven the ear of fancy fill.

CALM AFTER A TEMPEST.

THE Tempest dies, the winds have tamed their ire,
The sea-birds hover on enchanted wing;
And, save a throb of thunder faintly heard,
And ebbing knell-like o'er yon western deep,
That now lies panting with a weary swell,
Like a worn monster at his giant length
Gasping, with foam upon his troubled mane,
No sound of elemental wrath is heard;
The Sun is up! look where he proudly comes,
In blazing triumph wheeling o'er the earth,
A victor in full glory! At his gaze
The heavens magnificently smile, and beam
With many a sailing cloud-isle sprinkled o'er,
In sumptuous array.

CHEERLESSNESS OF CELIBACY.

Alas! for them whose toil-worn days,
Uncheer'd by Love's adorning rays,
In wintry loneliness depart,
Yet fret the bloom from out the heart;
Though Life, as lord of each desire,
To intellectual thrones aspire,
May win the laurel, wear the crown,
And madden envy with renown,—
How much beyond what dreams bestow
Their loveless hours can never know!
With nothing but cold self to please.
The waters of the spirit freeze,
And years but harden while they chill
A bosom left unsocial still:
And like a tree by autumn shorn
Of all that summer boughs had borne,—
A leafless, bare, and blighted thing,
Where scarce a breeze will deign to sing,—
Is man bereft of that control
That flashes from a female soul.
For heart with heart was born to beat,
And soul with soul was made to meet,
And sex for sex designed to be
The dawn of endless sympathy!—

CHRIST STILLS THE TEMPEST.

The air was toned with sadness, like a sigh
Of broken hearts, or moan of guilty dreams
When midnight is confessor! O'er the lake

There ran a sudden and a breezy life,
Till ripples flash'd, and bubbling foam began
To whiten o'er the waters: in the sky
No mercy dawns! for all is scowling there,
And savage clouds are in funereal march,
Benighting heaven with one enormous gloom!
But hark! with ominous array it comes,
Creation's tyrant!—list, the tempest howls;
The south-east sends her hurricane, and back
The Jordan with affrighted motion rolls!
The lake upheaves her dark and dreadful might,
Till billows writhe in agonizing play
Along the surface!—loud and living shapes
Of water, battling with the winds they seem,
And make a thunder wheresoe'er they move!—
In that wild hour, when star nor moon reveal'd
A solace, and the only light that gleam'd,
Shone when the lightning with a wizard flash
Call'd the dun mountains into dreary form
And station!—then the pale disciples ran
And cried,—'We perish! save us, Lord! arise!'
He heard; He rose; and while the vessel creak'd,
And cordage rattled in the roaring gale
Like wither'd branches in a forest-wind,
Till o'er the deck the climbing billows rush'd,
And darken'd round her with devouring yell!
His hand He wav'd, the rolling storm rebuked,—
The Tempest knew her God,—and all was still!

CANNING.

Oh! thou, whose eloquence and wit combined
To make their throne the heart of all mankind;
Whom Mem'ry visions in his wonted place
Where passions lighten'd o'er a speaking face,
And sounds of feeling from the soul were heard,
While music hung on every magic word,—
Regretted Canning! oft has Christchurch seen
Thine eye of glory sparkle round her scene.
From Eton famed, where noble merit shone
In each young theme thy genius glanced upon,
Her walls receiv'd thee! where thy talents grew,
Bright in the welcome of her fost'ring view,
Till glowing Senates mark'd thy spirit rise,
And England hail'd it with adoring eyes!—
Alas! that in thy fame's triumphant bloom,
The shades of death hung grimly o'er thy doom!
A frame too weak a fiery spirit wore,
And Mind prevail'd till life's last pulse was o'er!
Thy funeral knell,—oh! when I heard it moan
Like the deep echo of a nation's groan,
And thought how soon thy glorious sun had set!
I felt a sadness that doth linger yet:
But had I, demon-like, e'er wing'd the dart
Whose poison fed upon thy feeling heart,
Inflicted pangs where only praise was due,
And vilely thwarted ev'ry nobler view;
A more than melanch'ly for him who died,
Slain by the weapons which renown supplied,
My soul had borne; and, wrung with inward shame,
Curs'd the dark hour that wounded Canning's fame!

CLOSE OF A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

——THE day declines, and to his throne
The sun is wheeling. What a world of pomp
The heavens put on in homage to his power!
Romance hath never hung a richer sky,—
Or sea of sunshine, o'er whose aureate deep
Triumphal barks of beauteous form career,—
As though the clouds held festival, to hail
Their god of glory to his western home.
And now the earth is mirror'd on the skies!
While lakes and valleys, drown'd in dewy light,
And rich delusions, dazzlingly array'd,
Form, float, and die in all their phantom joy.
At length the Sun is throned; but from his face
A flush of beauty o'er Creation flows,
That brightens into rapturous farewell!
Then faints to paleness; for the day hath sunk
Beneath the waters, dash'd with ruby dyes,
And Twilight in her nun-like meekness comes;
The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,
The breeze comes panting like a child at play,
While birds, day-worn, are couch'd in leafy bowers
And, calm as clouds, the sunken billows sleep:
The dimness of a dream o'er Nature steals,
Yet hallows it; a hush'd enchantment reigns;
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade
Are turn'd, and stand like temples of the night
While field and forest, fading into gloom,
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear.—

INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY.

THE atmosphere that circleth gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,—
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream:
And hence, those beautifying powers of soul
That arch the heavens more glorious, and create
An Eden wheresoe'er their magic light,
Upon the rack of quick excitement live;
Their joy, the essence of an agony,
And *that*, the throbbing of the fires within!

CREATION OF EVE.

MORE lovely than a vision brought
From out the fairy realms of thought;
Serene and silent, with a grace
Divinely breath'd o'er form and face,
In full array of love and light,
That dazzled his adoring sight,
By soul and sense to be revered,—
The Angel of the world appear'd!
Then, what a starry welcome rang!
Each Orb an hymeneal sang,
While shapes unutterably bright
From heaven gazed down with new delight,
When first the ground a woman trod,
Just moulded by the hand of God!—
Around her breast, in wreathy play,
Her locks like braided sunbeams lay;

And limbs unveil'd a radiance cast
Of purity, as on she pass'd
Amid the bloom and balm of flowers,
That cluster'd round elysian bowers;
The bird and breeze together blent
Their notes of mildest languishment;
The sun grew brighter as he shed
His glory round her living head,—
As if no orb of space were free
From one fine spell of sympathy,
When woman rose upon the scene,
Creation's fair and faultless queen!

When Adam's tranced eyelids woke,
Thus brightly on his vision broke
The living shape for whom he pined,
To share his unpartaken mind;—
Awhile they gaz'd in hush'd delight,
Each dazzled with the other's sight,
Then saw within their mutual eyes
Attracted rays of soul arise,
And heard their lips fond tones repeat,
And heard their hearts in concert beat,
And felt within electric fire
Their spirit, blood, and brain, inspire:
Then woman was adored by man!
The bridal dawn of love began.
Oh! then was born of breathing truth
A feeling in unfaded youth,
That blooms above the vile decay
Of things which time and sense array,
And, when the dying world departs,
Lives freshly in celestial hearts!

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

Go, child of darkness! see a Christian die!
No horror pales his lip, or dims his eye;
No fiend-shaped phantoms of destruction start
The hope religion pillows on his heart,
When with a falt'ring hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true;
Meek, as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away!

COMMERCE OF ENGLAND.

Commerce, the spirit of this bulwark isle,
Wherein the attributes supremely dwell
Of all that dignifies, or nurtures power—
Enthrones her on a peerless height, and works
Like inspiration through her mighty heart,
And yet, a poison at the core! To eyes,
Where avarice hath raised a blinding film
That flatters, while it bounds the view, her scene
Array'd, and glowing with commercial pomp,
More costly than the sun-enchanted skies
Appear. Triumphantly outspreads the show
Of Trade, of Traffic, and their sumptuous world!
See! from yon ports what merchant vessels spread
Daunting the winds, and dancing o'er the waves
Rich wares and living burden, while the breeze
Toys with the flag, and fills the panting sail.

Others, from many a tempest-haunted track
Return'd, in thunder beat their homeward way,
And send their spirit wreathing on the gales!

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

Veil thyself, Imagination! veil,
And worship; put thy shoes from off thy feet,
Thou mortal gazer! for on hallow'd ground,
More consecrate than he of Horeb saw
When the bush burn'd with unconsuming fire,
Thou tread'st,—the garden of Gethsemane!
The moon, pale hermitress of heaven, hath found,
With no bright fellowship of starry orb,
Her midway sphere; and now, with conscious dread,
Shrined in a cloudy haze, she disappears,
While motionless yon patriarchal trees
Of tow'ring olive lift their spectral gloom.
But listen! groan on groan, with awful swell,
Heaves on the air, as though a God bewail'd
His creatures!—Christ is bow'd in agony,
And prostrate! while a bloody sweat dissolves
From every pore! insufferably sad,
The human with the God contends,* and cries,

* There was present before his eyes in that fearful hour, on the one side, God's heavy indignation and wrath towards mankind—as yet unappeased, death as yet in full strength, hell as yet never mastered by any that came within the confines and bounds thereof, somewhat also, peradventure, more than is either possible or needful for the wit of man to find out: finally, himself, flesh and blood, left alone to enter into conflict with all these,—Secondly, on the other side, a world to be saved by One, a pacification of wrath through the dignity of that sacrifice which should be offered, a conquest over death, through the power of

'My Father! if it can be, let this cup
Be taken from Me, from this hour removed,—
And yet not Mine, but let Thy Will be done!'

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

But, lo! upon Mount Olivet appears,
With hands uplifted in their last farewell,
The parting Saviour: on His godlike brow
A light of immortality begins!
Disciples kneeling for His blessing ask,
And hark! 'tis given;—on their souls He breathes
The breath of sanctity, of love sublime
And endless:—then His hand is lift;
But while it blesseth the beloved of earth,
The air is waiting to upwaft the God:
And see, He riseth! solemnly and slow,
Array'd in brightness, dazzlingly divine!—
Less'ning and less'ning from the blinded gaze
Of His adorers, through the pathless air,
In the full lustre of unclouded day
He riseth!—leaving, like th' Atlantic sun
On ocean when he dies a gorgeous death,
A beaming track, magnificently bright
Behind Him! till a radiant star He seems,
And then, is trackless,—in th' empyrean depth
Evanish'd, mix'd with far immensity!*

that Deity which would not suffer the tabernacle thereof to see corruption, and an utter disappointment of all the forces of infernal powers, through the purity of that soul which they should have in their hands, and not be able to touch.

* Ascension into heaven is a plain local translation of Christ, according to his manhood, from the lower to the higher parts of the world. Session at the right hand of God is the actual exercise of that regency and dominion, wherein the manhood of

COMFORTS OF AN INN.

HAIL to the timely welcome of an inn;
Hail to the room where home and cheer begin:
Where all the frost-bound feelings melt away,
And soul-warm sympathies begin to play,
While Independence shows her manly mien,
And sterling traits of human life are seen:
The crackling blaze that dyes the chimney red,
The gracious substance on the table spread,
The glowing wine-cup and the fat ale's foam,—
Partake them all, and deem thyself at home.

As round the festive board our travellers sit,
With appetites far sharper than their wit;
What busy knives and forks—what meats abound!
What hissing corks, and tinkling glasses sound!
Some fiercely rapid sheathe the gleaming blade,
In joints that seem for hungry pilgrims made;
Some by the glitt'ring hearthside sit and gaze;
And bathe their features in its welcome blaze;
Nor still the host, who waddles here and there,
Like a live barrel, come to take the air!

CELESTIAL MUSIC DESCRIBED BY SATAN.

SUCH sorcery in music dwells:—if they, [world
Now doom'd awhile to walk this heaven-roof'd

Christ is joined, and matched with the deity of the Son of God. Not that his manhood was before without the possession of the same power, but because the full use thereof was suspended till that humility, which had been before as a veil to hide and conceal majesty, were laid aside.—*Hooker's Eccles. Pol.* vol. ii. p. 225.

Might hear the melodies that I have heard,
When Heaven, complexion'd by Almightiness,
In glory,—sounded with the choral hymn
Of Princedoms high, and Dominations grand,
Of thousand Saints, of thousand Cherubim,
And Angel numbers who outmillion'd far
Bright worlds, that in the blue and waveless deep
Of night, innumerable hang,--if men
Might hear it, 'twould absorb their souls away!
Yet such I heard: oh! what a sea of sound
Went billowing with ecstatical delight
Through fathomless immensity, when hosts
Divine, their Holy, Holy, Holy, sung,
While loud Hosannahs to the living God [glow!
Commingled,—making Heaven more heavenly
That hour is gone, that strain is hush'd, to me;
For, listen, Angels, how the hellchoirs hymn!

CONVERTED INDIAN.

In fiery lands, where roving Ganga reigns
Eternal pilgrim of a thousand plains!
The tawny Indian, when the day is done,
And basking waters redden in the sun,
While shadow'd branches in their boundless play
Of leafy wantonness, the earth array,—
Behold him seated, with his babes around!
To fathom myst'ries where a God is found!
The book is oped, a wondrous page began,
Where heav'n is offer'd to forgiven man;
Lo! as he reads, what awe-like wonder steals
On all he fancies, and on all he feels!

Till o'er his mind, by mute devotion wrought,
The gleaming twilight of celestial thought
Begins, and heaven-eyed Faith beholds above
A God of glory, and a Lord of love!
"Thou dread Unknown! Thou unimagin'd Whole
The vast Supreme, and universal Soul,
Oft in the whirlwind have I shaped Thy form,
Or throned in thunder heard Thee sway the storm!
And when the ocean's heaving vastness grew
Black with Thy curse,—my spirit darken'd too!
But when the world beneath a sun-gaze smiled,
And not a frown the sleeping air defiled,
Then I have loved Thee, Thou parental One,
Thy wrath a tempest, and thy smile a sun!
But if there be, as heaven-breathed words relate,
A seraph-home in some hereafter state,
Almighty Pow'r! thy dark-soul'd Indian see,
And grant the mercy that has bled for me!"

CAUSE OF THE FALL OF EMPIRES DESCRIBED BY SATAN.

MIGHT vanish'd ages be renew'd, and built
Again the empires which have been,
From that huge one the haughty Ninus rear'd,
And great Cambyses crush'd, to Rome, and Greece,
The paragons of empire, what a scene
Would Time reveal!—Who bow'd them into gloom
They feared me not; but, from the primal stone
That mark'd the birthday of their city-queens,
I mingled with them, and beheld them rise;
From dim obscurity my minions watch'd

Their growth to greatness, and imperial sway
That overshadow'd the far isles.—The sea
Beneath them, like a suppliant crouch'd; the wind
Sang Vict'ry! where th' exulting banners waved;
And Hist'ry wreath'd her laurels at the sound.
But now, uplifted to a fearful height,
They courted vilely-enervating arts,
Unthroned the Virtues, let the Passions loose,
And pour'd corruption through their wide domain:
Then came an hour of vengeance! then the wrath
Of Desolation!—the decree of Heaven.

DEVOTEDNESS OF PURE AFFECTION.

And when disease's poison'd breath
Hath tainted life with hues of death;
When time has dimm'd that starry gaze
Whose magic thrill'd our younger days,—
There is a love whose light remains
To warm the heart, when passion wanes:
For beauty born within the mind
  Admits no mean decay;
The earth may shrink, the sun grow blind,
  Ere that dissolve away!

  Then let them boast, base epicures!
Whom naught but sense to love allures;
To them may coarse derision give
No hearts but where like passions live,
While dungeon'd in a sensual grave,
Their spirit rots, and dies a slave!

DIVINE PERFECTION OF CHRIST.

OH! who shall paint Him?—let the sweetest tone
That ever trembled on the harps of Heaven,
Be discord; let the chanting seraphim,
Whose anthem is eternity, be dumb;
For praise and wonder, adoration,—all
Melt into muteness, ere they soar to Thee,
Thou sole Perfection!—Theme of countless worlds!

DAVID.

WOULDST thou in meekest adoration bend,
Or mount the heavens, and with bright myriads swell
The chorus of eternity?—does Grief
Around thee blacken in her stormy ire,
Or sad dejection on thy eyelids weigh?
The royal minstrel hath a mood for thee,
And in his heart an echo of thine own!
But when the frame of this majestic world
The mind o'erawes,—then, who like him appeals
To clouds and whirlwinds, with the thunder talks,
Partakes the tempest, and of ocean learns
Such mimicry sublime, that Fancy hears
The billows heaving in his roll of song!—
But Nature in her gentleness, alike
From David woos a sympathy divine.
The lull of night, the language of the stars,
And all that beautiful, serene, or blest
Is deem'd, his harp melodiously inspires.

Bard of the Spirit! thine heroic song,
Whose hallelujahs in Engeddi's cave,

Or woody glens, and palmy grove, prevail'd
O'er every pang the exile bosom felt,—
Hath tuned Religion's universal voice!
Canadian forests, or the parched wilds
Of Afric, ocean rocks, and cavern gloom,—
Wherever God descends, or Man adores,
Thy melodies the yearning heart relieve.
And oh! what blessings have thy hymns evoked
From Heaven's vast treasury of light and love,
Since first they sounded on the shepherd's lyre!

DEATH OF A PARENT ATTENDED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Lo! on his curtain'd couch, with pillow'd head,
And pallid limbs in dewy languor spread,
The dying parent, like a wailing breeze,
Moans in the feverish grasp of wan Disease;
While sad and watching, with a sleepless eye,
A lovely daughter sits, and muses by:
So Gabriel sat within the Saviour's tomb,
When his pure spirit walk'd the eternal gloom!

There as some ancient abbey's muffled bell
Tolls o'er the sleeping world the day's farewell,
Frequent she glances at his wrinkled brow,
And those dear eyes, so dim and deathful now,
Till all his love and all his care returns,
And memory through her brain and bosom burns.
That drooping hand, so delicately weak,
How often had it smooth'd her infant cheek;
Or danced her, lightly tripping by his side,
And prattling sweetly with delighted pride.

Or pluck'd the baby flower that charm'd her age;
Or gently oped instruction's pictured page;
Or pointed to some mild and mournful star,
That thron'd its beauty in the sky afar.

And see! no more the arrowy throes of pain
Pierce his bound head, or force the plaintive strain;
Slumber hath heal'd them with assuasive balm,
And chain'd the senses in oblivion's calm:
Pleas'd at his quiet mien, with timid breath,
She stirs to see—alas! the sleep of Death;
Pulseless and pale, beneath the taper's glow,
Lies her lov'd parent,—but a lifeless show!

She shook not, shriek'd not, rais'd no maniac cry,
Nor wrung her hand, nor heav'd one heart-deep sigh;
But stood aghast, too awful for relief,
Mute, stiff, and white,—a monument of Grief!

DANTE.

With paleness on his awful brow,
Who riseth like a spectre now
From darkness, where his fancy dared
To wander with an eye unscared,
And gaze on visions, such as roll
Around that blighted Angel's soul,
Who baffles in his dread domain
An immortality of pain?—
'Tis Dante!—whose terrific flight,
Through caverns of Cimmerian night,
Imagination vainly tries
To track with unappalled eyes!

Severe, august, and sternly great,
The gloom of his remorseless fate
Around him hung that dismal air
That broodeth o'er intense despair;
Till frenzy half began to raise
A wildness in his fearful gaze,
As, roaming over crag and wood,
He battled with bleak solitude!

* * * * *

But from the wreck of ruin'd days
What gorgeous vision did he raise!
Since ne'er was beauty so divine
Embodied in a breathing shrine
As throned Beatrice on high,
In the dark blaze of Deity!—
Her forehead wreath'd with starry light
And she herself,—oh! what a sight
On Dante glitter'd, when afar
He listen'd to her mystic car;
As, wafted in a cloud of flowers,
And guarded by angelic Powers,
In veil of fire, her spirit came,
And warbled his remember'd name!
He bowed beneath her awful look,
Then gazed, until his being shook
Like water, when the winds convulse
And stir it, like a quivering pulse!—
But when the wing'd Enchantress soar'd
To where the Godhead was adored,
Without a shadow, speck, or bound,
Eternity lay imaged round!

There, on a beatific throne
Again he saw her, bright and lone.—
Ineffably one look she cast,
Angelic features ne'er surpass'd,
On him, who knelt entranced awhile
Within the glory of her smile;
Till, lo! in deep excess of light
She faded from his yearning sight!—

DR. JOHNSON.

I KNOW not why, but since a dream of fame,
My heart hath gloried in great Johnson's name,
And deeper worship to his spirit vow'd
Than others have to loftier worth allow'd.
In what a mould was his high nature cast,
Who never ventur'd, but he all surpass'd!
And reign'd amid the realms of thought alone,
Nor left an equal to ascend his throne.
How grandly deep, how tenderly divine!
The lofty meaning, the majestic line!—
A moral sweetness, a persuasive flow
Of happy diction, whether joy or woe
Call'd energies from his unfathom'd mind,
Where'er they muse, delighted myriads find;
And though the sadness of his spirit threw
Round earth's rare sunshine too severe a hue,
How Life and Character before him stand,
Their myst'ries open, and their scenes expand:
And well for wisdom, could the loud pretence
Of puny language, with profoundest sense,
Such massy substance in the meaning show,
As that which ages to a Johnson owe.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Oh! beautiful beyond depicting words
To paint, the hour that wafts a soul to heaven!
The world grows dim, the scenes of time depart,
The hour of peace, the walk of social joy,
The mild companion, and the deep-soul'd friend,
The lov'd and lovely—see his face no more.
The mingling spell of sun, of sea and air,
Is broken; voice and gaze, and smiles that speak,
Must perish; parents take their hush'd adieu;
A wife, a child, a daughter half divine,
Or son that never drew a father's tear,—
Approach him, and his dying tones receive
Like God's own language!—'tis an hour of awe,
Yet terrorless, when revelations flow
From faith immortal; view that pale-worn brow,
It gleams with glory!—in his eye there dawns
A dazzling earnest of unutter'd joy.
Each pang subdued, his longing soul respires
The gales of glorified eternity;
And round him, hues ethereal, harps of light,
And lineaments of earthless beauty throng,
As, wing'd on melody, the saint departs,
While heaven in miniature before him shines.

DUTY AND AFFECTION OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

How winning are those myriad ways
By which a child fond homage pays,—
Those ministries of heart and hand
Which none but parents understand!—

When morning reigns in dewy power,
To hie and cull the choicest flower;
Or pluck the fruit whose bloom appears
Bedeck'd with night's refreshing tears;
Or else with magic pencil take
The likeness of some hill or lake,—
Some haunted spot, whose beauty hung
Rich praises on her feeling tongue,—
And these to place in proud surprise
Before a mother's greeting eyes!—
Affection, let thy voice declare
How tender sweet such trifles are!
For what is kindness, but the heart
In action, without guile or art,
Imparting by some nameless power
A bloom to each attractive hour?

But, when bleak winter bares the earth,
And Comfort hails the wonted hearth,
Then, child of beauty! thou art foun
The central star of bliss around.
Some book divine, or antique tale,
Or shipwreck, where the savage gale
Cries havoc! o'er a howling sea,
Perchance, the chosen page may be;
Or bard eterne, with visions bright,
Shall charm the soul of taste to-night;
Or, haply, Music's heaven-born spell,
Whose spirit thou canst wake so well,
Shall kindle for paternal ears
The faded tones of former years;

Oh! then adown the tides of song
While thou enwrapt art borne along,
Till the bright chamber seems to glow
With Melody's fine overflow!
And full before his bickering fire,
Delighted sits a dreaming sire,—
Forgive the mother, if her gaze
Be fill'd with more than fondest praise,
And Nature whisper through the heart,—
"My child! how exquisite thou art!"

DISSOLUTE MANNERS AT COLLEGE.

From careless boyhood to uncultured man
Indulged to act, ere principle began;
With just enough of spirit for excess,
And heart which nothing, save a vice, can bless,—
In Oxford, see the reprobate appear!
Big with the promise of a mad career.
With cash and consequence to lead the way,
A fool by night and more than fop by day,—
What happy vileness doth his lot reveal,
How Folly burns with imitative zeal,
Whene'er the shadows of his greatness fall
In festive chamber or collegiate hall!
Romantic lot!—to vegetate secure
From all that might to mental paths allure;
To wake each morning with no deeper thought
Than that which yesterday's excess hath brought;
Then, wing'd by impulse, as the day proceeds,
To follow where coxcombic fashion leads,—
Hark! Woodstock rattles with eternal wheels,
And hounds are ever barking at his heels;

The Chapel, voted a terrific bore,
The "Dons,"—head-pieces for the college door;
The lecture scouted, the degree revil'd,
And Alma Mater all save *alma* styl'd!—
Thus on; till night advance, whose reign divine
Is chastely dedicate to cards and wine,
Where modest themes amusive tongues excite,
And faces redden with the soul's delight;
A Roman banquet! with Athenian flow'rs
Of festive wit, to charm the graceful hours!—

DEVOTION OF TRUE GENIUS.

O GENIUS!—undisputed gift of heaven,
From thee what feelings flow! the passions own
Thy sway, and waken at thy quickening power,
Like flowers expanding to the breath of morn:—
Then bind his temples with a fadeless wreath,
Give him the proudest seat, the princely rank,
And all the deeper homage of the mind,
Who like a God among mankind is felt,
And, from the purest sunshine of his soul,
Sends forth the rays that glorify the world!

DEPARTURE FROM OXFORD.

FAREWELL the scene! farewell the fleeting song,
Wherein my spirit hath been borne along
In light and gloom through many a lonely hour,
With nought to gladden but its own weak power.
In morning youth far brighter dreams have play'd
Around a heart which hope has oft betray'd,

Than those which hover o'er this dying strain;
But,—faded once, they never form again!
Farewell to Oxford!—soon will flying years
The word awaken that is spoke by tears:—
When scheming boyhood plann'd my future lot,
No scene arose where Oxford centred not;
And now, as oft her many-mingled chimes
Swell into birth, like sounds of other times,
Prophetic life a woven myst'ry seems,
Unravell'd oft by consummated dreams!

ENGLAND—ITS QUIET SCENES, AND THE GRACES OF ITS NATIVE FEMALES.

Though Nature, with sublimer stress,
Hath stamp'd her seal of loveliness
On climes of more colossal mould,—
How much that travell'd eyes behold
Would sated wonder throw away,
To take one look where England lay!
To wander down some hawthorn lane,
And drink the lark's delightful strain;
Or, floating from a pastured dell
To hear the sheep's romantic bell,
While valeward as the hills retire
Peeps greyly forth the hamlet spire!
And all around it breathes a sense
Of weal, and worth, and competence.
But, far beyond all other dowers,
Thy daughters seem Earth's human flowers!—
The charm of young Castilian eyes,
When lovingly their lashes rise,

And, blended into one rich glance,
The lightnings of the soul advance!
Wild hearts may into wonder melt,
And make expression's magic felt;—
Or, girded by the dreams of old,
In Sappho's Lesbian Isle, behold
A shadow of primeval grace
Yet floating o'er some classic face:
But where, in what imperial land,
Hath nature with more faultless hand
Embodied all that beauty shows,
Than round us daily lives and glows?
Here, mingled with the outward might
Of charms that coldest gaze invite,
Th' enamel of the mind appears,
Undimm'd by woe, unsoil'd by years!—
To wedded hearts, devoid of strife,
Here home becomes the heaven of life;
And household virtues spring to birth
Beside the love-frequented hearth,
While feelings, soft as angels know,
Around them freshly twine and grow!

FALLEN STATE OF EGYPT.

Beyond the Libyan wild,
Lo, wondrous Egypt lies! Come, royal heirs
Of Ptolemy, and patriarchal kings,
And see the shadow of your once sublime
And storied Egypt!—True, her fostering Nile,
That flowing wand'rer of mysterious birth,
Her annual life-flood generously yields:

But where the soul of Science? where the fount
Of wisdom, from whose deep and dateless spring
The Greek and Roman drank?—Colossal Thebes,
How lonely sleep thy ruins, where of yore,
Like billows trooping at the whirlwind's call,
Forth from thy hundred gates the battle-cars
Were roll'd! Thy tombs and arches, temples huge
As sculptured mountains, darkling yet remain,
But sadness broods o'er all: and ye august,
In blacken'd, blighted majesty uprear'd,
Ye Pyramids! that point your heads to Heaven,
As pillars that could prop the spheres,—a day
Is coming when you moulder into dust,
And melt away, like dew upon the wind!

So sink the monuments of ancient might,
So fade the gauds and splendours of the world;
Her empires brighten, blaze, and pass away,
And trophied fanes, and adamantine domes,
That threaten'd an eternity, depart.
Amid the dying change, or lapse of things,
Enthroned o'er all, a desolation frowns,
Save mind,—omnipotent, surpassing mind!
One scintillation of a soul inspired,
Though kindled in an atmosphere of gloom
Or loneliness, will strengthen, glow, and live,
And burn from age to age, till it become
The sun and glory of a thinking world,
When thrones are shatter'd, and their kings forgo

ENTHUSIASM OF YOUTH.

Life still is young, but not the world, with me;
For where the freshness I was wont to see?
A bloom hath vanish'd from the face of things;
Nor more the syren of enchantment sings
In sunny mead, or shady walk, or bow'r,
Like that which warbled o'er my youthful hour.
Let reason laugh, or elder wisdom smile
On the warm phantasies which youth beguile;
There *is* a pureness in that glorious prime
That mingles not with our maturer time.
All earth is brighten'd from a sun within,
As yet unshaded by a world of sin,
While mind and nature blendingly array
In light and love, whate'er our dreams survey;—
Though perils darken from the distant years,
They vanish, cloud-like, when a smile appears!
And the light woes that flutter o'er the mind
Are laugh'd away, as foam upon the wind—
Thou witching Spirit of a younger hour!
Did I not feel thee in thy fullest pow'r?
Attest ye glories! flash'd from clouds and skies
On the deep wonder of adoring eyes,
As oft, school-free, I worshipp'd, lone and still
The rosy sunset from some haunted hill;
Or oped my lattice, when the moonshine lay
In sleep-like beauty on the brow of day,
To watch the mystery of moving stars
Through ether gliding on melodious cars,
Or musing wander'd, ere the hectic morn,
To see how beautiful the sun was born!

ENGLAND.

FRONTING the wave-environ'd shore of France,
And bulwark'd with her everlasting main,
O'er which the cloud-white cliffs sublimely gaze
Like genii, rear'd for her defence, behold
The Isle-queen!—every billow sounds her fame!
The ocean is her proud triumphal car
Whereon she rideth, and the rolling waves
The vassals which secure her victory;
Alone, and matchless in her sceptr'd might,
She dares the world. The spirit of the brave
Burns in her; laws are liberty; and kings
Wear crowns that glitter with a people's love,
And, while undimm'd, their glory aye endures;
But once dishonoured,—and the sceptre falls,
The throne is shaken, patriot voices rise,
And, like storm'd billows by the tyrant gale
Awaken'd, loud and haughty is their roar!

Heaven-favour'd land! of grandeur, and of gloom,
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills,
Though other climates boast, in thee supreme
A beauty and a gentleness abound;
Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,
Is thine: the sky of blue intensity,
Or charm'd by sunshine into picture-clouds,
That make bright landscapes when they blush abroad,
The dingle grey, and wooded copse, with hut
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale,
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,
And steepled cities faint and far away,

With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene.

EVENING SCENE ON THE SEA-SHORE.

'Tis evening hour; the hour when heaven descends
In dream-like radiance on the calmed earth,
Wither! thou victim of luxurious halls,
The glory of these west'ring clouds behold,
That, rich as eastern fancies, float the skies
Along: and hark!—the revelry of waves;
Now, like the whirling of unnumber'd wheels
In faint advance, now wild as battle-roar
In shatter'd echoes voyaging the wind;
Then, snake-like hissing, they enring the shore,
Dissolve, and flower the shelly beach with foam.
Brief as a fancy, and as brightly vain,
The sky-pomp fades; and in his sumptuous robe
Of cloudy sheen, the great high priest of earth
Hath bosom'd him beyond the ocean bound.
Like weary eyelids, flowers are closing up
Their beauty; faint as rain-falls sound the leaves,
When ruffled by the dying breath of day;
And Twilight, that true hour for mellow dream,
Or tender thought, now dimly, o'er the wave
'Tis halcyon wing unfolds; in spectral gloom
The cloud-peak'd hills depart, and all the shore
Lies calm, where nothing mars its pebbly sleep,
Save when the step of yon lone wand'rer moves,
Watching the boats in sailless pomp reposed;
Or, mournful listening to the curfew sound
Of eve-bells, hymning from their distant spires.

ENGLISH SCENERY.

But here alone,
With Summer hymning through her haunted vales,
'Tis beauty, bloom, and brightness, all! How rich
The wooing luxury of floral meads,
Reposing in the noon; where scented winds
Exult, and many a happy brooklet sings;
Sure, Admiration might romance it here!
Tall mansions, shadow'd through patrician trees,
Those brown-spread farms, grey villages and cots,
With castled relics, and cathedral piles
Where dreaming solitude may muse and sigh,—
Enchant dead ages from their tombs, or hear
The dark soliloquy of ancient Time,
Adorn the landscape, and delight the view:
While haggard rocks, and heaven-aspiring hills,
Balking the ocean, here and there create
A mountain charm, to solemnize the scene.

EXULTATION OF SATAN AT HIS POWER OVER MANKIND.

Then roll thee on, thou high and haughty world,
And queen it bravely o'er the universe!
Still be thy sun as bright, thy sea as loud
In her sublimity, thy floods and winds
As potent, and thy lording elements
As vast in their creative range of power,
As each and all have ever been: build thrones,
And empires, heap the mountain of thy crimes,
Be mean or mighty, wise or worthless still,—

Yet I am with thee! and my power shall reign
Until the trumpet of thy doom be heard,
Thine ocean vanish'd, and thy heavens no more!
Till thou be tenantless, a welt'ring mass
Of fire, a dying and dissolving world:
And then, Thy hidden lightnings are unsheath'd,
O God! the thunders of Despair shall roll;
Mine hour is come, and I am wreck'd of all,
All, save Eternity, and *that* is mine!

FEMALE LOVELINESS THE FOUNT OF POETICAL INSPIRATION.

Nor for that unloving race,
Who scorn each intellectual grace;
Or them whose coarseness would destroy
The elegance of human joy,—
Be mine the lay. Yet should there be
A heart that loves true heart to see;
A father who has felt how dear
The woman whom his thoughts revere;
A mother in whose watchful eye
Affections deep and endless lie;
A maiden who hath known how sweet
The sister of her soul to greet;
Or lover, who in lofty youth
Hath pleaded with impassioned truth
To shape of Beauty, by whose light
The universe became so bright!—
If such one hour this page beguile,
My guerdon be their grateful smile.

Oh! might he cull the richest tones
Poetical enchantment owns,
For melody to waft along
The spirit of prevailing song;
And summon from the caves of Thought
Whatever shaping dreams have wrought,—
A bard might think his visions rife
With rays of feeling caught from life,
For in that life what bliss was owed
To all that woman's reign bestowed!—
The smoothest voice, the softest word,
Delighted moments ever heard;
The dearest smile that Pity shed
To tame the darkness sorrow bred;
The shadow of an angel seen,
Where Goodness unobserved had been;
And, more than all, devoted truth,
Whose years retain'd undying youth,—
If such a crowd of memory's charms
No passion in the poet warms,
It is because no words express
The light of woman's loveliness;
And more than Poetry can speak
Is mirror'd on her brow and cheek;
While feelings oft the most sublime
Refuse to be pourtray'd in rhyme,
Though brightly round the heart they throng,
And seem the archetype of song,—
If doom like this attend my aim,
The song, but not the subject, blame.

FAME! HOW FALSE AND FLEETING.

AND what is Fame?—When hope, the morning-star
Of life, arose, enthusiast! thou wouldst climb
Her steepy height to hear th' acclaiming roar
Of thousands echoing round thee, like a choir
Of Ocean, wafted o'er a mountain-head.—
In the dark womb of some weird solitude
Where destiny delights to colour years;
Or by some gush of beauty, or the glow
Of emulation, quicken'd by a mighty name,—
Did first her music whisper, be thou great?
No matter: midnight watchings, gloom and tears,
Thy heart a fever, and thy brain on fire,—
The martyrdoms of thought, have won the prize;
And midmost thou, among the laurell'd tribe
A paramount art throned! And dear to thee,
Young hero of the mind, is first renown;
Fresh, warm, and pure, as early love, ere Time
Hath nipt it with his frosty wing. Awhile,
In Paradise thou dream'st, and seem'st to hear
The hailing worship of Posterity.
But now, come down from thy celestial height!
Descend, and struggle with the heartless crew
Who out of others' tears extract their joy.
The rocky nature of ignoble minds,
Ambitious Spite, and unrelenting Hate
And all who nibble at each young renown,—
'Tis thine to wrestle with; thy spell is o'er,
And glory is a feast for Shame:—reproach
It not, true happiness it never breathed.

FORCE OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Now dawns the moment, doom'd in future years
To waken triumph, or be born in tears;
When morals sway, religion lives or dies,
And cited principles to action rise.—
Oh! thou o'er whom a mother's eye hath wept,
Or round thy cradle frequent vigils kept;
Whose infant soul a father's love survey'd,
And oft for thee with Heaven communion made;
Be thine the circle where true Friendship lives
In the pure light exalted spirit gives;
And far from thee the infamous and vile,
Who murder feeling with a Stoic smile,
Blaspheme the innocence of early days,
Make virtue vice, impiety a praise,
Disease the health of unpolluted mind,
And call it glory to disgrace mankind!
What though the eye may sparkle o'er the glass,
Or fondling words for fascination pass,
While flow'rs of friendship oft appear to bloom.
Born in the sunshine of a festive room,—
A day will come when sterner truths prevail,
And friendship dwindles into folly's tale!
But should'st thou waver, when the awful hour
Of pleasure tempteth with a demon's pow'r,
And time and circumstance together seem
To dazzle nature with too bright a dream,—
Let home and virtue, what thou wert and art,
A mother's feeling, and a father's heart,
Full on thy mem'ry rise with blended charm,
And all the serpent in thy soul disarm!

For who shall say, when first temptations win
A yielding mind to some enchanted sin,
What future crime, that *once* appeared too black
For life to wander o'er its hell-ward track,
May lead the heart to some tremendous doom,
Whose midnight hovers round an early tomb?
Let home be vision'd, where thy budding days
Their beauty open'd on a parent's gaze:
In these, what memories of thee abound!—
Thy chamber echoes with its wonted sound;
The flow'r you rear'd, a sister's nursing hand
Still fondly guards, and helps each leaf expand;
The page you ponder'd with delighted brow
Was ever dear,—but oh! far dearer now;
The walk you lov'd with her sweet smile to share,
She oft repeats, and paints your image there;
And when a glory hath array'd the sky,
Her fancy revels in your fav'rite die;
While oft at ev'ning, when domestic bloom
Hath flung a freshness round a social room
When hearts unfold, and music's winged note
Can waft a feeling wheresoe'er it float,
Some cord is touch'd, whose melodies awake
The pang of fondness for a brother's sake;
And eyes are conscious, as they gaze around
Where looks are falling, there a son was found!

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FEMININE GRACE, THE INCENTIVE TO NOBLE DEEDS.

And what were life, if woman's heart
Attemper'd with no guiding art
The moral beauty of the mind,
Whereby the world is kept refined,
And each soft hue opinion wears
Its lovely origin declares?—
Go, find a land where female grace
Is honour'd by no gallant race,
And man's dominion deems it vile
To bend beneath a woman's smile,
But tramples with a brute delight
On mental rank and moral right,—
How darkly do her people sink!
How meanly act, how basely think!
No loftiness that clime reveals,
No purity the spirit feels;
Corruption cankers law and throne,
The language breathes a dungeon tone.
And seldom there hath Virtue smiled:—
But wither'd, weaken'd, and defiled,
It moulders on from age to age,
The scorn of hero, bard, and sage,
And seems on glorious earth to be
The plague-spot of her infamy!

FIRST LOVE.

Oh, lovely pair!
Warm is the gush of young affection; sweet
The overflowing of affianced hearts,

Each into each with holy rapture pour'd;
Now is the spring-time of the soul, whose bloom
Is love, ne'er felt but once, and ne'er but once
Enjoy'd! On would ye float for ever thus,
O'er moonlight seas, in one immortal bliss.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Once, France and Freedom were a mingled name;
And now, when all their wrathful clouds are roll'd
Away, the shadows which they cast, endure,
Clothing the soul of memory with fear.—
Her Revolution, who that saw, forgets?
Or who that felt, and does not feel?—The storm
That makes a midnight of convulsed day,
Is weak, to that rebellion of despair,
When buried passions, like an earthquake, burst
From out an injured Nation's heart! And such
Was thine, afflicted France! the far-off thrones
Of tyrants stagger'd, distant empires quail'd,
When like th' embodied spirit of thy wrongs
The Revolution darken'd on the world,—
Ringing a peal that echoed Europe round,
And died in thunder o'er the Atlantic deep!—
But thou wert too unholy to be free,
Too grasping to be great; and when thy thirst
For havoc brutalized the scene of blood,—
As though re-action for all human wrong
Were centred in it for one dire revenge,
I heard Heaven curse thee, and exulting hail'd
The cry of Freedom, for the voice of Hell!

FIRST VIEW OF LONDON.

NIGHT roll'd away, and when with weary eye,
We watch'd the dawn awaking in the sky,
London the vast, the wonder of mankind,
The mart of Commerce, and the fount of mind,
Like an immortal vision rose in view,
Sublimely dimm'd with morning's misty blue!
How did the startled feelings rush and roll
In pleasing tumult o'er the prostrate soul,
When timidly, as on enchanted ground,
I mark'd the giant domes uprear'd around,
And heard the waves of life around me roar,
Like echoes wafted from a distant shore,
While bands of glorious spirits that have been
Sprang into life, and stalk'd the mighty scene!

GOD OMNIPRESENT.

LORD of all being! where can Fancy fly,
To what far realms, unmeasur'd by thine eye?
Where can we hide beneath Thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st THOU not, the boundless, viewless One?
Shall Guilt couch down within the cavern's gloom,
And quiv'ring, groaning, meditate her doom?
Or scale the mountains where the whirlwinds rest,
And in the night-blast cool her fiery breast?
Within the cavern-gloom Thine eye can see,
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to Thee!
Thy Spirit rides upon the thunder-storms,
Dark'ning the skies into terrific forms!

Beams in the lightning, rocks upon the seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze;
In calm and storm, in Heaven and Earth Thou art,
Trace but Thy works—they bring Thee to the heart!

GORGEOUS SUNSET.

But lo! again the magic sunset woos:
The heavens are flow'ring with a rosy mass
Of splendour, richly hued; and, floating on,
It deepens round the dying sun, who glares
With fierce redundancy awhile, then sinks
Away, like glory from Ambition's eye.
Behind him—many a cloud-idolater
Will say,—what rocks, and hills, and waves of light!
Magnificent confusion! such as beam'd
When the rash boy-god charioted the skies,
And made a burning chaos of the clouds!

GLORIES OF THE MIND.

What then alone omnipotently reigns,
When Empires grovel on deserted plains,
In morning lustre, to outdare the night
That time engenders o'er their vanish'd might?
'Tis mind! an immortality below,
That gilds the past, and bids the future glow;
'Tis mind! heroic, pure, devoted mind,
To God appealing for corrupt mankind,
Reflecting back the image that he gave
Ere sin began, or earth became a slave!

Exalting thought! when ages are no more,
Like sunken billows on a far-off shore,
A second life in lofty prose or song,
Their glories bear, to light the world along!—
And ever thus may spirit be refined;
For what is Godhead, but consummate mind?
Or Heaven, but one surpassing realm of thought,
With each perfection of His wisdom fraught?
Not that we *have*, but what our natures *feel*,
By truth unfolded for sublimest zeal,
Developes all which makes our being great,
And links a human to immortal state.
Than this, could fancy weave a darker curse?—
That man is meaner than the universe!
Creation is Eternal Will, express'd
In forms of matter which were deem'd the best;
Within, is spirit; all without, we know
Forms the frail vision of a fleeting show:
Nothing so vast amid creation found
As That which thinketh, when we gaze around!

GREECE.

See! on her throne
Of Athos, whence the giant shadow sweeps,
As new-alighted from a cloud she stands,
Waving her wand triumphant o'er her scenes;—
To hoar Parnassus, where the fabled spring
Of Castaly still flows, to time-awed wilds,
To mountain pass, and Marathonian plain,
To every haunt heroic feet have trod,

Her wand is pointed,—till the past untombs
Her treasure; Athens is revived again,
The slave-isles hurl their shackles o'er the sea,
And Greece awakes to glorify the world!
Surpassing clime! though man thy home profane,
Nature bedecks thee for her idol still.
When moon-tints tremble on the Adrian waves,
What sea so beautiful? what sun so bright,
Glassing the air to richness? Still thy skies
Are canopies cerulean hung; thy flowers
Ope radiant as the fairy wings of birds,
And fruit and tree wave luscious in the wind.

HEAVENLY INFLUENCES.

Are there not hours of an immortal birth,
Bright visitations from a purer sphere,—
A trance of glory, when the mind, attuned
To heaven, can out of dreams create her worlds?
Oh! none are so absorb'd, as not to feel
The calm of thought, the melody of mind!
When prayer, the purest incense of a soul,
Hath risen to the throne of heaven, the heart
Is mellow'd, and the shadows that becloud
Our state of darken'd being, glide away;
The Heavens are open'd! and the eye of Faith
Looks in, and hath a fearful glimpse of God!

HAPPINESS OF HUMBLE LIFE.

Unknown, unhonour'd, in the noiseless sphere
Of humbleness, the happy man I found.
It was not that the tears, or toils of fate
Were never his; or that no stormy rush

The sober current of his days annoy'd;
But in him dwelt that true philosophy
That flings a sunshine o'er the wintryest hour.
The proud he envied not; no splendours craved,
Nor sigh'd to wear the laurels of renown;
But look'd on greatness with contented eye,
Then smilingly to his meek path retired:
Thus o'er the billows of a troublous world,
As o'er the anarchy of waters moves
The seaman's bark, in safety did he ride,
Forgot his woes, and left his wants to Heaven.

HEBER'S DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

The parting o'er, behold! the billows sweep
In rushing music as he rides the deep
That wafts him onward to his Indian clime,
While mus'd his heart on future toil sublime,
Whereby Redemption and her God would smile
On heathen lands, and many a lonely isle,
Where stinted Nature in her soulless gloom
From age to age had wither'd to the tomb!—
And haply too, when rose the twilight star,
And billows flutter'd in a breezy war,
At that dim hour regretted England came,
Familiar walks, and sounds of early fame,
And village steeple, with the lowly race,
Whose fondness brighten'd to behold his face!
The land was reach'd; and, oh! too fondly known
How Heber made that sunny land his own,
Till heathen hearts a Christian nature wore,
And feelings sprang which never bloom'd before,

As toil'd he there with apostolic truth,
Redeem'd her Aged, and reform'd her Youth,
For praise to honour with a pow'rless line
A heart so deep, a spirit so divine?
He lived; he died; in life and death the same,
A Christian martyr,—whose majestic fame
In beacon glory o'er the world shall blaze,
And lighten empires with celestial rays!
While virtue throbs, or human hearts admire
A poet's feeling with a prophet's fire;
While pure Religion hath a shrine to own,
Or Man can worship at his Maker's throne!

HUMAN NATURE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

O THOU! apparell'd in a robe of true
Mortality; meek sharer of our low
Estate, in all except compliant sin:
To Thee, a comprehending worship pays
Perennial sacrifice of life and soul,
By love enkindled: Thou hast lived, and breathed,
Our wants and woes partaken; all that charms
Or sanctifies, to thine unspotted truth
May plead for sanction; virtue but reflects
Thine image; wisdom is a voice attuned
To consonance with Thine; and all that yields
To thought a pureness, or to life a peace,
From Thee descends; whose spirit-ruling sway,
Invisible as thought, around us brings
A balm almighty for affliction's hour!

HUMAN REASON BENDING TO THE GROSSEST SUPERSTITION.

THE past survey,—and what hath Reason done?
Passion and Doubt her waning light withstood,
And stubborn ages, as they swept along,
But mock'd her impotence with blind misrule,
Of creed or crime begot.—Man look'd abroad,
And on his spirit rush'd one vast belief!
From life and matter, from the sun and moon,
And the deep waters did a power appeal,
Attesting God, and teaching his domain:
But how to worship, how his law obey,
In vain would philosophic Reason find,
In pensive shade, or academic bower.—
The world was deified! terrestrial gods,
In all that apprehending sense believed,
A mystic reign for adoration held.
Thus, Neptune on his ocean-car appear'd,
Apollo gloried in the realm of light,
And Dian, with her starry nymphs begirt,
The virgin moon inspired.—There breathed no wind,
There waved no grove, no fountain-music play'd,
No river in his march of waters joy'd,—
But Superstition lent a list'ning ear
To hail her fancied god: each city claim'd
Presiding deities, and built her fanes
For monsters imaged out of monstrous thought,
Where dark pollution fed her secret fires.
At length, Idolatry the mind subdued,
From tombs evoked the undeserving dead,
Or, round the statues of her living great
In sycophantic homage knelt, and pray'd!

HATRED OF OUR SAVIOUR BY THE EVIL ONE, YET HIS ALMIGHTY POWER ADMIRED.

I HATE him, and His everlasting cause,
The Church, upon the rock of ages rear'd,
His word, His truth, and Heaven-directing sway;
And soul by soul, and heart by heart, through light
And gloom, by land and isle, through life and death,
'Mid all the legions of innumerous Powers
That on His ministry attend, and war
For holiness—my hate shall dare Him still;
Though Truth may vanquish, and the thousand thrones
Of Darkness tremble with their last despair!

Too deep the vengeance of atoning blood
On me shall come, for him to be forgot!
I hate Him for the ruin'd world he saved;
And yet His glorious pilgrimage confess.
Sublime of martyrs! in that dread career
What wonders hallow His remember'd way!
The blind awaken'd to the bliss of light,
The deaf and lame, the dying and the dead,
All yielding up infirmity to Him,
And putting on young attributes of life.—
Vain mortals, read and tremble! Once the Sea,
That god and glory of the elements,
Obeyed His fiat, when a tempest rose,
Till the huge waves, like living mountains leapt
In the wild majesty of midnight storm,
Mocking the haggard lightnings as they streak'd

The waters, in the fury of their flash!
Each billow was a tempest; and the ship
Groan'd like a mariner at his last gasp;
Up rose He in almightiness! and bade
The whirlwinds into silence, and rebuked
The ocean, calming at his fearful glance!

And then His Passion, that tremendous scene
When nature wrestled with her God! And last,
The tragedy that made this Earth to quake!—
Men wonder if to angry overflow
The dark floods rise, if hurricanes be heard,
Or if the throbbing of an earthquake thrill
Their walls:—the sun in blackness, and the gloom,
The midnight awfulness o'er Calvary's mount
That brooded,—coward Fancy should have seen!
Have heard the cloven rock-piles as they burst,
The tombs unlock, and mark'd the solemn dead
In pallid stillness gliding through the town,
Like moon-clouds sailing o'er a midnight sky!

HYPOCRISY.

The world
Is rank with hypocrites!—a coward race
Of such ignoble vileness, that they shame
Temptation, though they track her hell-ward path.
* * * * *
Many are
The mantles which adorn your hypocrite.
Behold him now, a most insinuous man,
Smoother than waters sleeping in the sun,
To common gazers;—now, a courteous shape,
All delicately civil; full of words

Well rounded into compliments, that serve
Alike to sweeten the sour face of friends,
And mask a falsehood from a dreaded foe;
Or else, benevolently mad, with purse
In hand; Misfortune, dip thy finger there;
Neglected Want! for you it opens wide:
And oh! ye soft-lipp'd dealers in applause,
Resound the dews of Mercy as they fall,
To crown him famous, Charity's own child;
And why?—she pays a penalty for sin,
And bribes the conscience, while it gilds a name.

Then mark the hypocrite, of pious mould,
For ever putting on unearthly moods,
And looking lectures with his awful eyes;
A sun-like centre of religious zeal:
So pure, he would be better than the best!—
True virtue is a heavenliness of mind,
That, in the mercy of a mild reproof,
Sheds healing sympathy o'er human woe.
But he is cold, uncharitably good;
Dealing the thunderbolts of sacred wrath
With apostolic vengeance.

HEROD'S MURDER OF THE INFANTS.

THEN passion, like a kindled hurricane
Burst from the tyrant with terrific sway!
And then was havoc, dark as hell desired:
Oh! then were shrieks maternal, sounds that came
From riven souls; then childless Rachel wept;
In Rama was the voice of mourning heard.

And red with blood the streams of Israel ran!
'Twas murder's banquet on a thousand babes!—
Sweet flowers of life, whose fragile beauty made
The living Eden of parental hearts.
Asleep in cradled stillness, with the light
Of infant slumber on their lovely cheeks,
Or prattling gaily at the cottage door,
Did slaughter come, and mock with murd'rous yell
The cry of mothers, shrieking for their God!—
That cry was answer'd, when the monster king,
By pain corrupted, turn'd a loathsome mass,
And died!—then heralded by Gabriel's wings,
The young Redeemer into Naz'reth came:
For Archelaus o'er Judah's empire ruled,
And, Herod like, had bathed his throne in blood.

HAPPINESS SOUGHT IN VAIN AMONG THE VOTARIES OF WEALTH AND FASHION.

From the proud senate, to a sunnier realm
Where Gaiety and her hilarious crew,
Like flowers of fancy in a hot-bed rear'd
An artificial life enjoy, I turn'd.
In such a sphere could happiness abide?—
Where Fashion, that great harlequin of life,
For ever plays the comedy of fools;
Where Luxury breathes a pamper'd air; where [Love
Is venal; Wealth, a wearisome array;
And time a curse; the happy do not dwell.
A false delight, a snatch of feverish joy,
And jading rounds of pleasure, are supplied;
But oft the heart beats echoless to all,
Though Custom wear a contradicting smile.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MILTON.

THERE is a tale—and let it live
Such life as fond romance can give,
That once, as slumb'ring Milton lay
In umbrage from the noon-warm day,
Beneath the twilight of a tree,
That arch'd its waving canopy,—
A maiden saw his sleeping face,
And, spell-bound with its beauteous grace,
Her wonder in sweet song express'd,
And placed it on the poet's breast;
"If eyes when shut the heart can take,
How bright their vict'ry when awake!"—
Oh! who can tell what beauty flow'd
From feelings by such words bestow'd;—
The Eve of his enchanted thought
From hues of nature's heaven was wrought,
And she, of paradise the queen,
Embodied what his soul had seen.

INJURY DONE TO RELIGION BY ITS INSINCERE PROFESSORS.

'TIS not the vileness of hypocrisy
From which alone a hellish harvest springs;
But that contempt which on Religion frowns,
When hypocrites in unmask'd truth appear;
Then Vice is comforted, and lifts her voice
Triumphant; pleased to have a broken step,
However slipp'ry, where to stand and cry,
Thank God! my soul Religion never swell'd.—

How vain, how pitiable vile, is this!
As well might Painting and her fairy scenes
Be scouted, when a daubing mimic fails;
Or music have her angel soul denied,
When a poor screech-owl apes a melody,
As true Religion have her Heaven disown'd;
Because a false professor fools the world.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE BEAUTY ON THE BRAVE.

Next, Chivalry, heroic child,
With brow erect, and features wild,
Placed love upon his matchless throne,
For gallantry to guard alone.
Then, woman! in that reign of heart,
How peerless was thy magic part!
A word was more than human breath,
A smile dissolved the gloom of death!
And beauty, while it awed the brave;
But made the mind a noble slave
To honour, in the chastest light,
That ruled the soul, or charm'd the sight.—
And shall we, in a sterner age,
When love hath grown more coldly sage,
With frigid laugh and frown decry
The bright return of Chivalry?—
The trumpet-music of the past,
In tales of glory doom'd to last,—
No longer must one echo stir
The pride of English character?
Alas! our life is worldly lore;
The reign of heart-romance is o'er;

And all that fired heroic toil
Hath now become a meaner spoil,
For time and circumstance to win,
While self is throned secure within.—

ISAIAH.

Terrific bard! and mighty; in thy strain
A torrent of inspiring passion sounds;
Whether for cities by th' Almighty cursed,
Thy wail arose; or, on enormous crimes
That darken'd heav'n with supernat'ral gloom,
Thy flash of indignation fell, alike
The feelings quiver when thy voice awakes!
Borne in the whirlwind of a dreadful song,
The spirit travels round the destin'd globe,
While shadows, cast from solemn years to come,
Fall round us, and we feel a God is nigh!

But when a gladness from thy music flows,
Creation brightens!—glory paints the sky.
The sun hath got an everlasting smile,
And Earth is temper'd for immortal spring:
The lion smoothes his ruffled mane, the lamb
And wolf together feed, and by the den
Of serpents, see! the rosy infant play.—

There is a day, the darkness of whose scene
In visitings of dread can oft subdue
The brightness of the passing world,—to come,
When the huge frabic of a stately globe
Shall bow with terror in the storm of doom!
Then, in that hour of chaos, while the Earth

And Heaven shall fade like elemental dreams,
Alone, Isaiah!—standing on some rock
Tremendous, should thy daring voice be heard
In bursts of woe magnificently wild,—
The last that lingers round a dying world!

INFANCY.

1

A CHILD beside a mother kneels,
With lips of holy love;
And fain would lisp the vow it feels
To them enthroned above.

2

That cherub gaze, that stainless brow
So exquisitely fair!—
Who would not be an infant now,
To breathe an infant's prayer?

3

No sin hath shaded its young heart,
The eye scarce knows a tear;
'Tis bright enough from earth to part,
And grace another sphere!

4

And I was once a happy thing,
Like that which now I see;
No May-bird on ecstatic wing,
More beautifully free.

5

The cloud that bask'd in moontide glow,
The flower that danced and shone,
All hues and sounds, above, below,
Were joys to feast upon!

6

Let wisdom smile—I oft forget
The colder haunts of men,
To hie where infant hearts are met,
And be a child again;

7

I look into the laughing eyes,
And see the wild thoughts play,
While o'er each cheek a thousand dies
Of mirth and meaning stray.

8

Oh! manhood, could thy spirit kneel,
Beside that sunny child,
As fondly pray, and purely feel,
With soul as undefiled;

9

That moment would encircle thee,
With light and love divine;
Thy gaze might dwell on Deity,
And heaven itself be thine!

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE MIND.

The heaven of music! how it wafts and waves
Itself, in all the poetry of sound,—
Amid an atmosphere of human heart
Suffused,—so full the homage here outbreathed:
Now throbbing like a happy thing of air,
Then dying a voluptuous death, as lost
In its own lux'ry, now alive again
In sweetness,—wafted like a vocal clod
Mellifluously breaking,—seems the strain!
And what a play of magic on each face
Of feeling! Dark and thund'ry when it rolls,
The eyes turn inward with a dream profound;
When festive, such as storms a hero's mind,
A spirit revels in the raptured face!
But when, from faint and feeble ecstacy
Of tune, into a melancholy tone
That pierces, ray-like, through the gloom of years,
The music dies,—then, icy thrills the blood,
And glitt'ring sadness on each eye-ball spreads,
Like dewy rapture from the soul distill'd.
All music is the mystery of sound,
Whose soul lies sleeping in the air, till roused,—
And lo, it pulses into melody!
Deep, low, or wild, obedient to the throb
Of instrumental magic: on its wings
Are visions, too, of tenderness and love,
Beatitude and joy. Thus, over waves
Of beauty, landscapes in their loveliest glow,
And the warm languish of their summer streams,
And list'ning soul is borne; while Home renews
Her paradise, beneath the moonlight veil

That mantles o'er the past, till unshed tears
Gleam in the eye of memory. But when
Some harmony of preternatural swell
Begins, then, awful-wing'd, the spirit soars
Away, and mingles with immensity!

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

Born in that land where Summer's pregnant beam
Was brightest, where the fruits of Eden hung,
And the rich mulberry spread a snowy bloom,
While grapes empurpled ev'ry terraced hill,—
Her shape and spirit magic influence caught
From Syria's clime of glory;—nature's grace.
By power of exquisite attraction, seem'd
Reflected from it; light and beauty fill'd
Her soul, and flash'd from those irradiate eyes!—
And walk'd she not, as Israel's daughter would,
The mighty scenes where patriarchal feet
Had trodden, where the God of Zion spake!—
Lake, fount, and river, and the mountains three
Which camp'd her warriors, and that still o'erlook
Esdraelon's plain, where tented Arabs dwell,
Around whose home, when dewy nightfall comes,
The gamboling flocks to reedy murmurs play,*
From each and all pure inspiration sprung,
And told how beautiful religion look'd,
By youth entempled in a spotless heart!

And yet on her, so delicately young,
Infection breathed, and poison'd blood and brain,
Till all the bloom of animation died!

* See Malte Brun on Palestine.

In yon sepulchral room,
Alone a childless mother comes to seal
The lids of death, and on the marble lip
Imprint a long and last,—the parting kiss.
And shall the worm of putrefaction feed
On that young form, of beauty's finest mould?
The light and life of twelve enchanted years,
All sunk and shaded in remorseless dust!—
O, agony! could thawing tears the soul
Dissolve, let suff'ring nature shed them now.

* * * * *

Believe, and fear not! in the blackest cloud
A sunbeam hides; and from the deepest pang
Some hidden mercy may a God declare!
There as she stood, delirious, rack'd, and wild,
The Saviour enter'd, and his soothing glance
Fell on the mother's torn and troubled heart,
As moonlight on the ocean's haggard scene!
The wailing minstrel, and the dirge of death,
He bade them cease;—'The maiden is not dead
But sleepeth!'

* * * * *

Soft o'er each deaden'd cheek the rosy light
Of cherub slumber steals! the eyes unfold,
And lift their veiny lids, as matin flowers
When dew and sunshine fascinate their gaze;
In red and smiling play her lips relax,
And, delicate as music's dying fall,
The throb of life begins!—she moves, she breathe
The dead hath risen, and a living child
Sinks on the bosom of maternal love!

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, forlorn Judean Queen!
Girt with the grandeur of eternal hills,
How art thou fallen from thy sacred height
Of splendour and renown! Unhallow'd now,
Save by the tombs and memory of the past:
Hush'd are thy trumpets, that enrapt the air
With Jubilee,—when Freedom burst the chain
Of captives, heart with heart embraced, and eye
To eye beam'd fellowship; while not an ear
But feasted on that soul-awaking sound!—
The Temple vast,—whose architect was God
Himself, when first the giant fabric grew,
That matchless pile, on which religion gazed
With haughty glance, where Glory dwelt enshrin'd;
Where is it now? Dead as the Roman dust,
That erst, with living valour fired, uncrown'd
Thy queenly pride, and palsied thy vast walls,
Strewing the plains with atoms of thy strength!
And yet, where yonder marbled courts, and mosques
With sun-gilt minarets, like glitt'ring peaks
Of mountain-tops, are seen, a Prophet stood,
And in a vision saw predestin'd Time
Advancing, with dark Ruin on his wings,
To shatter thee, and sprinkle the wide earth
With orphans of thy race. How scornful rang
Thy laughter, when such vision was unroll'd!
But when thy hills were echoed with the cry
Of Desolation, moaning her despair,
Many a demon on the viewless winds

Exulted, shouting with revengeful joy,
"Thus sink the glories of great Palestine!"

JESUS DISCOURSING WITH THE DOCTORS.

In the temple, lo! He stands,
With priest and sage, and vested rabbis mix'd,
The lost One lingers?—on His brow the light
Of Godhead! from His lips a stream of words
Is flowing, fraught with unresisted power,
That shook all hearts, the ear of age entranced,
And through the Spirit pour'd celestial rays
Which had not shone before! Each look'd on each
Astounded; wisdom seem'd a thing unwise
By man announced—Divinity was *there!*

JOHNSON'S STUDY IN PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

As here I view these venerable walls,
And slow, as in some fane, my footstep falls,
Young hearts would echo to a welcome strain,
And feel as I do, Johnson live again!
O'er Time's vast sea a cent'ry's waves have roll'd,
And many a knell hath unregarded knoll'd,
Since, fondly wrapt in meditative gloom,
The sage of England sat in this lone room:
Yet, well may Fancy, at yon ev'ning fire
Behold him seated; and when moods inspire,
As Sorrow droop'd, or Hope her wings unfurl'd,
His spirit hover through the varied world

Of life and conduct, fortune, truth, or fate
His future glory, and his present state:
Or when the noon-shine reign'd in golden pow'r,
And dimly smil'd some melancholy tow'r,
Muse at his window with far-wand'ring eye,
And feel the freshness of enchanted sky;
Or round the gateway woo admiring ears
To listen, while he charm'd beyond his years,
By spoken magic, or electric wit
That flash'd severe, yet sparkled where it hit:—
A bright deception! far too often seen
To hide the heart where agony has been:
Oh! hideous mockery the mind endures,
To forge a smile whose merriment allures,
To gild a moment with fictitious ray,
Yet feel a viper on the spirit prey!
Departed Soul! how oft, when laughter fed
Upon the frolic which thy fancy bred,
And happy natures, as they saw thee smile,
Seem'd mingling with thy sunny heart awhile,
Back to thy chamber didst thou darkly steal,
And *there* the hell of thine own bosom feel!
Then sink to slumber with a burning brain,—
To-morrow wake, and wear that smile again!

LISLE BOWLES.

And thou, whose ever-gentle page is fraught
With the sweet lore poetic sadness taught,
Not unremember'd let thy name be found,
Where Genius hallows an enchanted ground.—
Upon that brow the seal of time hath set
A mournful grace, but left no dark regret
For wither'd years, whose flowery bloom remains
In the pure freshness of Aonian strains.
Yet oft will mem'ry in creative gloom,
Muse fondly sad o'er many a distant tomb,
Where moulder forms that brighten'd other days,
Whose eyes have glisten'd o'er thy youthful lays!—
Thy noontide spent, serener twilight glows
Around thy spirit, like a soft repose,
And oft I turn, when fancy wanders free,
Romantic Bowles! to bless a thought with thee:
Oh! long in Bremhill may the village chime
Sound the sweet music of departing time,
And fairy echoes, as they float along,
Awaken visions that were born in song,
Of hope and fame, when first impassion'd youth
Their beauty painted on a world of truth.

LONDON—ITS VICES.

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,
And thickly wedded, like the ancient trees
That in unviolated forests frown;
Myriads of streets, whose river-windings flow

With viewless billows of unweary sound;
Myriads of hearts in full commotion mix'd,
From morn to noon, from noon to night again,
Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,—
And there is London!—England's heart and soul.
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames
She circulates through countless lands and isles
Her queenly greatness; gloriously she rules,
At once the awe and sceptre of the world!

* * * * *

Thou English Babylon! The Book of Life
With records that have made the angels weep,
Each daring moment thou dost darkly fill:—
For whatsoe'er the spirit can reveal
Of fallen nature, in her varying realm
Of sinfulness, is ever shown by thee.
Here, Fraud and Murder on their thrones erect
Infernal standards, and around them swarm
Such progenies, as Vileness, Want, and Woe
Beget,—to live like cannibals on blood:
Or move as crawling Vipers in the path
Of infamy, foul lewdness, or despair.
Here, Misery betrays her wildest form,
And sheds her hottest tear. See! as they rush,
Thy million sons, along the sounding streets,
Upon them how she turns her haggard gaze,
Lifts her shrunk hand, and with heart-piercing wail,
A boon in God's name asks:—but let her die,
And be her death-couch the remorseless stones!
For when the hungry winter blast shall pause
To list the wailing of a lonely tree,
The crowds will stop, and pity her despair!

Here Pride, in her most vulgar glory struts;
And Envy all her vip'rous offspring breeds,
To scatter poison with a hand unseen.—
But, Mammon! thou almighty friend of Hell.
Sure London is thy ever-royal seat,
Thy chosen capital, thy matchless home!
Where rank idolaters, of every lot
And land, do bow them to the basest dust
That Falsehood, Flattery, or Cunning treads,
From dawn to eve, and serve thee with as true
A love as ever Angel served his God!
See! how the hard and greedy worldlings crowd,
With toiling motion, through the foot-worn ways;
The sour and sullen, wretch'd, rack'd, and wild,—
The whole vile circle of uneasy slaves.
Mark one, with features of ferocious hue;
Another, carved by Villany's own hand
A visage wears, and through the trait'rous blood
The spirit works, like venom from the soul!

What rush and roar unceasing! and how strange
A mass of objects, as I move along
Invisible, amid these floods of life
I see;—a chaos of unnumber'd hearts,
Beating and bounding, charged with great design,
And making Fate, at every pulse, to feel,—
Before me acts its mighty tragedy!

LOVERS BY MOONLIGHT.

ALL hours are sweet, when love is there
A heavenliness to make and share;
All scenes delight, when eyes adored
The magic of their gaze afford;
No rock is bleak, no desert rude,
When Beauty walks the solitude;—
But moonlight charms the outward eye,
Like music heard by memory;
And temptingly the moonbeams play
Around young lovers' lonely way,
As though fond Nature glow'd to meet
The pressure of their timing feet!—
Belated, like a starry train
When loth to quit the azure plain,
Yon vision'd pair,—behold them now;
While Dian bares her crested brow,
And clouds of alabaster white
Float in the soundless breath of night,—
How beautiful Creation's sleep!
So innocent, so calm, and deep:
The air is rock'd to voiceless rest!
The bird within his woven nest;
The dew upon unshaken leaves
A web of filmy lustre weaves;
And onward as the lovers steal,
You'd deem the fairy ground could feel
Their shadows o'er its silence fall,—
So rapt a stillness veileth all!

But they have reach'd a woodland shore,
Where billows, now the breeze is o'er,

Are blended into one broad mass
Of heaving glory !—like a glass
Reflecting forth with twinkling change
The heaven-lights, in their lofty range.—
Magnificent, and mute, and bright,—
To feel it,—is to worship night !
And there they stand, absorb'd and blest,
In adoration unexprest ;
Yet, drinking in with eye and soul
Earth's beautiful and boundless whole !

LITERARY LIONS.

But, hark ! to sounds so musically dear,
By flattery melted into Folly's ear !
Behold a Lion that doth roar to night,
And doubt if homage be not man's delight !
Amid the sweet soft words that come and go
From lord to lady, and from belle to beau,
There in thyself a night-throned idol see,
'Tis all thou art, and all a fool should be !—
Enamour'd thus, nonsensically dream
Thy mental worth a supernat'ral theme ;
Yet, look around thee ere the night be o'er,
Thy heart is free, and thou a fool no more !
Thy mien, thy manners, and thy person tend
To make no charm Politeness could commend ;
And, lest they should not quite sufficient see,
The faults of others are bestow'd on thee :
Thus on, till all that once was glory thought
From tongue to tongue is whisper'd into nought ;
While each is conscious, as thy fame's o'erthrown,
To wound another's, is to heal his own.

LOVE.

Ethereal essence, interfused through life,
Is love. In orbs of glory spirits live
On such perfection; and on earth it feeds
And quickens all things with a soul-like ray:
The beautiful in its most beauteous sense;
And symbolized by nature, in her play
Of harmonies,—her forms, her hues, and sounds;
In each connexion, aptitude, and grace
Reside. Thus flowers in their infantile bloom
Of sympathy, the bend of trees, and boughs,
The chime of waters, and caress of winds,—
Betoken that they all partake a sense
Of that sweet principle, that charms the world.

LONELINESS.

Alone, amid the wide and desert world,
Without a heart to echo to our own,
O! what is all the pomp and play of life!—
There is a solitude that lifts the mind
To lofty things,—seclusion from the rush
And stir of the unfeeling crowd, whose days
Reap scarce a thought to sanctify their flight:
Far from the city din, may Wisdom haunt
Her lone retreats, and yet not live alone;
For is there not the fellowship of books
Divine,—the company of kindling thoughts,
And all that Nature yields, a grateful mind?
This is not loneliness:—to look around
The peopled world, and 'mong its myriad hearts

To find no sympathies to nurse our own,—
O! this is loneliness! that solitude
Of soul, which makes the world a desert seem.
What is the guerdon of Ambition worth,
The cold applause of common minds, the crown
Of Genius, and th' abiding wreath of Fame,
Without the smile of some partaking soul?—
For when the heart is full, the overflow
Of bliss, by being shared, is sweeter still:—
The very flowers, that in the May-breeze shake,
Bloom out together; and the blessed stars
Of Night walk not the pathless heavens alone,
But twinkle, though unseen, in blissful trines
Of sympathetic light; all beauteous things
Hold mystic fellowship, and gifted man
Without a brother heart,—how darkly doom'd!
In sorrow curs'd,—in happiness the same.

I knew a man, in mind and fame supreme,
And yet not happy, though by happiest ones
Admired.—A loftiness of feeling, sprung
From cent'ries dead, and ancestors unknown,
Together, with a soul-born pride that soar'd
Above the cloudy scene of vulgar life,—
In childhood fill'd him with a thirst of fame.
High fancies, of the hills and mountains born,
An inspiration from the haunted streams,
And dim deserted woods, with all the rays
Of beauty which creative mind attracts
From scenes that contemplation loved,—awoke
His genius into glorious play, he struck
The lyre—a World admired, and wreathed his brow

With a fresh laurel of immortal fame:
A thousand tongues grew eloquent for him,
A thousand eyes would sparkle forth his praise!
And when amid the gazing throng he sat—
A happy hypocrite to charm the hour,
And not obstruct the flow of joy,—the dreams
Of young Ambition brighten'd at his praise;—
Alas!—how often the o'erladen mind
Reliev'd its anguish in a glowing smile!—
Within that soul a secret blank remain'd
Which Admiration could not fill; alone,
No trusting heart, no gentle voice of love,
No happy faces round his evening hearth,—
Were his to share; and what was brief renown!
A shade; and he?—a Soul in solitude!

LOST FEELINGS.

1

Oh! weep not that our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of time;
That age conceals the brow with cares
That once appeared sublime.

2

Oh! weep not that the clouded eye
No shining thought can speak:
And, fresh and fair, no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

3

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting time is seen,
Around the form and in the face
Where beauty's lines have beeen :—

4

But mourn the INWARD wreck we feel
As blighted years depart,
And Time's benumbing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

5

Those joyous thoughts that rise and spring
From out the buoyant mind,
Like summer bees upon the wing,
Or echoes on the wind.

6

The hopes that sparkle every hour,
Like blossoms from a soul
Where sorrow sheds no blighting power,
And care has no control,—

7

With all the rich enchantment thrown
On Life's fair scene around,
As if the world within a zone
Of happiness were bound!

8

Oh! these endure a mournful doom,
As day by day they die;
Till age becomes a barren tomb
Where perish'd feelings lie!

MARRIAGE RITE.

YOUNG, chaste, and lovely—pleas'd, yet half afraid,
Before yon altar droops a plighted maid,
Clad in her bridal robes of taintless white,
Dumb with the scene, and dazzled with delight;—
Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
Each with devoted look, and feeling bland;
And oft she turns her soul-expressing eye,
Dimm'd with a tear for happiness gone by!
Then coyly views, in youth's commanding pride,
Her own adored one kneeling by her side;
Like lilies bending from the noon-tide blaze,
Her bashful eye-lids droop beneath his gaze;
With love and homage blend their blissful power,
And shed a halo round his marriage hour.

What though this chance-abounding life ordain
A path of anguish and precarious pain;
By want or woe, where'er compell'd he rove,
A cot's a palace by the light of love!
There beats one heart, which until death will be
A fountain-source of fondest sympathy;
One frownless eye to kindle with his own,
One changeless friend, when other friends are flown:
O! sanction Thou the love-united pair,
Author of Love! for thou art present there.

MILTON.

ANOTHER of the wondrous see!
Whose spirit talk'd with Deity,
And, blind on earth, beheld in heaven
The glory to archangels giv'n,
When, robed in light, their garments blaze
And whiten in eternal rays!—
No cavern'd prophet, while he felt
A trance almighty round him melt;
Or by some Babylonian stream
From darkness shaped his awful dream,
Wherein there glided, vast and dim,
The cloud-apparell'd cherubim,—
Hath scarce outsoar'd his epic flight
Who sang of Chaos, Death, and Night!—
Had none, methinks, but Milton's song
Pour'd its grand tide the world along,
Had never page but his reveal'd
The miracles in mind conceal'd,—
The hope immortal still would rest
Unblighted in the human breast;
For, never could a narrow grave
Th' immeasurable soul enslave,
That compass'd air, and heaven, and hell,—
The lord of his creative spell!

With what a melody divine
The river of each noble line
Flows onward!—faint, or loud, or deep,
Accordant to the numbers' sweep.
Go, enter some majestic fane,
And listen to the organ strain,

When melting clouds of music float
Down the dim aisles with blending note;
Now, with wild melodious thunder
The vaulted pavement echoes under,
Then, aloft in flights of sound,
The winged harmonies abound,—
Evanishing like birds that stray
And skyward sing their boundless way!—
For thus can Milton's numbers roll
Their cadence o'er the tranced soul.

NIGHT-SCENE—CAMPS OF ISRAEL.

On yonder palmy mount,
Lo! sleeping myriads in the dewy hush
Of night repose: around, in squared array,
The camps are set; and in the midst, apart,
The curtain'd shrine, where mystically dwells
Jehovah's presence!—through the soundless air
A cloudy pillar, robed in burning light,
Appears:—concenter'd, as one mighty heart,
A million lie, in mutest slumber bound,
Or, panting like the ocean, when a dream
Of storm awakes her: Heaven and Earth are still;
In radiant loveliness the stars pursue
Their pilgrimage, while moonlight's wizard hand
Throws beauty, like a spectre-light, on all.

MOUNT ARARAT.

But see, where Persia's beauteous clime extends,
How gloriously diluvian Ararat
Hath pinnacled his rocky peak in clouds!

He thrones a Winter on his awful head,
And lays the Summer laughing at his feet.
Time cannot mar his glory; grand he swells,
As when the Ark was balanced on his brow,
That saw the flashing of the far-off floods
Beneath, and heard the Deluge die away!

MORNING SCENE AT ELSINORE.

His torpid mind I envy not,
Though crown and kingdom were his lot,
Who here, amid this morning balm,
With Nature eloquently calm,—
With tender sky and tranquil sea,
Partook no inborn sympathy.
The canopy of heaven is hung
As blue as poet ever sung;
Though here and there serenely glide
Along the air's cerulean tide
Pale clouds, that seem too delicate
For breeze to touch their fairy state.—
Beneath a window, far away,
Oh, stranger, let thy fancy stray,
For seldom can thy dreams expand
Their wings o'er more delightful land:
The warble of yon distant waves,
As lightly oft the billow laves
The greenwood bank, and grassy shore,
That bounds the sea of Elsinore;
Yon mountain's dim and dusky form,
Which, like a dying thunder-storm,

Glooms on the air with awful swell;
The chiming of the castle bell,
From frowning turret faintly heard;
The fruited boughs by breezes stirr'd;
With every sound that summer brings
From bird, and bee, and happy things,—
How exquisitely all combine
To make exulting morn divine!

And look adown yon dimpled sea,
As bright as liquid sun could be,
The tiny skiffs of Norway sail,
And glitter cloud-like in the gale;
While frequent oars with flashing stroke
Appear as oft the tide is broke
By fleet-wing'd bark, that gaily flies
To where the sand-girt Sweden lies.—
To him who loves a haunted scene,
Where grief or glory once hath been,
Grey Cronburgh lifts her storied pile,
And darkens o'er the Danish Isle;
Whose vaulty depths and caves profound
Have echoed to the wizard sound
Of clanging shield, and shaken lance,
With each grim voice of old Romance.
But, ere thou leave the castled height,
Survey o'er all a patriot sight,
A scene that makes the life-blood start,
And pictures England in his heart.
The banners Nelson thrill'd to see—
Behold them wave!—how gallantly

They flout the wind with haughty threat,
And show the deep her victor yet!
When bravely down the beauteous tide
The monarchs of the ocean ride;
Or, tranced amid the drowsing air,
They whiten in the noontide glare
Those wings that wait the driving breeze,
To waft them o'er a hundred seas!

MIDNIGHT.*

E'EN now, while tragic Midnight walks the land;
And spreads the wings of darkness with her wand,
What scenes are witness'd by Thy watchful eye!
What millions waft to thee the prayer and sigh!
Some gaily vanish to an unfear'd grave,
Fleet as the sun-flash o'er a summer wave;
Some wear out life in smiles, and some in tears;
Some dare with hope, while others droop with fears.
The vagrant's roaming in his tatter'd vest,
The babe is sleeping on its mother's breast;
The captive mutt'ring o'er his rust-worn chain,
The widow weeping for her lord again,
While many a mourner shuts his languid eye,
To dream of heaven, and view it ere he die:
And yet, no sigh can swell, nor tear-drop fall,
But Thou wilt see, and guide, and solace all!

MAGIC POWER OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY!—she hath been
The witching tyrant of the universe,
Since the young blush in Paradise began!

* Vide Frontispiece.

Time cannot shake her throne, great Wisdom bows
Before her, warriors are her slaves, and half
A sovereign world hath worshipp'd at her feet!
Her glance is magic; and the mind is moved
Like air by music haunted, when her name
Runs through the ear, and reaches to the heart!
Then curs'd be he that with unhallow'd eye
Can look on beauty, which is born of heaven,
The boast of nature, and the breath of souls!

MARY MAGDALEN.

Behold a chamber: round a simple board,
On circling couches with unsandal'd feet
Reclin'd, a pharisaic throng convened;
Amid them,—the Redeemer: as He lay,
Behind him crept a penitential form
Of faded beauty; years had fiercely traced,
And chronicled with Time's disastrous pen,
The countless agonies of guilty woe
On her pale visage! from whose haggard eyes
The tears gush'd big and bright, while down her neck
In fine luxuriance, fell unheeded locks
Of blackest lustre:—in her hand appear'd
An alabaster box of rich perfume.
But, when her flood of anguish on the feet
Of Christ intruded, with her flowing hair
The tears she dried, and costly unction pour'd:—
Divinely humbled, That mysterious head
She would not dare profane! but, sin-abash'd,
Upon his feet alone, an ointment due
She pour'd,—the sad and silent Magdalene!

NIGHT.

ANOTHER day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars that roam around
The azure mead of heaven. And, oh! how charm'd
Beneath her loveliness, creation looks;
Far-gleaming hills, and light-inweaving streams,
And fragrant boughs with dewy lustre clothed,
And green-hair'd valleys, all in glory dress'd,
Make up the pageantries of Night. One glance
Upon old Ocean, where the woven beams
Have braided her dark waves. Their roar is hush'd!
Her billowy wings are folded up to rest;
Till once again the wizard winds shall yell,
And tear them into strife.

NOBLE AMBITION.

AMBITION fires that genius in the mind,
Which mortals on a throne of magic seat,—
Most heavenly-bright, without a shade of earth,
Her nature a nobility: the great
She magnifies, the mean she can exalt,
Lend Virtue majesty, and Vice a veil,—
The all-adored creation for her charm!
When weary stars grow twinkless, and depart,
Like ghosts that vanish at the dawn of day,—
She wanders forth, and sees the budding morn
To freshen the pale sky, like that young glow

Which o'er the cheek of waking Beauty steals;
And night,—it is the noon of joy to her,
Unutterably glorious!—not a sound
Abroad; the moon, an isle of loveliness;
The stars, hung beautiful, as all new-born,
And lavish of their lustre; she can dream
Her spirit bathed in some elysian orb,
Deep in the luxury and bloom of Heaven.
All sights and sounds are meanings to her mind;
The seas are mirrors of almightiness,
The storm-winds, spirits ocean-born, that prove
The life and passion of ten thousand waves,
In the rude tempest of their roaring ire;—
Whate'er is vision'd, she can make her own,
Shaping the world to an enchanted sphere!

NOBLENESS OF FEMALE AFFECTION UNDER ADVERSITY.

THEN look at woman, when, by love sublimed,
Misfortune moulds her by a graceful power
To fit the cast of fate; and in her woe,
Each mental attribute can bloom as bright
As when the home was costly, and her smile
Fell like a glory on attracted eyes!—
As stoops an eagle from his lordly height,
Where once he soar'd, companion of the cloud
And storm,—so sinks with a triumphant fall
Her spirit down to some domestic vale!
There looks more beauteous in each act and thought,
Through the meek round that cottage virtues run,
Than when it reign'd amid the hall of kings.

NIGHT STUDIES.

THE day is earth, but holy Night is heav'n
To her a solitude of soul is giv'n
Within whose depth, how beautiful to dream,
And fondly be, what others vainly seem!—
Oh! 'tis an hour of consecrated might,
For Earth's Immortals have adored the night;
In song or vision yielding up the soul
To the deep magic of her still control.—
My own lov'd hour! there comes no hour like thee,
No world so glorious as thou form'st for me!
The fretful ocean of eventful day,—
To waveless nothing how it ebbs away!
As oft the chamber, where some haunted page
Renews a poet, or revives a sage
In pensive Athens, or sublimer Rome,
To mental quiet woos the Spirit home.
There stillness reigns, how eloquently deep!
And soundless air, more beautiful than sleep.
Let Winter sway,—her dream-like sounds inspire:
The social murmur of a blazing fire;
The hail-drop, hissing as it melts away
In twinkling gleams of momentary play;
Or wave-like swell of some retreated wind,
In dying sadness echo'd o'er the mind,—
But gently ruffle into varied thought
The calm of feeling blissful night has brought.—
How eyes the spirit, with contented gaze,
The chamber mellow'd into social haze,
And smiling walls, where rank'd in solemn rows,
The wizard volumes of the mind repose!

Thus, well may hours like fairy waters glide,
Till morning glimmers o'er their reckless tide;
While dreams beyond the realm of day to view,
Around us hover in seraphic hue;
Till Nature pines for intellectual rest,—
When home awakens, and the heart is blest;
Or, from the window reads our wand'ring eye
The starry language of Chaldean sky;
And gathers in that one vast gaze above,
A bright eternity of awe and love!

So heav'nly seems the visionary night:
But, ah! the danger in its deep delight.—
The mind, then beautified to fond excess,
Will all things dare to brighten, or to bless:
A world of sense more spiritual is made
Than the stern eye of nature hath survey'd;
Some false perfection which hath never been,
By fancy woven, lives through ev'ry scene;
But morn awakes, and, lo! the spells unwind,
As daylight melts like darkness o'er the mind!
The worldly coarseness of our common lot
Recalls the shadows which the night forgot;
Each dream of loftiness then dies away,
And heav'n-light withers in the frown of Day!—
And then, the languor of each parching vein,
And the hot weariness of heart and brain;
That hideous shade of something dread to be,—
Oh, fatal midnight! these are doom'd for thee.
Each breeze comes o'er us with tormenting wing,
Each pulse of sound an agony can bring;

As though the glory of neglected Light
Would task our torture to avenge her right!
Let Chatterton thy deathful charm reveal, [steal
And mournful White, who from thy depth would
A placid sense of some unvision'd Power,
Around prevailing at thine earthless hour:
And oft, methinks, in loneliness of heart,
As noons of night in dreaming calm depart,
My room is sadden'd with the mingled gaze
Of those who martyr'd their ambitious days;
The turf-grass o'er their tombs,—I see it wave,
And visions waft me to a kindred grave!

NATIONAL REJOICINGS AFTER A VICTORY.

England hath laid her sceptre on the deep,
And with her thunder, chased her ocean-foes
Like leaves before the breathing of a blast!
England hath rear'd her banners on the plain
Of battle, Victory waved them, and the world
Again shall echo with her haughty name.
And hence, a stormy rapture shakes the isle;
Hence the loud music of her hollow fanes,
Whether in cities emulously tower'd
Among the skies, or in lone hamlets seen,—
Still pouring out the language of the land;
With all those pageantries and fiery pomps
That hang and glitter from her window'd piles,
Emblazed with mottoes, and triumphal scenes.

Not one, to whom the name of country clings
With spelling fondness, but this hour adores.

old men feel the sunshine of far youth
rning, fresh as when the hero glow'd.
young,—lip, eye, and daring heart, are stirr'd;
eir very blood seems rippled with delight,
deep the fulness of this warlike joy.
ea, hollow cheeks of Sadness, and the brows
Of Poverty, and lean-faced Want itself,
Forget their nature in a share of fame!

NATIVE ASSOCIATIONS AND SYMPATHIES.

WHERE is the heart, unmoved by more than glee,
Where is the eye that kindles not to see
That spot, where first our beam of life began,
And youth put on the energies of man?
When far remote from youth's regretted scene,
Imagination sped the way between,
And hovering round each well-known spot, restored
All that the memory loved, and heart adored!
The sabbath bell recall'd the street we trod,
The holy morn, to hymn the name of God;
The ballad-singer, in his lonely strain,
Could thrill the bosom with delicious pain,
As oft beneath the moon's romantic ray
We mused on home, and friendship far away:—
Return'd, at length, again we glow to greet
Each favourite spot, and unforgotten street;
Once more on haunted wood and stream to gaze,
And class the shadow of departed days.

NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON! on the island rock thou sleep'st!
But such a storm thy spirit raised, so full
The swell of feeling born of thee, that time
Must lend his magic to allay the rush
And tempest of opinion into truth,
That, taming wonder, stamps thee as thou wert,—
A Tyrant! in whose passion for a power
Enthroned above all liberty and law,
Thou stand'st alone, unparagon'd; thy pride
Of domination tow'ring far o'er heights
Of monarchy,—a shadow of mine own,
That scorn'd an equal, though he proved a God!

* * * * *

Oh! what a cloud on Liberty was thrown,
How deep a gash her dreadless form profaned,
When thy ambition march'd upon the world,
Till Europe quail'd beneath thy sceptred arm!—
Then perish'd hopes that cent'ries will not raise
Again; then god-like spirits felt the pang,
That now, when all thy battle-roar is hush'd,
And Peace sits musing on the tomb of War,
Is felt,—an agony, too deep for words
To fathom, too sublime for slaves to feel!

Lo! where the tyrant felt a flood of wrath
From Heaven pour'd down upon his guilty head,
Where first he knew himself a MAN!—Yon spires,
With golden pinnacles that pierce the clouds,
And river, winding by the pallid walls,
Proclaim where unforgotten Moscow stands:

There raged a scene that proved my fellowship
With this usurping world: for what an hour
Was that, when, wildly through the unbarr'd gates,
Like savage war-fiends, his marauders swept,
And saw the city billow'd into flames,
Like a far ocean blazing through the storm!
Then havoc started with a hideous howl;
The shriek of violated maids, the curse
Of dying mothers, and despairing sires,
And dash of corpses, torn from royal tombs,
And plunged amid devouring flame, were heard
Terrific!—Moscow seem'd a madd'ning Hell!

But who, when Rapine could not pillage more,
While cannon-thunder chased the daunted winds,
Paused on a desert heath, in speechless ire,
And mark'd the remnant of a ruin'd host
Flying, and pale as phantoms of Despair?
Napoleon! in the tempest of thy soul,
The Elements were reaping vengeance then!
When slaughter turn'd the tide of victory,
And roll'd it back upon thy powerless host
Of famish'd warriors, freezing as they died!
That hour of agony,—the burning sense
Of danger and defeat,—the broken spell
That blasted all thy triumphs into shame,
Sublimed thy spirit with so proud a pang,
It long'd to swell into a million souls,
And shade the universe to save a throne!

Thy race is o'er! and in the rocky isle
Of Ocean, canopied with willow shade,

In death's undreaming calm thou restest now;
But all the splendid infamy of War,
The fame of blood and bravery, is thine:
Thy name hath havoc in its sound! and Time
Shall read it while his ages roll,—'twill live
When Time and Nature are forgotten words!
For, as a noble fame can never die,
But proudly passeth on from Earth to Heaven,
There to be hymn'd by angels, and to crown
With bright pre-eminence the gifted mind
That won it gloriously; so evil fame
A fiery torment to the soul must be
For ever:—let Ambition think of this!
Who murders kings, to make her heroes gods.

NATIONAL BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND.

England is blest in all that Nature lends:
No fields spread greener magic to the gaze,
No streams of purer freshness flow, no winds
In richer harmony their wings unfold,
Than hers: and though invading Splendour frowr
A stately contrast o'er a ruin'd scene;
Though petty tyrant, and domestic lord,
That elevating charm have long eclipsed
Of happy peasantry, with honest hearts
For country glowing, and for God prepared;
Though wither'd all that pastoral poets sang,
Enough for homage, or refreshing thought,
Doth consecrate her yet.

OUR SAVIOUR ON THE MOUNT.

But, lo! the mount, whereon Messiah sat
And taught; while multitudes with lifted gaze,
And soul that listen'd with suspended breath,
Beneath Him swarm'd, to drink eternal life,
Whose fountain issued from the throne of God.—
The spring was forth; young loveliness and bloom
Her reign attested: trees and meadows flash'd
With verdant lustre, while the shaken flowers
Their scent and beauty to the breeze resign'd
With playful murmur.

* * * * *

Oh! what a scene of heart-affecting power
Was there beheld!—the consecrated mount
On whose green summit sat the Son of Man;
The words He utter'd;—deep and awful tones,
Yet tender in their might, as moonlight sounds,
From Ocean's lip; with all unclouded spring
Of fresh and fair commandeth; and the crowds
Which hung like bees upon the mountain side,
As thick and numberless! yet hush'd, and chain'd
To utter calm, as though their living mass
Together breathed but one absorbing soul!—
Religion! thou wert throned in godlike pomp
Amid a scene transcendently endow'd
Like this, with attributes of holy might,
Beyond the temple in her costliest hour.

OCEAN.

ITS TERRORS AND MAGNIFICENCE WHEN TEMPEST-TOSSED.

THOU rolling mystery of Might and Power!
Rocking the tempest on thy breast of waves,
Or spread in breezy rapture to the Sun,—
Thou daring Ocean! that could deluge worlds,
And yet rush on,—I hear thy swell of wrath
In ceaseless thunder laughing at the winds
Resoundingly, and from afar behold
Thine armied billows, heaving as they roar,
And the wild sea-foam shiver on the gales.

Swell on, ye waves, and whirlwinds sweep along,
Like the full breathing of Almighty ire,
Whose sound is desolation!—where the sail
Of yon lone vessel, as a shatter'd cloud,
Is moving, let the surges mount on high
Their huge magnificence, and lift their heads,
And, like Titanic creatures, tempest-born,
In life and fury march upon the main!—
Rave on, thou Tempest, on thy reckless wings;
To me thy warring mood is fearful joy,
A faint memento of that mighty day,
When proud rebellion shook the walls of Heaven,—
Till, girt with thunder, great Jehovah came,
Hurling us downward to the deep of Hell,
Where rushingly we met her roaring flames!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CANNING.

HARK! Freedom's wail has awed the wind,
Careering round pale Albion's shore,—
A death-dirge for the giant mind
Whose light on earth is quench'd and o'er;
A pillar of the world's renown,
The lion one that trampled Slavery down,
Is no more!—
But, England, cease thy mournful cries,
For such a patriot never dies!

Though dim the eyes so wont to roll
With radiant language of the soul;
And death-lock'd be the lips that glow'd,
Like portals to a mind o'erflow'd,
With musical sublimity;
His spirit's glory, fair and bright,
And beautiful as seraph's light,
Will live on everlastingly;
And, like a never-setting sun,
Illume the isle it rose upon!

Oh! he was Genius' darling child,
Her passion roll'd in every vein,
As meek, majestical, or wild,
She touch'd his thoughts harmonious strain;
She shaped his godlike glowing head,
And steep'd his soul in fire,
And wreath'd those lips, whose tones were shed
Like rapture from a lyre!
While Wit and Fancy, with immingling grace,
Breathed mental light and beauty o'er his face.

But Canning's gone!—I heard the knell
That echo'd o'er his grave,
It sounded like a sad farewell
Of Freedom to the brave;—
But let not tears of anguish start,
His tomb is in his Country's heart!

OMNIPOTENCE OF MIND.

But he who makes the mind a fame, each thought
Eternized, will become a voiceless charm,
A thinking power, a still omnipotence,
Whence half the heaven on pining earth will bloom.
For, what a tale would Time have told, had none
Burst through the thraldom of degrading sense,
And bade the spirit eloquently tell
Of Truth, and Beauty, and pervading Love!
Yea, these are such as Darkness would subdue;
They scale the heavens, array the elements
With glory, give the herb a greener hue,
The flower a fresher magic, and the stream
A melody that Nature never sang;
Thus bright'ning all without, by rays within
From Light's great Source proceeding, they can charm,
Like God Himself reflected round the soul!

ON LEAVING BATH.

And now, farewell! perchance for aye, farewell!
Queen of the west! from olden time renown'd!
Few are thy smiles that with my fortune blend

Though ne'er hath kindly word, or look of love,
Forgotten been; but, treasur'd in the heart,
They still are felt; and if in after years,
Haply again I view thy green-crown'd hills,
Thy time-worn abbey, thy religious towers,
And move a stranger through thy voiceless streets,
And watch thy spirit-stars, this farewell hour
On mem'ry's pensive wing will back return,
To waken thought; and, like a moonlight scene,
The past be colour'd with romantic gleams.

PALESTINE.

Oh! tell me not of trophied Greece, and groves
Where Plato wander'd, or poetic streams
That shine in Homer's page, or Pindar's song;
For Palestine by God himself was loved,
Inhabited, and blest!—His spirit *there*
Hath walk'd, the shadow of His form hath been!
His miracles prevail'd, the mountains blazed
With His descending glory! all her vales,
Her fountains, rivers, and delicious plains,
Of patriarchs and prophets speak; beneath the
Of her ancestral trees have angels sat, [shade
And holy Abram smiled;—her meanest spot
Is mighty, and her dust a sacred charm,
For in it sleep the world's primeval sires!

PAINS OF GENIUS.

Envy not the Poet's name,
Darken not his dawn of fame;
'Tis the guerdon of a mind
Free from thralls of earthly kind;
'Tis the fascinating star,
Brighter than the brightest far;
It often glitters o'er his doom,
A halo round an early tomb!

The whirling brain, and heated brow,
The dreams that torture while they grow:
The soaring fancy over-fraught;
The burning agonies of thought;
The sleepless eye, and racking head,
The haunting terrors round him spread:
Or freezing smile of Apathy,
Or scowl of green-eyed Jealousy;
Or haggard Want, whose lean hands wave
Unto a cold uncover'd grave!
Oh! these must win a Poet's name;—
Then darken not his dawn of fame.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WORLD.

Why, what a stately world is this! how wide
Her range, how wonderful her scenes! the gra
And crown, the glory of the universe!
And thou, for whom her elements exist,
A second nature from thy soul hath sprung,
And made the earth a new creation seem!

Deserted isles, and oceanic wastes
Heaving and wild, monotonously vast!
Terrific mountains, where the fire-floods dwell,
Or snows in cold eternity congeal;
And haggard rocks uplifted, huge and bare,
The hoary frame-work of a ruin'd world;
And rivers deep, exulting as they glide,
And forests high, and brownly-wooded dales,
With meadows greenly bright, and champaigns broad,—
And flowers, whose beauty blush'd in Paradise,
By streams that murmur of their mountain birth;
With high-domed cities, crown'd with misty clouds,
And shadow'd interchange of hamlets lone,
Dark slumb'ring in the lap of winding vales,—
Before me, like a panorama, spread!
Far as the ice-clad North hath bared her brow,
To where the burning South extends—from East
To West, the theatre of Man I view.

POLAR SCENERY.

Visions of undepicted beauty rose,
Like them that glitter'd on irradiant snows?—
Bright as the palace John of Patmos view'd,
What ice-domes flash'd in frozen solitude!
What rocks of ruby glare,* when sunset came
Full on their whiteness, like a winged flame!

* See Parry's Voyage, and others, to explain some local illusions in this polar sketch.

And when the crimson of declining day
Like the cold fretwork of the crystal spray,
How oft a seaman with ecstatic eyes
Drank the rich magic of celestial dies,
Blent like a rainbow's, when the waters heave
And tremble, while the braided colours weave!—
But there was beauty that outdazzled this,
Making the air one fairy-clime of bliss,
When moonlight flung a robe of silver haze
Athwart the mountains, that received its rays,
Till the stain'd welkin by reflection shone,
Like floating emerald, or a verdant sun,
So brightly green, so exquisite the glow!—
And then, what meteors did pale twilight throw
O'er the chill air, in wild electric play!—
Sublimely fierce, or delicately gay,
The borealis like a creature spread
Its length of living glory o'er their head,
And seem'd exulting with victorious light,
To mock the darkness with its radiant might.—
But, oh! the silence!—dreamlike, dim, and vast,
As though the day of awful doom had pass'd,
And earth remain'd to wither, dead and lone,
A blighted rebel, by her God unknown!—
So mute and soundless must that hour have been,
When gazing round on nature's ghastly scene
Of crag and ice, interminably piled,
A frozen chaos, a sepulchral wild!—
The seaman ponder'd till a thought of death
Check'd the cold murmur of his faintest breath:
Nature and God alone were reigning now:
And the high meaning of his dauntless brow

Dethron'd by awe, dissolved and waned away;
For silence, like a spirit, seem'd to pray,
Till the blood listen'd in his breathless frame,
And, small and still, the voice Almighty came!

PENITENCE IN SOLITUDE.

By beauty moulded like a shape of love,
From the damp earth behold her meekly rise,
As delicate, as when the worshipp'd form
Bade Envy stand abash'd, while youth and grace
Round her fair mien a faultless magic threw.—
Light of her home,—impassion'd forth she came,
And where she moved a thousand hearts adored!
But he who won her warm in virgin truth,
Belied his homage, and betray'd her trust;
Then, like a haunted tomb, the erring maid
By the cold world was shunn'd, nor found one spot
Of shelter, from th' accusing eye of Scorn;—
Till far away, from all her scene of woe
The unlamented mourner came, with griefs
Like thunder-scars upon her soul engraved!

In a lone hamlet all retired she dwelt,
In meekness and remorse: but sorrow taught
Her kindliness to bloom, and by the Poor
A heaven-born lady was she rightly deem'd,
Whose smile made every peasant's cottage bright,
And took from poverty the sting of shame.
Among the hermit walks, and ancient woods
When mantled with the melancholy glow
Of eve, she wander'd oft; and when the wind,

Like a stray infant down autumnal dales
Roam'd wailingly, she loved to mourn and muse;
To commune with the lonely orphan flowers,
And through sweet Nature's ruin trace her own.

But through the quiet church-yard's elmy range,
Unwatch'd she loved to roam; and there was seen
Like a pale statue o'er some weed-grown tomb
To bend, and look as if she wept the dead;
And when the day-gleam faded o'er far hills,
She gazed with such deep look, as Love would mark
Some parting smile, to treasure it when gone!
But when the yellow moonlight clad the air,
How from the window she would watch the heavens,
Till in her eye an adoration shone:
Poor lady! then her thoughts arose in tears,
And every tear ran burning from her heart!

Thus day by day her unpartaken grief
Was nursed, till sorrow grew a sleepless fire
That parch'd her soul!—One evening while she mused,
And from her lattice read the starry lore,
Which mourning fancy half believes, her face
Grew lily-white; a languid murmur came,
Her head hung drooping like a laden flower,
And, soft as sound, her spirit fled to heaven!

PARADISE.

PARADISE! I see it, as it rose
In youthful splendour on my savage eye!
A starry jubilee still rang; the wings
Angelical of many a hovering shape
Still joy'd, and glitter'd in the virgin air,
That seem'd one atmosphere of melody!
As yet, no cloud was born; the sunshine fed
The flowers with beauty, till the twilight dew;
Birds, Eden-sprung, with sky-tints on their plumes,
And butterflies, bright creatures, rich as they,
Like showers of blossoms from a tree upwhirl'd
On starry wing hung trembling in the air!
More glorious yet!—from Eden's mount I gazed,
The greenery of whose untrodden hills
Stirr'd like the laughing hues on plumage seen,
And saw two creatures of celestial mould.
Till these were made, companionless the world
Appear'd, and as a heart suspended lay,
All throbbing for the vision that should dawn!
And they were fashion'd, breathing shapes of life,
With radiant limbs, whose robes were innocence,
And eye that spoke the birth-place of the soul
Again the star-chimed hallelujahs rang
With wonder, while a gush of rapture thrill'd
Creation to her centre, till each breeze
Was music, murmur'd out of Nature's heart.

And thus they dawn'd, the new-created pair
In loveliness complete, with forms of light
Reflecting glory wheresoe'er they moved.
The one did glance the blue immensity

Above, with a majestic gaze, and eye
The sun, as though he felt himself akin
To his pre-eminence, and throned state:
The other, in her fair perfection seem'd
A shape apparell'd by her own pure smiles,
Surpassing beauty and subduing love;
While, ever as she moved, the blush of flowers
O'erveil'd her, and a breezy host of sounds,
Like magic birds, embosom'd in the air,
In sweet attendance caroll'd round her path.
Never hath sunny mood, or shaping dream,
Divined the vision which in Eden lay,—
Each sound was music, and each sight a heaven!

PETRARCH'S ADORATION OF LAURA.

How touching are those mental tears,
Delighted throbs, and dazzled fears,—
The penance by his genius paid,
Whenever recreant fancy stray'd
Beyond the tone of pure desire!—
'Twas Laura tuned his pensive lyre:
Madonna-like, and sweetly mild,
And pure as an untempted child,
Amid her white-robed virgin throng
He saw her beauty glide along,
When lilies deck'd her sun-bright hair
Amid the walls of lone St. Claire.—
That hour became his second birth!
Her glory overveil'd the earth;
And never did a Ghebir kneel
Before his orb with truer zeal

Than Petrarch at that living shrine,
Where dwelt the soul he knew divine!—
To him she was a spotless thing,
Too bright for earthly bard to sing;
A miracle of life and love,
A dream embodied from above.
A seraph, whose unclouded eyes
Reflected back their native skies!

From her his inspiration came;
Each song enshrined her hidden name;
And not a shadow, tint, or sound,
Creation could invent around,
But he beguiled with beauteous art
To typify her taintless heart!
How fervently his homage glows!
Pure from the mind it springs and flows,
Exhausting, as his numbers roll,
The life-blood of a feeling soul!
For Laura seem'd his spirit's breath,
And ruled it when she sunk in death;
Then, day and darkness, scene and hour,
Were haunted with her holy power;
And, when her smile illumed it not,
The faded world was soon forgot:
Since only to embalm her name
He panted for eternal fame.—

PRESENT STATE OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM!—alas! the wailing harp
All truly mourn'd: a throneless captive thou,
In shap[illegible] dust: thy robes of beautiful array
Have with[illegible]er'd: tears on thy faded cheek;
And nothing, save a glorious past, is thine!—
Those mountains, branded by th' almighty curse,
Ascend, and look down yon sepulchral vales,
Where silence by the tramp of desert steeds
Alone is echo'd: paths of lifeless length,
Dim walls, and dusky fanes, fragmental homes,
And Arab huts,—how eloquently sad
The ruin, how sublime the tale it tells!—
Jerusalem! the clank of heathen chains
In iron wrath hath sounded o'er thy doom
For ages; sword and savage on thy blood
Have feasted; fatal martyrdom was thine
From Roman, Frank, and fiery Mameluke:
E'en now, thy wreck is made Pollution's prey;
And minarets their flashing spires uplift
Where once the palace of Jehovah blazed!

But round thy desolation lives a dream
Of what thou wert when Heav'n o'ershadow'd thee.
Religion, fame, and glory—all endow'd
With mingled light thy once celestial home.
There, 'tween thy cherubim, th' Eternal dwelt!
From out the cloud his utter'd meaning came;
The hymn of David, and the voice of seers
By vision raptured, through thy streets are roll'd;
And He who spake, as never mortal did,

n temple, dome, and synagogue proclaim'd
His awful mission :—well might kings adore,
The poet chant, and pure apostles bend
Before thee, casting down their sacred wreaths,
Queen of the desert! once by angels walk'd,
And still where murmurs of Jehovah's lip
In dreams of melody thy vales entrance!

PRIDE.

WHERE, O Earth!
In thy dominions, hath not Pride a throne,
Which none but Deity itself can shake?
'Twas by her spirit Hell was fired,—she reigns
The monarch passion of the human breast:
And yet so dread, that e'en by Intellect inspired,
Or from the pureness of a perfect heart
Derived,—too daringly a sense of worth
Indulged, for Wisdom to embrace her own.
But rank, whose patent was a paltry soul,
Can make a being proud; an affluent lot,
Where Folly may pre-eminently shine,
Breeds Pride; some, arrogant with beauty, move
As though the air grew lovely in the light
Of perfect feature, and majestic form;
While others their renowned birth display,
Untombing honour from ancestral dust
To dignify their own :—and Time hath breathed
A sanction o'er such artificial rank,
To season Life, and harmonise her laws.
So, where the heart beats glorious, and is link'd
By ages of nobility, to minds

Of fame,—high ancestry a virtue proves:
But little souls, with mighty title graced,
Like beggars, trick'd in robes of royalty,
Are burden'd with a pomp they cannot bear,
And lend to meanness but a brighter shame.

POWER OF MUSIC.

And Melody!—an echo breathed from heaven!
By her, ineffable delight is given;
Whether she melt a passion from the mind,
Or with Æolian languish lull the wind;
Whether she madden in the mingled roar
Of alpine billows bounding to the shore;
Or on the elfin pinions of a breeze
Float o'er the flowers, and woo the vernal trees,—
Alike divine!—But deeper in the soul
Sinks melody's omnipotent control,
When, from the fluted organ, full and deep,
Billows of music through the dim aisles sweep!
Ear, eye, and heart confess the awful spell,
While soul and being with the magic swell,
And as the spiral echoes upward wind,
Die off—and scarcely leave the man behind.

PROPHECY.

Thus prophecy from Heaven itself began—
Oh, miracle! beyond all utt'rance deep;
Immeasurably vast; outmarching time,
Subduing space, and with colossal might

Erecting thrones, or crushing city-walls
With curses,—like the winds, when desert-born,
Terrific, loud, with desolation wing'd!

And ye, selected from the dust of earth,
Dread oracles! whose dooming words have blanch'd
The cheek of Empires, and the rock-built domes
Of princes shatter'd when with stormy howl
The darker vision from your spirit rush'd!—
August and lonely, sad yet all sublime
Ye lived, in sackcloth robed, in deserts housed,
Or mountain cavern;—fated, and apart
From blinding shadows of terrestrial sway,
Ye dwelt, like portions of Almighty thought!
The gloom, the glory, and the vision came,
The Future render'd her weird secrets up,—
Like phantoms, towering from eternity,
Dim Ages rose, and answer'd to your spell!

PRAISE, AN INCENTIVE TO EMULATION,

THERE is a pleasure in a praise denied,
It feeds a folly, or protects a pride,
It teaches dulness what no wit can say,—
"I don't approve,—let no one write to-day."
Thou narrow-minded, petty pompous thing!
What lent a feather to the boldest wing
Of soaring fancy,—but a praise when due?
And would'st thou hive it for the darling few?
Though Shakspeare sang, and Milton's soul aspired,
Must Gray be scorn'd, nor Goldsmith be admired?

As well might Ocean of the Earth demand
To let no river roll, no stream expand;
As well might mountains that embrace the skies
Entreat the heav'ns to let no hills arise!—

PURITY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

And thou
The star of home, who in thy gentleness
On the harsh nature of usurping man
Benign enchantment, canst so deeply smile,—
Soft as a dew-fall from the brow of eve,
Or moonlight shedding beauty on the storm,—
Woman! when love has wreck'd thy trusting heart,
What port remains to shelter thee!—too fond,
Too delicately true, thy nature is,
Save for the heart's idolatry; and then,
Thy love is oft a light to virtue's path.
It dawns,—and with'ring passions die away,
Low raptures fade, pure feelings blossom forth,
And that which Wisdom's philosophic beam
Could never from the wintry heart awake,
By love is smiled into celestial birth!
Thus love is Wisdom with a sweeter name.

PRAYER.

True adoration, what a voice is thine!
From earth it wanders through the Heaven of
Heavens,

There from the Mercy-seat itself evokes
An answer, thrilling the seraphic host
With added glory of celestial song!—
For prayer is man's omnipotence below,
A soul's companionship with Christ and God,
Communion with Eternity begun!

PLEASURES OF CRITICISM.

Pleasant is Morning, when her radiant eye
Opes on the world, enchanting all the sky;
And Ev'ning with her balmy glow of light,
The beauteous herald of romantic night:
And pleasant oft to some poetic mind
The sound of water, and the sweep of wind;
A friend renew'd in some heart-welcom'd place,
With years of fondness rising in his face;
The tear that answers to a tale of woe,
And happy feelings in their heav'nward flow.
But sweeter far proves his revengeful lot
Whom fame hath slighted, or the world forgot,
In printed bile to let his spirit vent,
And mangle volumes to his heart's content;
Corrupt what style, create what fault he please,
Laugh o'er the truth, and lie with graceful ease!
Thus envy lives, and disappointment heals
That gangren'd wound a tortur'd mem'ry feels;
The wither'd hopes delightful vengeance wreak,
And pages thunder more than scorn could speak!
And thus with thee, whose life I now recal:
Malignant trash,—'twas thine to scorn it all!

Each reptile started from his snug review
To spit out poison,—as most reptiles do;
Oh! how they feasted on each faulty line,
And generously made their dulness thine!
From page to page they grinn'd a ghastly smile,
Yet seem'd to look so heav'nlike all the while;
Then talk'd of merit to the world unknown,—
Ah! who could doubt them, for they meant their *own*.

Religion too! what right had he to scan
The scheme of glory which she wove for man;
Or paint around him, whereso'er he trod,
The glowing fulness of eternal God?
Indeed 'twas hinted,—hoped it was untrue,
His heart had worn an atheistic hue;
And still religion, though its hallow'd name
Had lent a freshness to his early fame,
Had not alike both heart and head inspir'd;
In short, the world was sick, and they were tired;
And then, to prove his verse had made it vile,
They mouth'd it in their own sweet monthly style!
Next, Paternoster hired a serpent too,
To sound his rattle in a Scotch review;*
And yet, alas! that such a menial end
Should wait on all who noble taste defend,
Though much was thought, and more divinely said,
The poet triumph'd, and the public read;
And when Abuse herself had ceas'd to pay,
The public hooted, and she slunk away!

* Vide Notes to the Appendix.

POWER AND BEAUTY OF TRUTH,

ACKNOWLEDGED BY SATAN.

And such is Truth!—in Heaven and Hell the same.
Yea! Hate herself in agony avows,
That Virtue *is* triumphant, and the best:
Her glories are my tortures; but they shine
Upon me, blasting with victorious light
The envy which I bear them, when I scan
The mazes of mortality.—How kind
In men, to aid the darkness that I bring
On fallen Nature! heedful of the vile,
And damning all, I'd fain destroy. Thus Vice
In splendour will appear, while Virtue droops,
Like a lone shadow pining in the sun.
And never shall the Good the Bad exceed,
While Sin can put enchantment in her smile,
While Passions are the tyrants of the soul!

PROVIDENCE.

Frail king of dust, man loves to look around,
And think,—"for me the elements abound
With life and motion; shade and sunshine wait
In mixt attendance on my human state;
Light, sea, and air, their glorious spell maintain,
That I alone, as Lord of Earth, may reign!"
And yet, what art thou?—but a fleeting breath,
A pulse of life that throbs away in death?—
Myriads of creatures round thee move and die
Minute beyond the ken of mortal eye;

Perfect as thine, their bright existence teems
With beauty, in a paradise of beams;
Or, in some crystal world of water play*
A floating populace of insects gay;
And He who bade exalted man to be
An image of his own eternity,
Alike to them a form and feature gives,
And not a mote but in His mem'ry lives!—

REFLECTIONS AT NIGHT.

'Tis night; the holy, deep, delicious night!
Oh! pardon me, mild Elements! whose wand
Of loveliness doth so becalm the world,
If Fancy hath awhile your scene forgot;
Again a worshipper, my spirit bows
Before ye, panting for a mightier voice
Than Ecstacy, though all divinely toned.
Thou blue eternity of space! adorn'd
With radiant solitudes, how many eyes
Of spirits, who have ceased to walk the globe,
Imaginings from thee have caught, and gazed,
Until the soul amid yon azure wild
Seem'd wand'ring, as on seraph-music borne!—

* The recent observations of Professor Ehringburgh have brought to light the existence of Monads which are not larger than the 24,000th part of an inch, and which are so thickly crowded in the fluid, as to leave intervals not greater than their own diameter. Hence he has made the computation, that each cubic line, which is nearly the bulk of a single drop, contains 500,000,000 of these Monads, a number which equals that of all the human beings existing on the surface of the globe.—*Roget's Bridgewater Treatise*, Vol. I. p. 13.

Mysterious hour! when most self-knowledge reigns,
And minutes are soft teachers whom the heart
Obeys!—and art thou not more deeply fill'd
With inspiration from thy Maker sent,
Oh Earth! than in the day's tyrannic roar?
And if there be, as noblest minds allow,
A godlike moment, when pure spirits walk
This lower world, where man is doom'd to strive,
Tranquillity adores their presence now!—

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

GREAT Architect of worlds! whose wondrous power
Presided o'er creation's natal hour,
Stamp'd man Thy miniature, and bade him run
A race of glory, till his goal be won;
When wan disease exhales her with'ring breath,
And dims his beauty with the damp of death;
At some still hour the holy sigh will swell,
The gushing tear of gratitude will tell
That Thou art by, to temper and to tame
The trembling anguish of the fever'd frame.

But oh! when heal'd by love and heaven, we rise,
With radiant cheek, and re-illumin'd eyes,
Bright as a new-born sun, all nature beams,
And through the spirit darts immortal dreams!
Now for the bracing hills, and healthful plains,
And pensive ramble when the noontide wanes;

Now for the walk beside some haunted wood,
And fancy-music of a distant flood;
While far and wide, the wand'ring eye surveys,
And the heart pants to pour away its praise!

REGAL MISERY.

Sceptres are mighty wands, and few there be
With strength to wield them; yet, how many dare!
And kingdoms are the agonies of thrones,
Yet men will die to face them!—thus the heart
Exceeds itself, nor calls the madness vain.
But, were it mine, from kingliness to take
The tyrant witchery, I'd bid the young
Idolater of throne-exalted power,
In the deep midnight, when the world lies hush'd
In her humility of sleep, to stand and gaze
Upon a prince's couch. The glow and pomp
Of palace-chambers round him, mingling lie,
But on his cheek the royal spirit proves
A weariness, that mocks this outward show
Of kings,—a prison would have graced it more!—
A sad rehearsal of unhonour'd youth,
When years went reckless as the rolling waves,
Till passion grew satiety; a proud
Regret for trait'rous hearts, and that keen sense
Untold, which monarchs more than subjects feel
Of slavery; for servile *is* the pomp
Of kings, though gorgeously it dare the eye;
With a dim haunting of the dreary tomb,
That often through the banquet-splendor gapes,—
A darkness that defies a sun!—such dream

From out his slumber, that calm Beauty steals,
That Innocence delights to wear. Then watch
His features, till a deep'ning flush of soul
Array them with a spirit eloquence,
That speaks of Judgment! in her cloudy blaze
Of terror; monarchs cited, and the vast
Accompt of sceptred kingdoms render'd up;—
Did ENVY listen to his waking groan,
How poor, how perilous, the state of kings!

RECOLLECTIONS OF BYRON AT HARROW SCHOOL.

ON Harrow, when the heaven of June
Was garmented with glowing noon,
And not a cloud's minutest braid
Along its liquid sapphire stray'd,
I stood beneath that haunted tree,
And heard the leaf-toned melody
Which oft in boyhood's dreaming years
Had warbled on the pensive ears
Of Byron,—when he loved to muse
Beneath the quiet churchyard yews.
Oh! who in such an hour could stand,
And look adown the sloping land,
Where meadow, vale, and roving stream,
So often charm'd his chequer'd dream;
And round him feel the fresh-wing'd air
That lifted oft his waving hair;
And press the same sepulchral stone
His pressure loved to make its own,—

Nor feel a sense of fame and might,
That shook the heart with strange delight!

'Twas here he feasted fancy's power,
And in the mind's prophetic hour
Would try with telescopic gaze
To read the brow of unborn days,
Hail the bright orb of future fame,
And glory in a minstrel's name!
Or dared with dreadless eye to see
A map of vision'd misery,
In lines of awful length outspread,—
Till darkness veil'd him with the dead!

REVELATION.

Bright as the morning of primeval day
Burst on the waters of chaotic gloom,
Came revelation on the darksome world!—
Then error vanish'd in celestial truth,
Hush'd were the oracles, and quench'd the fires
That savage bigotry for ages fed:
New light, new order, new existence rose!
The pangs of woe, the wrongs of patient worth,
Were now no more, as once their truth had been:
Eternity would pay the debt of time,
The soul redeem, and justify her God.

RURAL LANDSCAPE.

Hast thou forgot that balmy summer noon,
That glow'd so fair, and fled, alas! so soon,
My chosen friend! in whose fond smile I see
A spirit noble, and a nature free,
When Blenheim woo'd us to her proud domain,
Where Hist'ry smiles, and Marlb'rough lives again!
And on the way how sweet retirement threw
A shade of promise o'er life's distant view:
How wildly beautiful the bending sky,
Like heav'n reveal'd, burst radiant on the eye!
A spirit, bosom'd in the winds, appear'd
To chant noon-hymns, where'er a sound career'd,
While ev'ry leaf a living gladness wore,
And, bird-like, flutter'd as the breeze pass'd o'er;
The lark made music in the golden air,
The green earth, yellow'd by a sunny glare,
In twinkling dyes beheld her flow'ry race
Dance to the wind and sparkle o'er her face;
Faint, sweet, and far, we heard the sheep-bell sound,
And insect happiness prevail around.—
The green monotony of hill and glade,
Where viewless streams, by virtue oft betray'd,—
(Like Charity, who walks the world unseen,
Yet leaves a light where'er her hand hath been,)
By bank and mead roll'd windingly away,
'Twas ours to witness in superb array.

Noon glided on, till day's declining glow
Beheld us sweeping o'er the verdant flow

Of meadowy vales, to where the village hill
In garden bloom we welcom'd, bright and still.
That sunny eve in smiling converse fled
Around a banquet generously spread,
Beneath a roof where elegance combined
The pure in taste with fancy the refined,—
The church antique, whose ivied turret won
The dying changes of departing sun,
And gleam'd upon us at our parting hour,
I still remember in its beauteous pow'r.
Then home we sped beside romantic trees
Whose leaf-pomp glitter'd to the starting breeze,
And fondly view'd in symmetry of shade
The mimic branches on the meadows laid.
In wave-like glory burn'd the sunset sky!
Where rosy billows seemed to swell and lie,
Superbly vast;—as if that haughty day,
Ere yet th' horizon saw him sink away,
His clouds and colours vassal-like would see
Once more awake, and own their Deity!

ROAD-SIDE SCENES.

But from the road unnumber'd scenes transfuse,
O'er a quick mind reflection's moral hues;
Each, as it passes, claims a sigh, or tear,
For Want, and Woe, and all their offspring here.
There the blind beggar, led by faithful Tray,
Bare-headed, moans along his mournful way;
There a lean pedlar winds his wintry track,
With wallet strapp'd upon his weary back,

And far withdrawn on yonder coppice green,
Like wood-born regents of the lonely scene,
The sun-brown gipsies o'er their caldron gaze,
And watch the faggots crackle as they blaze;
But lo! a livelier scene,—beside, the wheel
While urchins whirling round from head to heel;
Around, and round, and still around they turn,
Till lip and eye with bright suffusion burn,
Then mildly beg, with upward-looking face,
Some poor reward to crown their wheel-side race.

ROME.

On her seven-hill'd throne
Behold her seated, by worn Tiber's banks!
Colossal ruin, like a noble mind,
In desolation, thou art glorious still!
Though Time hath conquer'd, can he equal thee?
Thy temples tow'ring to the blue-domed sky,
The trophied porches, vasty theatres
That heard the beating of ten thousand hearts;
And fane sublime, on that Tarpeian rock,
Where vengeance was eternity!—when Rome
Could trample kingdoms, and o'erawe the world,
What grandeur rivall'd these?—their very shades
Are solemn: but around them, when the rush
Of life was heard; when chariots, bright as those
That wheel the morning sun, victorious came,
Amid the tramp of war-steeds, and the shout
Of millions, swelling with their country's fame,

Thy glory was a terror, and thine arm
Omnipotence! through the wide universe
The throbbing of thy faintest passion thrill'd,
And when thou frown'dst, what nation dared be free?

REFLECTIONS ON A LIFE OF MERITORIOUS EXERTION.

Oh! for a nobler and a deeper sense
Of all that forms our true preeminence;
For high-born energies of heav'nly sway,
And flow'rs of charity to strew the way,—
That Sin no longer may the world defile,
And Nature glory in a good man's smile,
As on we hasten to that dreamless shore
Where Passion sleeps, and Prejudice is o'er!
The days of fever and the nights of fire,
Felt in the blood till health and hope expire;
The ghastly slumber, and the spectral tomb
For ever yawning in the spirit's gloom;
And that most agonizing waste of soul
Where all the billows of excitement roll,
Morn, noon, and night, in one eternal play,—
Are thine, ambition!—till thou wear'st away.
And, mix'd with agonies of outward state,
That inward torment, which thy dreams create
By thirst within for some perfection made
By thought alone, or never yet display'd
Like the pure model which the mind surveys—
'Tis thine to suffer through uncounted days!
Yet, welcome all!—If ever thought of mine
Hath woo'd a spirit into calm divine,

Expanded feelings, purified their flow,
Or shed a sunbeam o'er an hour of woe,—
My soul shall triumph o'er exhaustless pain,
And proudly think it has not lived in vain!

RURAL SCENERY.—MORNING.

A VALE of beauty!—lo! the morn,
In clouds of crimson radiance born,
Hath risen from the couch of night,
And fills the air with fresh delight;
While hues, like harmonies that range
The world of sound with heavenly change,—
In varied lustre o'er the sky
Awaken, mingle, melt, and die;
Till full-orb'd on his flaming throne
The Sun-king is beheld alone!
And, blue as Baltic waves asleep,
Before him lies a dazzling sweep
Of azure, in its deep excess
Of morn-created loveliness!

How exquisite this breathing hour!—
As though awhile some choral bower,
Where cherubim partake repose
Its crystal gates did half unclose,
Till fragments of delicious sound
Came wafted on the winds around,
And bloom and balm to nature giv'n
Made earth a momentary heaven!
Hark! to the choir of yonder wood,
Where life exults in solitude:

On each unrifled bough is heard
The lay of some melodious bird,
And young-wing'd breezes as they float
From brook and meadow learn a note;
And streams like tides of gladness flow
And in the air there dwells a glow
Of elemental youth and joy,
Unchill'd by one corrupt alloy.—
How dazzlingly with rosy dyes
The fairies of the field arise!
And flutter on their insect wings,
As each a song of matin sings;
And where around the glitt'ring blade
A liquid web of dew is laid,
As early peasant's footsteps pass,—
How greenly shines the shaken grass!
While many a lark from off the ground
Is startled, like a magic sound,
That ere the sense be half aware
Is kindled by the harp of air!

And list! from out yon village dell,
Upon the breeze, in broken swell,
The goings-on of life begin
To charm the ear of social din.
The creak of hill-ascending wain,
The shout of some exulting swain,
The watch-dog baying far behind,
The mill-sounds hoarse upon the wind,
With voices from the child of crone,—
Are all in gay confusion thrown!

And travel on the morning breeze
With notes whose human echoes please.
From the thatch'd chimney now have broke
The tinted wreaths of cottage smoke.—
Ascending delicately bright,
And braided by a golden light,
Like air-wing'd hopes they glide away,
Commingling with the boundless day!
And see, amid the straw-roof'd throng
Of homes that to yon dale belong,
As dwelt the patriarch on the plain,
Surrounded by his pastoral train,—
A mansion smiles; whose neater state,
Though unallied to proud or great,
A central grace around it throws,
And o'er each cot a charm bestows.
Embower'd in laurels, green and calm,—
To view it yields the eye a balm!
But, when at eve its garden hath
A lustre on each lilied path;
When bough, and branch, and grape-hung vine,
In rays of pensive beauty shine,
While gladsome bee, and quiring bird,
And leafy song, are faintly heard,—
More lovely than a dream-built dome
Appears that hush'd and heavenly home!
There often hath the worldling cast
A longing eye, ere on he pass'd,
And while it wander'd o'er the scene,
Mused—Oh! that such my own had been!

REPENTANCE.

Divine Repentance, in thy sacred tear
Alone is wisdom for the erring heart.
That infancy of soul, that stainless hour
When all the chaos of our spirit sleeps
In passionless repose,—how oft it woos
Our feelings back to purity and Heaven!
Alas! that in our solitude we soar
To perfect goodness, but in life descend
To dust again!—our aspirations quench'd,
And all that purer moments wisely taught,
Denied, degraded, or forgot!—Thus glide
Our years along, in melancholy dreams
Of what they dare, and what they cannot be!

RATIONAL PURSUIT OF FAME COMMENDED.

Thou young aspirer! dar'st thou dream of fame,
And hope another Age will read thy name?—
The hidden strings of each voiceless pride,
The pangs unutter'd, by the soul supplied,
The ghastly dimness of dejected hope,
By dreams assail'd with which no pride can cope;
Those nameless thoughts of venom'd fierceness sent
From the dark heavings of our discontent;
And, dreader still,—the clouds of daily life
That welter round us in disease or strife,
And the cold atmosphere of worldly sway
Where life is self, and self the life of day,—

In mingled pow'r will oft thy soul appal;
Too well I picture, for I felt them all!
Yet bear thou on!—and when some breathing page
Of godlike poet or divinest sage;
When fire-like energies of soul begin
To thrill the passion that is born within,—
Then let thy Spirit in her pow'r arise,
And dare to speak the language of the skies!
Her voice may fail, in deathlike muteness lost,
Her hopes be visions, and those visions cross'd;
But, pure and noble if thy song began,
And pour'd high meaning in the heart of man,
Not echoless perchance a note hath been
In some lone heart, or unimagin'd scene.—
How many a breeze that wings a noiseless way,
How many a streamlet unbeheld by day,
How many a sunbeam lights a lonely flow'r,
Yet works unseen in its creative pow'r!—
Then highly soar, whene'er thy spirit feels
The vivid light impassion'd thought reveals;
Unchill'd by scorn, undarken'd by despair,—
So martyrs liv'd, and such the mighty were!

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE ALMIGHTY.

Thou dread Avenger! ever-living One!
Lone Arbiter! Eternal, Vast, and True;
The soul and centre of created things
In atoms or in worlds; around whose throne
Eternity is wheel'd; who look'st—and life

Appears; who frown'st—and life hath pass'd away!
Thou God!—I feel Thine everlasting Curse,
Yet wither not; the lightnings of Thy wrath
Burn in my spirit, yet it shall endure
Unblasted,—that which cannot be extinct.

Thou sole Transcendency, and deep Abyss
From whence the universe of life was drawn!
Unutter'd is Thy nature; to Thyself
Alone the proved, and comprehended God;
Though once the steep of Thine Almightiness
This haught, unbowing spirit would have climb'd,
And sat beside thee, God with God enthroned,—
And vanquish'd, fell—Thy Might I'll not disclaim.
Immutable! Omnipotence is Thine;
Perfections, Powers, and Attributes unnamed
Attend Thee; Thou art All, and oh, how great
That consummation! Worlds to listening worlds
Repeat it, angels and archangels veil
Their wings, and shine more glorious at the sound:
Thus, Infinite and fathomless, Thou wert,
And art, and wilt be. In Thine awful blaze
Of majesty, amid empyreal pomp
Of Sanctities, chief Hierarch, I stood
Before Thy throne terrifically bright,
And heard the hymning thunders voice thy name,
While bow'd the Heavens, and echoed Deity!

SATAN'S ANALYSIS OF HUMAN PASSIONS.

First in my train of ministers, behold
Assuming Pride, who lifts her lofty eye
To Heaven, as though in scorn of its dread height:
And when she bends it to the earth, surveys
All creatures but to dwarf them in a glance
Of stern comparison. But nobler far,
Appears Ambition, whose o'erwhelming fires
Once fed my own proud nature, till it dared
To launch the thunders of Divinity!—
Of all my tempters, there is no such power,
Such mingling of the demon and the god,
As that which in Ambition dwells. The soul
Of virtue, by her hallowing spirit touch'd,
May emulate the seraphs, in her love
Divine, through this dark pilgrimage: but rare
On earth, is such sublime ambition found,
Or seldom would she waft a soul to me!
She haunts the lowliness of life; there shapes
Her phantoms wild, or glittering delights.
But oftener she assumes a warrior mien,
To make a hero; stirs him with the sight
Of banners, flouting a defiance, plains,
And battle-hills with throbbing echoes roll'd,—
He rides a charger in victorious dreams,
And wakes a hero!—let him gash the world!

* * * * *

Next, Avarice and Envy, meaner powers
Of evil, aid me in my dark domain.
The first, a boundless feeling; more or less
A second nature to the human mind,

Whose self-love is the life of thought and deed:
But in some bosoms kindling all its fire,
And rend'ring Man a hideous slave of Self;
Till, dungeon'd in her prison, he unlink
The chains that bind him to his brother Man,—
Seeing no world, but what himself reflects!
Mean wretch! the more he gets, the less he gives;
For ever greedy, as the hunger'd shark
That scents the dead among the waves afar.—
Nature is nought to him; the darken'd soul
Hath dimm'd his eye,—it glitters but for gold,
And *that* shall season his departing hour:
For what so grateful to the clammy touch
Of dying fingers, as to taste his gold,
While, sighing o'er it with a farewell gaze,
He mourns the nothing of the wealthless tomb!

* * * * *

Why, who art thou, with eye of dead-like gaze,
And care-worn aspect,—on thy haggard cheek
The seal of woe, and stamp of agony?
O, there be none in Hell more curs'd than thou,
And Envy is thy name; though often crown'd
For Emulation, by thy martyr'd slave;
But she, proud spirit! walks a nobler sphere.
Whether amid the madness of the storm,
When skies are rack'd asunder, and the sea
Lies rolling in the rapture of her strength,
She longs to be the Lord of Elements,
Sublimely o'er a thousand tempests throned!
Or gaze the starry natures, till her own
Seems panting to be bright and pure as they;
Or swelling at the sound of monarch names,

Would fain outshine the splendour of them all,—
A generous and god-like thing appears.
But thou art unredeem'd! a burning mass
Of self-made misery; tortured by the Curse
Rolled back in vengeance on thy horrid self,
Though breathed for others; in whose nobleness
The quality for detestation breeds;
And yet, by Hate more beautified, it glows
To false perfection.

* * * * *

How it haunts the craven wretch!
By writhing hell-flames o'er his tortured sleep,
And building oft the gallows which he dreads!—
What though he shroud his spirit with a veil
Of outward gladness!—artificial smiles
Are smiles of agony; and when alone
By some rude shore, where sullen waters roll,
Like gloomy fancies through a guilty mind;
Or, doom'd to hear the sobbing of the wind,
The melancholy drip of midnight rain,
And death-tales faintly knell'd from far-off towers,
The calm is burst,—the buried thoughts arise,
The spirit storms with anguish, and Despair
Feels half the Hell it shudders to foresee!

SOUTHEY.

Here Southey, in the spring-like morn of youth,—
His feeling, conduct, and his fancy, truth,—
Beheld the orb of Liberty arise
To gild the earth with glory from the skies;

What wonder then, if his Chaldean gaze
With glowing worship met her morning rays,
Beheld them bright as freedom's rays should be,
And thought they darted from the Deity?
Who did not feel, when *first* her shackles fell,
The truth sublime that France inspir'd so well?—
There is a freedom in the soul of man,
No tyrant quenches, and no torture can!
But when each virtue from her throne was hurl'd,
And Gaul became the dungeon of the world,
No mean deserter was the patriot proved,
Whose manhood censur'd what his youth had lov'd.

In bloom of life he sought domestic shade,
Devoting hours a world had not betray'd,
In deep affection to delightful lore,
Which virtue loves, and wisdom may adore.
While others lingered in the restless town
To wear the thorny wreath of young renown;
Or, spirit-worn, see rivals mount above,
With few to honour, and with none to love;
Afar to Keswick's mountain calm he hied,
And found the haven which a home supplied.
There nature pure to his pure soul appeals,
With her he wanders, and with her he feels,
While earth and sky for poesy unite,
And hills of glory swell the heart's delight!
Thus flowingly the fairy hours depart,
And each day adds a virtue to the heart.
Ah, blissful lot! which few have liv'd to share,
Who haunt the world, and seek to find it there;

Forgetful that *one* day of life is fraught
With years of meaning for inductive thought,
In baffled hope the mind exhales away,
Their each to-morrow, a renew'd to-day!
Too fiercely kindled by some loud applause,
They burn for glory, but betray her cause.—
True fame is feeling, in its earthless hour
Sent from the soul with world-subduing pow'r,
From heart to heart electrically known,
Till realms admire, and ages are its own!

Oh! blest resolve, that consecrates a life,
To leave for studious calm the noisome strife
Of London's everlasting round of self,
Pursu'd by learning, or career'd for pelf.
In wise seclusion heav'nward thoughts incline
To form in man the elements divine;
From day to day their semblance nearer grows,
Till kindred mind a kindred maker knows;
And then, what beautiful accordance seen
In all that truth has taught, or time hath been!
What once was dark becomes divinely clear,
And earth itself a heav'n-reflecting sphere.
The living principle of Pow'r above
That issued forth in this fair world of love,
The Spirit feels within herself abide,
The will direct, and o'er each thought preside:
In man or nature, whatsoe'er befall
Her faith can fathom, and interpret all!

SABBATH MORNING.

SWEET SABBATH morn! from childhood's dimpled prime
I've lov'd to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the tranced mind,
In fairy cadence floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long flown away,
And pensive hopes, harmonious with the day.
On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the ling'ring echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And, lull'd by angel dreams, forget its woes;
Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels a portrait of bright heaven is there?
The sacred stillness of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe awhile,
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral anthem pealing to the skies,
Exalt the soul to energies sublime,
And thoughts that reach beyond the realms of time.

SABBATH EVENING.

THE conscious elements prepare
For slumber; modulated breezes swell;
The sky, with ocean-mimicry adorn'd,
Grows pale and paler; soon will stars advance
And seem to palpitate, as there they shine,
With living beauty!—Thus will night begin,
And earth lie cradled in a dim repose,
Till the pure heav'n comes down upon the soul,

And all is hush'd within her holy spell!
So ends a sabbath; so may sabbaths end
Devoutly sacred, till the wings of Time
Be folded, and ETERNAL SABBATH reigns!—
For all Thy ministries begin and end
In Love, that glorious synonyme of Thee,
Whose palace fills th' interminable Heav'ns;
From the first tear that roll'd down Adam's cheek,
To the last pang of living bosoms now,
In light and darkness,—still our God is Love!

SHAKSPEARE.

ADORNER of the human race!
Great Nature's rival, who could trace
Her features with such perfect skill
That time can but remould them still,—
So matchless is that mighty one
Whom Fancy now would gaze upon!—
Go, lend the skies a lovelier blue,
Or sunbeams o'er the sunshine strew;
Bid Horror to the tempest bring
A louder shriek and blacker wing;
Or, dare to teach a deeper tone
To Thunder on his midnight throne,—
So powerless seems a poet's line
To render Shakspeare more divine!
All tears and smiles to him belong:
All clouds that round the spirit throng;
All passions, principles, and powers,
Which wring the heart, or rule its hours,

In language Nature's lip had taught,—
By him were into being wrought!
So sternly with creative art
He drew the drama of the heart,
That, long as tears haunt human eyes,
Or Pleasure laughs, or Sorrow sighs,
Whatever path his genius trod,
We hail him earth's poetic god.

And round him is a dimness thrown!
The colour of his life unknown!
While meaner names are chronicled,
And baseness in false light beheld,
That master-piece of mortal clay,—
Unhonour'd did he die away!
Yes, like an orb, whose affluent rays
Demand of earth no greeting praise,
He scatter'd intellectual light,
Immortal in unconscious might!
Sublimely careless of renown,
Then lay his awful spirit down,
Nor dreamt that Glory's arm would wave
Her brightest banner o'er his grave!

But yet there be faint shadows cast
From pining years which he had pass'd
That tell us how the soul could brook
The pangs that once his bosom shook;
When dark-eyed beauty racked and wrung
A heart round which the world had clung!—
Her hair was like the sheen of night,
When blackness seems to make it bright;

And melody her touch obey'd,
When o'er the chords her fingers stray'd:
But sorrow dash'd her April years
With cold and melancholy tears;
And thus there grew a wild unrest
Within the gloom of Shakspeare's breast,
Till he who sung what Romeo felt,
Beneath like pangs was doom'd to melt,
And hide within his dreaming brain
The visions of a lover's pain.

STORM AND SHIPWRECK.

LISTEN!—for, hear ye not the startled winds
Invisibly are coming from their caves?
Fierce as avenging fiends from hell evoked,
They march and madden with a mingled howl;
Creation cowers to the waking storm,
And darkens, as the ocean-chaos did
Beneath the spirit-shadow of her God!—
Again! again! the congregated winds
Unroll their voices,—they have roused the sea,
And on her back ten thousand thousand waves,
Like wings of wrath, are swelling as they rise!

Above the rocky clouds are wildly clash'd,
Till darkness quickens into light! and fierce
And far, as though the universe obey'd,
Monarch of sound, the thunder's mandate rings,
Rattling the heavens with long repeated roar!
While ever and anon pale lightnings gleam,
And flash like armoury of waving fire!

Alone upon the leaping billows, lo!
What fearful Image works its way? A ship!
Shapeless and wild, as by the storm begot;
Her sails dishevell'd, and her massy form
Disfigured, yet tremendously sublime:
Prowless and helmless through the waves she rocks
And writhes, as if in drowning agony!
Like valour when amid o'erwhelming foes,
The vessel combats with the battling waves,—
Then, fiercely dives below!—the thunders roll
A requiem, and the whirlwinds howl for joy!

And where are they, who from the breezy deck
Beheld the sun in orient glory rise,
Like a divinity, and breathed a prayer
For the fresh promise of a placid sea?
Float they in lifeless masses through the deep?
Look!—where a flash of lightning stripes the sea,
Like straw upon the wind, a bark is whirl'd
From wave to wave; within a pale-faced crew
Sit dumb as phantoms; with their eyes bedimm'd,
Their locks foam-sprinkled, and their lips unclosed;
And when the clouds unsheath their fires, against
The wizard glare their upturn'd faces gleam
In one despairing row!—Their doom is seal'd
Above!—Death howls in every wolfish blast,
And rides on each gigantic wave! the sea
Shall be their sepulchre, their coffins be
Her caves, until the summon'd ocean hear
The death-trump, and her tombless dead arise!

STAGE COACH TRAVELLING.

——— Hark! the merry bugle peals a sound,
Till the rous'd echoes ring the hills around;
From doors half-open'd peeps out many a face,
The grandam hobbles from her wonted place,
While noisy urchins scour the village through,
To hail the Stage-coach wheeling into view!—
A thing of glory to a rustic throng,
Who shout and gambol as it whirls along;
Or, idly vent'rous, balance at its back,
Braving the guard, and whip's repeated smack;
While at the blacksmith's murky door preside,
With solemn eyes, and mouths all gaping wide,
A prying group—that pertinacious class
Who quiz profoundly as the coaches pass.
Triumph of art! thou swiftly-moving dome,
To every rank awhile convenient home,
Compactly fashion'd to a useful form,
To poise the burden, and defy the storm,—
Let Life and Commerce—Love and Pleasure show
What daily blessings to thy speed we owe:
Sure of thy succour, see the friend depart
To press the absent to his faithful heart;
Swift as thy speed, behold the lover fly
On Love's warm breast to breathe his welcome sigh;
The proud and mean, the hapless and the gay,
Thou waft'st them all, along their various way!

And pleasant 'tis, when Winter's flooding rains
Flash on the pools, and beat the rattling panes,

Snug in a coach's padded nook to lie,
Stretch the free limb, and close the languid eye;
But sweeter far, on some auspicious day,
When lovely clouds the crystal sky inlay,
And choral breezes o'er the meadow spring
Like uncaged birds, exultant on the wing,
Throned on a coach, to leave the smoke-dim town,
And view the shining mead, and sloping down,
The wood-crown'd hills, and laughing streams that glide
While sunbeams gambol on their gurgling tide.—
How warms the spirit into young delight,
As views romantic greet the gladden'd sight,
While lip and brow partake the fresh-winged breeze,
Till fancy echoes to the warbling trees;
'Tis now,—as slow and soft some distant bell
Dies on the air, with sound's delicious spell,
That worldly feelings faint off, one by one,
Like ice-drops melting from the noontide sun;
Till, soften'd all, they mix in one soft sigh,
Or bask delighted in the beaming eye!

Be mine on such a morn, to take my seat,
And leave the noise of life, for some retreat,
Where haply dwells in his arcadian cot,
Far from the world, and by the world forgot,
The tasteful friend, by genial fortune woo'd
To mental ease and classic solitude;
There, warm at heart, within his social room,
Where fragrant woodbines waft their mild perfume,
At eve's soft hour to view the Vesper star,
And talk of vanish'd scenes and friends afar;

Renew the hours of rapture and of pain,
Create the past, and be the boy again.

By moonlight, too, when vale and coppice gleam,
Like landscapes pictured in a poet's dream,
How charming from the coach, with errant eye
To mark the glimm'ring meadows gliding by;—
The spectral valley or the dark-brow'd hill,
The woods in dewy slumber, dark and still,
Or taper twinkling from some far abode,
Or waggon winding up the lonesome road,
While the meek night-bird's melancholy lay
Melts like a wreath of woven sound away!—

SATANIC EXULTATION ON BEHOLDING A LIBELLER.

E'EN now mine eye is on a dismal wretch,
By fate, or fortune, for a villain doom'd;
In whom is summ'd up all that can profane
The name of man; ignoble as the dust,
And rocky-hearted as a wretch can be;
E'en such a one, exultingly I view
Heap lie on lie with such remorseless speed,
And so envenom with his viper touch
The good and glorious, that all Virtue seems
To wither, and all wisdom to be dead
Awhile, beneath the blackness of his taint;
Yea, such a monster do I see destroy

The healthful nature of the noblest mind,—
And yet live on his execrable life,
And like a plague-spot spread his soul abroad,
Till millions turn as tainted as his own!

STILLNESS OF NIGHT.

Now hath dead midnight hush'd the world: it lies
Suffused with freshness, like a meadow steep'd
In verdant quiet, when the flood hath pass'd.
All deeply pure, impalpably divine,
A something o'er this hour prevails, which men
Call awe, that doth not in their day-life reign;
For then, a flush'd existence, and a false
Enchantment gathers round the rising hours
To hue their destiny. But midnight cools
The spirit into thinking calm; then sounds
Come o'er it with a deeper thrill; and scenes
That in the day a common gladness wore,
Grow solemn; then the airy leaf-notes mourn,
And boughs, like hearse-plumes, wave their shadowy pomp.—
By day, the Present, but at night, the Past
Prevails; a moonlight tenderness o'er things
Departed, flings a fond regretful gloom;
And then, Life takes a feeling from the soul,
And, in Earth's tints of paradise, can trace
A beauty that unkinder hours deny,—
The harp is shatter'd, but the sounds remain!

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

No. I.

THE sunbeams in their golden mirth
Are dancing o'er the sea;
And hues and harmonies of earth
Betoken summer glee.

I watch the clouds, with fairy glide,
Athwart the blue air gleam;
And view them mirror'd on the tide
Like features in a dream.

The very leaves are toned with joy,
And carol to the wind;
Gaily, as when a pangless boy,
They echo'd back my mind.

Gladness and glory blend their sway
Around this ocean scene;
And yet, to me, the brightest day
Is dark to what hath been.

The flowers of hope, the young and fair,
Are dewless, cold, or dead;
The lip may laugh, but where, oh! where
The spirit's sunshine fled!

I hear the voice of vanish'd hours,
And mourn the faded past;
Oh! why should feeling e'er be ours,
And nought but mem'ry last?

No. II.

The perish'd leaf, the pining flower,
The tints of Autumn, thrown
In pensive ruin o'er some bower
Where gay spring-buds have grown;

The falt'ring wave, the feeble cloud,
That faints like thought away;
With Nature's warning, unavow'd,
Predict our own decay!

Ah! who can look adown that vale
Where wither'd hours repose;
Or listen to the warning tale
Of life's recurring woes,—

Nor feel within the spirit's core
A pang of mute regret,
For feelings that exult no more,
For joy, whose sun is set!

Yes, Lady! in this life of dreams
My heart has still a share;
And still around my fancy beams
The wreck of visions fair;—

But hollow laugh, and heartless smile,
And tones of mirth untrue,
Can barely mock my soul awhile,
And veil it from thy view.

Another to the countless mass
Of spirits who have fled,—
I add my sigh, as on I pass
To regions of the dead!

SONG OF THE ANGELIC CHOIR.

'Thou Lord of Lords, and Light of Light!
Who hath empyreal glory bright,
Art seated on th' Eternal Throne
Invisibly, the vast Alone!—
Ten thousand worlds around Thee blaze,
Ten thousand harps repeat Thy praise,
Yet hymn, nor harp, nor song divine,
Nor myriad orbs created thine,
This measureless display of love
To earth below, and heaven above,
By their immingled power could tell,—
That ends the Curse, and conquers Hell!
Oh! never, never—since we came
On wing of light and form of flame,
Like mingling harmonies that rise
In glorious swell along the skies,
Have Angels known entrancing bliss
Unfathomably deep as this!—
For, lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-redeeming Sacrifice:
Peace on earth! to Man good will!
Let the skies our anthem fill!

'Hail, Virgin-born! transcendant Child!
Of mortal semblance, undefiled,
By ages vision'd, doom'd to be
The star of immortality!
Hail! Prince of Peace, and Lord of Light!
Around Thy path the world is bright;
Where'er Thou tread'st, an Eden blooms,
And earth forgets her myriad tombs!
Thy voice is heard—and anguish dies,
The dead awake and greet the skies!
Lo! blindness melts in healing rays,
And mute lips ope in hymns of praise;
The famish'd on Thy bounty feed,
While myriads at Thy summons speed,
To live upon Salvation's strain,
And see the lost restored again;
Peace on earth! to Man good will!
Let the skies our anthem fill!

'Awake, awake, thou ransom'd Earth!
And, smiling with a second birth,
In loveliness awake and shine,
Thy King is come, Salvation thine!—
Surpassing orb! of old we sang,
While starry hymns accordant rang,
When rising from chaotic gloom
Thy sphere outburst in light and bloom!
But louder strains of loftier note
Around thee now shall swell and float,
Melodiously to celebrate
A brighter doom and better state.—

The winds are rock'd in holy rest,
The waves asleep on ocean's breast,
And beautiful the boundless calm,
O'er nature spread, like midnight balm,—
For lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-redeeming Sacrifice;
The Promised, since the world began,
To live and die for guilty man.

'Again, again, the anthem swell!
For Heaven shall burst the gates of Hell!—
A vision of uncounted years,
That travel on through toil and tears,
Is all unroll'd in wild extent,
Like ocean's heaving element!—
But soon the demon storm hath pass'd,
Messiah rules in light at last!
The sunbeams of a sabbath-day
Around adoring myriads play;
From north to south, from east to west,
All pangs are hush'd, all hearts at rest!
Pacific homes, Atlantic isles,
Where earth extends, or ocean smiles;
The rudest spot which man can own,
Shall hail Messiah on His throne,
And human life, by land and sea,
One alter build, oh God! to Thee,
While men and angels round it throng,
To chant the sempiternal song,—
Peace on earth! to Man good will!
Let the skies our anthem fill!'

STANZAS.

1

THE hour is past, the pleasure o'er,
And dumb the harp and glee;
Young feet no longer trip the floor,
Alive with melody!

2

Those fairy brows, those forms of love,
That wake the poet's sigh,—
Like shapes who leave their bowers above,
To charm a human eye;

3

All, all are gone! the lights have fled
From your deserted room;
Dim as a chamber of the dead,
And voiceless as the tomb!

4

And now I am alone again,
With feelings undefined;
A pilgrim in a world of pain,
An unpartaken mind.

5

The silent walk, the sickly moon,
And melancholy sky,—
Yes, these will make me feel how soon
The hours of beauty fly!

6

Oh, Pleasure! brief as bright thou art,
A momentary ray,—
A dream roll'd o'er a vacant heart,
To charm—and die away!

SCENE ON THE ISIS.

The groves in silver-leaf'd array repose;
And, Isis!—how serene thy current flows,
With tinted surface by the meadowy way,
Without a ripple, or a breeze at play:
Yet, once again shall summer barks be seen,—
And furrow'd waters, where their flight has been;
While sounding Rapture, as her heroes speed
From Iffly locks, flies glorying o'er the mead,
Hails from the bank, as up the river ride
In oary swiftness and exulting pride,
Her barks triumphal;—let the flag be rear'd,
And thousands echo, when the colour's cheer'd!—

SARCASTIC PRAISE OF THE LEWD AND BASE.

Hail, human demons! whose devouring lust
Hath tainted Nature; ply your wanton hearts
That ruin with a smile!—and so shall forms,
Whose seraph beauty seem'd to breath divine,
Be wither'd, and the tears of woman flow;
While she, who might a lovely home-queen reign,
Unsooth'd, and unredeem'd, is frown'd away,
The profanation and the blight of all!

SISTERLY AFFECTION.

But, ah! there is a dearer task,
Whose toils a patient wisdom ask;
And who beyond a sister knows
Where best the germ of knowledge grows,
When Infancy begins to look
Abroad o'er earth's unwritten book,
To read the world with curious eye,
And question truths beyond the sky!—
Fondly to aid the budding mind,
When thought springs faint and undefined;
To teach her lips a word to frame,
And prattle with some homely name;
Then, day by day, as reason wakes,
And mental twilight dimly breaks,
A delicate enchantment throw
Round each young truth the heart would know
Thus nursing with a sweet control
The childhood of a cherish'd soul,—
Oh! none but she can paint the joy
Of such divine and dear employ!
On angel wings thus years will speed,
And still in language, look, and deed,
Will sisterly affection be
A shadow of divinity!—
So purely will its magic wind
Around an infant's guarded mind.—

ST. JOHN.

THE great precursor, whose proclaiming voice,
'Repent ye!' travell'd on the desert wind,
Was robed in hairy sackcloth; round his loins
A leathern girdle wound; the mountain-spring,
That bubbled through the vale, his drink supplied;
His meat was honey, and the locust wild.—
Alone, but angel-watch'd, the orphan grew
To manhood; nursed amid the elements,
A son of Nature,—where the desert waved
Her wildest bough, or flung her blackest gloom,
The cavern'd eremite with God communed,
In storm or stillness, when the thunder voiced
His anger, or the sunshine brought His smile!
One awful loneliness His life became,
In thought and prayer mysteriously it pass'd;
And oft sublime!—as when at sunset hour
A red magnificence of dying hues
Came o'er the desert, and each rocky crest
Of mountains with volcanic lustre blazed,
While slept the sultry air, the prophet knelt;
And the wild glory of his dreaming eye
To heaven was turn'd, in meditative awe!

A SEA-SHORE SCENE.

SOME musing wand'rer by the shore I see,
Weaving his island fancies.—Round him, rock
And cliff, whose grey trees mutter to the wind,
And streams down rushing with a torrent ire:

The sky seems craggy, with her cloud-piles hung,
Deep-mass'd, as though embodied thunder lay
And darken'd in a dream of havoc there!—
Before him, Ocean, yelling in the blast,
Wild as the death-wail of a drowning host:
The surges,—be they tempests as they roll,
Lashing their fury into living foam,
Yon war-ship shall outbrave them all! her sails
Resent the winds, and their remorseless howl;
And when she ventures the abyss of waves,
Remounts, expands her wings, and then—away!
Proud as an eagle dashing through the clouds.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

1

When the hush of twilight deepens,
Wake, music! then;
Or, when the star of Hesper glows,
And flings a beam of pale repose,
Where yonder tide in beauty flows,—
Wake, music! then.

2

When the yearning heart is melted,
Wake, music! then;
As oft some dream of perish'd days
Comes floating o'er the spirit's gaze,
'Till ev'ry pulse of mem'ry plays,—
Wake, music! then.

3

When the cloud of sorrow blackens,
Wake, music! then;
Or, like the hymn of moonlight bird,
Or rain-dew in the desert heard,
Or leaflet by a night-breeze stirr'd,—
Wake, music! then.

4

When the storm of pain arises,
Wake, music! then;
Like glory from an angel eye,
Like pity in a parent sigh,
O! let thy magic dawn and die,—
Wake, music! then.

SERENE BEAUTY OF A MOONLIGHT EVENING.

The herald stars
In timid lustre twinkling into life,
Advance; and, faint as Music's rising swell,
The moon is rounding as she dawns. Fair orb!
The sun glares like a warrior o'er his plain
Of morning sky; but thou, so wan and meek,
Appear'st a maiden of romance, who walks
In musing sorrow, beautifully pale.—
Behold thy power! on tree and meadow falls
The loveliness of thine arraying smile.
How silverly the sleeping air is robed
Around me! Clouds above, like plats of snow

That linger on the hills, and laugh the sun
Away with their white beauty,—yet remain;
And now they vanish, and the soundless heaven
Hangs one deep mass of azure, where the stars,
Bright pilgrims voyaging an unwaved sea,
Are strewn, and sparkle with incessant rays
Of mystery and meaning. Yet not heaven
When islanded with all those lustrous worlds,
Nor cradled Ocean with her waves uproll'd,
Nor moonlight in a shrouding wanness laid,
Is so enchanting, as that stillness felt,
And living with luxurious spell, through all,—
Silent as though a sound had never been;
Or, angels o'er her slumber spread their wings,
And breathed a Sabbath into Nature's soul!

SCHOOLBOYS RETURNING HOME.

Oh! could the horses like their wishes speed,
Then short the road, and trav'lling swift indeed!
And mark yon blue-eyed rogue with daring brow,
Round his young heart what visions revel now!
Restless and wild—all gaze and wonder he,
Sky, coach, and road, he fills them all with glee!
How dark a myst'ry to his infant mind,—
The wheels advance—the bushes glide behind!
Full oft a school-room dream hath pictured this,
A journey home—the paragon of bliss!
This heal'd up many a birch-awaken'd smart,
Cut short the lesson, and reliev'd the heart:—
It comes at last— adieu to "*Propria Quæ*,"
long-rooted verbs and puzzling prosody,

The tame sky-blue, the task-recalling bell,
The stern infliction, and the piteous yell.—
A month of joy each parted woe repays,
With nights of fun and frolic-loaded days.
Not he who cross'd the Rubicon for Rome,
Plann'd more gigantic than these rogues for home:
What feats fantastic on the frozen lake!
What titt'ring mirth around the twelfth-night cake!
Then snugly seated round the parlour fire,
Hobgoblin tales shall Christmas eve inspire;
Or hand in hand by fond affection led,
They'll see the showman smooth the lion's head!

SWITZERLAND.

SPRINKLED with mountains, and with cloud-topp'd hills,
Helvetia swells majestic on my view,
In her primeval glory. Free-soul'd land!
Summer and winter for thy smile contend;
Witching thy prospects into fairy pomp
With beautiful abruptness; meadow'd, green,
And glowingly, thy undulating vales
Extend, while fawning vines the hills embrace,
And landscapes, laughing o'er the clouds, may hear
The tempest-howl in cavern gloom below.
And Winter hath his triumph; let the rush
And roar of cataracts, the darksome lakes
Convulsive rolling in the midnight storm,
The glaciers, billow'd into craggy ice,
And, chief o'er all, the silent Alp-king, rear'd
Like something risen from eternity!—

Let these declare thee for a land sublime,
Home of the dauntless! on thy patriot soul,
While sternness of simplicity can breathe
A Roman vigour, and the name of Tell
Haunts, like a hallowing spirit, every vale
And mountain-hollow, Time shall honour thee
When many an empire shall have pass'd away,
And forests wave where capitals are seen!

SPAIN.

WHAT region of the sun
Is that, with green-dyed olive-groves, and fruits
Whose ripeness glitters on the laden boughs?
'Tis Spain! the glowing clime of Luxury,
Of Chivalry, and gray Romance: her hills,
Where aromatic odours scent the skies,
And bright-hued flowers, that in the mountain breeze
Of wafted freshness, dance their beauteous heads:
Her dark-eyed dames, and stately cavaliers,
Whose brows are haughty with the dreams of old;
Her pomp of palaces, her fountain-walks,
And many-templed capitals,—betray
Her form'd for Pleasure's undisputed reign.
And yet, on Hist'ry's most heroic page,
Hath Andalusia an undying seal,
And Arragon a print of fame:—her deeds
Of blood, and Inquisition's hellish rack,
For Vengeance, when the world's arraignment sounds,
Will rise; and woe for Tyrants when it comes!

SOLEMN REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST YEAR.

SPOILER of hearts and empires, vanish'd Year!
Ere for eternity thy wings were spread,
Alone I listen'd to thy dark farewell.—
The moon was center'd in the cloudless heaven,
All pale as beauty on the brow of death;
And round about her, with attracted beam,
Grouped the mild stars:—the anarchy of day
Was hush'd, the turbulence of life becalm'd.
From where I stood, a vast and voiceless plain,—
A city, garmented with mellow light,
Lay visible; and, like romance in stone,
Shone gloriously serene!—all sounds were dead:
The dew-drop, stirless as a frozen tear,
Gleam'd on the verdure; not an air-tone rang;
The leaves hung tranced as the lids of sleep;
Around me Nature in devotion seem'd,
The Elements in adoration knelt,
Till all grew worship—from the heart of things
Material to the conscious soul of man!—
'Twas then, sepulchral, hollow, deep, and loud
The bell of midnight on the stillness burst,
And made the air one atmosphere of awe!—

Sublime of hours!—I thought on all the grave
Had buried since the infant year began:
What dreams, what agonies untold,
Dead as the hearts whose depth they once turmoil'd,
Lay motionless and mute!—of pomp in dust,
Of wither'd pride, of wealth from glory hurl'd,

Of lull'd ambition and appeased despair,—
Of each I dreamt; and, then, in sad array,
Pale visions of the Kings of thought arose!
The wise, the wondrous, the adored, whose death
Enrich'd eternity with added mind,
Sleep with the patriarchs now!

* * * * * *

Monarchs of time, and ministers of thought!
Felt in the frame of intellectual life,
As rolls the blood-tide through our breathing form
Where is the palace of your spirits NOW?
In what immensity are ye array'd
Imperishably pure? Was sabbath earth
In beauty but an archetype of heaven?
Your dreams, your hopes, your aspirations high
The far-off shadows of each truth divine,
Are all absorb'd in beatific light,
And this world, like a rain-drop in the deep
Of time,—for ever from the soul dissolved?—
Our craving passion for the unreveal'd,
Fain would it know to what vast height removed,
To what perfection of sublimest powers
Ye are ascended:—but the dazzled wish
Is driven earthward, and cold Nature cries
In tones as thrilling as the touch of death,—
"Back to thy clay, Mortality! and bend,
Like faith, before the infinite Unknown!"

THE TEMPTER GLORYING IN THE FALL OF MAN.

I PLOTTED,—tempted,—and the earth-born sunk
From Heaven's embrace into the arms of Hell,
Henceforward to enclasp a world of souls!
Then, what a withering the elements
Of mighty being felt!—Corruption pass'd
Through human into natural things!—the Earth
Was barren-struck: the bright enchanting Sun
A thund'ry visor wore; the rivers howl'd;
And deep the blast of Desolation blew:
A curse came down, and Eden was no more!

And now, from his primeval state dethroned,
His very form o'ershadow'd by the Sin
That, like a breath-stain on a mirror-cast,
The beauty of his god-like mien eclips'd—
I look'd on man, a remnant of despair,
But gloried as I gazed!—for then, the tongue,
That tameless member that o'ermastereth all,
E'en in an atmosphere of God himself,
The grand deceit of erring souls began,
Whereby, temptation not the sin arraigned,
The guilt is flattered, and the heart secure.

Creation shudder'd! for mankind were lost,
Till God the seal of mystery should break
In him foredoom'd to bruise the Serpent's head,
And re-awake the hymns of Paradise.
Meanwhile, the Evil triumph'd o'er the Good;
And, exiled from their Eden home, begirt

And guarded with an ever-living flame,
Two fallen creatures on the race of life
In sorrowing loneliness appear'd.—Time lash'd
His years along; but Evil with them roll'd,
Till Death in fratricidal fury came!—
How Life hung shudd'ring o'er his glazing eye
When pale, and dash'd with many a bloody hue,
The prostrate Abel in the gasp of death
Lay stretch'd;—while Cain, a maniac child of Hell,
With lines of anguish working on his face,
Stood by,—and knew himself th' embodied Curse!

Crime revelled on, the peopled earth sank deep
In ruin, till the great Avenger woke;
Then came a flood, a desolating swell
That deluged sixteen hundred years of Sin!
Methinks I hear it now!—so fiercely howl'd
The waves and whirlwinds of that dreadful hour.—
Dark prodigies, disasters in the sky
Announced it, yet scarce one these heralds knew:
Still Blasphemy went hooting at the heavens
While they did gape, like caverns in the clouds,
Mocking the elements with impious joy.
The Sun went down in sorrow; and the moon
Rose pale and icy, as an orb congeal'd;
While, ever and anon, there came a swell
Of melancholy meaning o'er the wind;
The sadness of a thousand spirit-lyres
Seem'd waking into wildness there:—but Hell
Prevail'd, save o'er the sacred few.

TIME,

THE VAST IMPORTANCE OF ITS BRIEFEST PORTION.

A MOMENT is a mighty thing,
Beyond the soul's imagining,
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot!
How much of life, life cannot see,
Darts onward to eternity!
While vacant hours of beauty roll
Their magic o'er some yielded soul,
Ah! little do the happy guess
The sum of human wretchedness;
Or dream, amid the soft farewell
That time of them is taking,
How frequent moans the funeral knell,
What noble hearts are breaking,
While myriads to their tombs descend
Without a mourner, creed, or friend!

THE SCEPTIC.

AND now the poison of dejection work'd:
His cheeks were blighted: o'er his thin-worn hands
The veins meander'd with a dying hue;
The mournful hair that arch'd his manly brow
Droop'd like the locks of old; his bright eye lost
The boldness of expressive thought, and grew
Unearthly, from its depth of lifeless gaze!
And oft did mothers heave maternal sighs,
And children cease their revel, when he pass'd
Unheedful by them, like a shape from tombs!

At length the unbeliever task'd the Night
To tell him secrets of eternity.
And then, how terrible th' immortal throes
And agonies of doubting nature, rul'd!—
Above him,—the majestic sea of heaven,
Where island-orbs of beauty sail'd and shone;
Around him,—dimness and the calm of death:
By nothing marr'd, but when a moving branch
Of cypress, like a dying billow, shed
A faint sound on the feeble wind.—How long
And deep, how passionate the gaze he sent
Far in the blue infinity of night!
Oh! let some spirit on the wings of love
Be wafted, and the burning doubt that preys
On nature, with permitted voice subdue,—
He listen'd!—on the air a faded leaf
Fell slowly, with a sad and ling'ring sound,
That did not seem of earth! but soon it still'd;
And then the blackness of diseaseful thought
Commenced;—eternity became a tomb!

THE CAPTIVE.

WITHIN a dungeon, mildew'd by the night,
Barr'd from salubrious air and cheering light,
Lo! the pale captive pines in hostile lands,
Chain'd to his doom by adamantine bands.
Oh! how he pants to face the fresh-wing'd breeze,
And hear the voices of the summer trees:
To breathe, and live, and move, and be as free
As Nature is, and man was made to be!

And when at night, upon his flinty bed,
Silent and sad, he lays his grief-worn head,
There as the dungeon-bell, with dismal sound
Tolls midnight through the sleeping air around,
Remembrance wafts him to congenial climes,
And frames a fairy world of happier times.
The woodland haunts around his native scene,
The village dance upon the festive green,
His sloping garden where he lov'd to ply,
And smiled as peeping flower-buds hail'd his eye,
His beauteous partner, and her blue-eyed boy,
Who prattled, play'd, and fed his soul with joy,—
By thought created, crowd around his heart,
And force the pangs of fond regret to start;
Each dear delusion claims a parent sigh,
Each dream of happiness bedims his eye;
Till warm'd by Heaven, his home-wed bosom glows
With hopes that triumph o'er remember'd woes;
And far away the chainless spirit flies,
To vision'd realms of rest beyond the skies.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

LIST! war-peals thunder on the battle-field;
And many a hand grasps firm the glitt'ring shield,
As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat the stormy drum!
And now are seen the youthful and the grey,
With bosoms burning to partake the fray:

The first, with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed;
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on!
But, mark yon war-worn man, who looks on high,
With musing valour mirror'd in his eye;
Not all the bleeding revels of the day
Can fright the vision of his home away;
The home of love, and its attractive smiles,
His wife's endearment, and his baby's wiles:
Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating, or with sword remiss?
Ah no! remember'd home 's the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword, and vigour to his arm;
For this he supplicates the God afar,
Fronts the steel'd foe, and mingles in the war.

The cannon's hush'd!—nor drum nor clarion sound;
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground;
Horsemen and horse lie weltering in their gore;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain!
And see! where swift the banner'd coursers pass'd,
A battle-steed beneath his rider cast;
Oh! never more he'll rear with fierce delight,
Roll his large eyes, and rally for the fight;
Pale on his bleeding corse a warrior lies,
While from the ruffled lids his white-swell'd eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies!

But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping, and the slain?
Angel of Mercy! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc thou art hov'ring nigh,
To calm each groan, and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no more.

THE MURDERER.

Upon the midnight heath, where fierce winds growl,
Like famish'd wolves careering as they howl,
While cloudy billows darkly swell and rise
As if an ocean brooded in the skies,
Aghast and quaking, see the murd'rer stand!
Shrink from himself, and clench his crimson hand;
Unearthly terrors freeze his shudd'ring frame,
While conscience writhes upon the rack of shame;
Beneath him, gasps the victim of his deed,
In that faint struggle ere the spirit's freed;
One piteous gaze—his languid eyelids close,
And life and torture sink to dead repose.
Why stands the murd'rer, fetter'd to the spot,
Life, fame, and judgment in his guilt forgot?—
Chain'd by his crime, he cannot—dare not fly,
A Spirit seems to grasp him from the sky!
And though no human eye the murder sees,
A curse from heaven comes mutter'd in each breeze.

The first, with hearts
All eager rush to
Like young
That rear the language,—though a seraph hymn'd
But, poetry of heaven,—to picture thee,
Wreck'd as thou art! whose life hath now become
Affection's martyrdom:—for such is love,
Doom'd to remain on desolation's rock,
And look for ever where the past lies dead!
What is the world to thy benighted soul?
A dungeon!—save that there thy children's tones
Can ring with gladness its sepulchral gloom.
Placid, and cold, and spiritually pale,
Art thou; the lustre of thy youth is dimm'd,
The verdure of thy spirit o'er!—in vain
The beaming eloquence of day attracts
Thy heart's communion with creation's joy;
Like twilight imaged on a bank of snow,
The smile that waneth o'er thy marble cheek!

THE WIDOW.

sharer of a widowed lot!

THOUGHTS ON FIRST SEEING OXFORD.

When day was dying into sunset glow,
I first beheld them in their beauteous show,
The solemn turrets of each ancient pile,
And thought—how noble is our native Isle;
A silent worship o'er my spirit came,
While feelings, far too exquisite for name,
Exultingly began their rapt control,
And flutter'd like faint music in the soul!—

Where Greatness trod, is hallow'd ground to me;
There can I lift the heart, and bow the knee,
Awake the Past to all her living might,
And feed my fancy with unearthly sight,
Restore the features of her famous dead,
Nor take a kingdom for the tear I shed!

THE DELUGE.

Oh, never were such horrid shadows frown'd
Upon the waters, as thy victims threw,
When, all aghast, in their avenging ire,
They heard them ravenously sweep along
As roaring for their human prey! Such sounds
Of woe, such shrieks of madness never rang,
Such eyes were never to a God upturn'd,
As mark'd this dread, unutterable hour!
A palpitation in the womb of Earth
Began, then upward burst a buried sea,
That whirl'd the mountains on her waves, and heav'd
The rocks, and shook the rooted hills abroad,
Till darkness and a deluge cover'd All!—
Save that which in the ocean wilderness
Triumphant o'er a welt'ring chaos rode
And bore aloft the burden of a world!

THE PILGRIM.

'Tis night: and mutt'ring comes the winter wind,
While cloud-battalions slowly march behind;
Alone the way-worn pilgrim winds his track,
His wallet resting on his weary back;

Though dark the path, and dreary grows the night,
And not a heaven-lamp yields its holy light,
Firm o'er the starless wild he moves his way,
For He pervades the night, who form'd the day!
Thus on he plods beneath the brooding sky,
Till lo! a lattice twinkles on his eye,
And merrily from out his woodland dome,
His babes bound forth, and hail the wand'rer home.

TIME'S ALL DESTROYING POWER, FELT IN THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

'Tis in the noiseless sphere of common life,
In humble homes, by happy evening hearths,
Where once the social hearts were gather'd round,
We trace a fearful havoc in thy flight.—
Alas! how many whom the infant year
Beheld in beauty, looking on through life
As through a vista of eternal joy,
Have vanish'd,—like the bloom of early hope!
What blue-eyed babes, beside the parent knee
Reflecting smile for smile, have flown away,
Like birds of Paradise, to their own home!—
What creatures, budding into womanhood,
Who loved the silent walk, and made the flowers
Companions of their virgin thoughts,—have gone,
To graves, with all a mother's treasur'd hope!
Go, see the mournful chamber, where of yore
When Winter howl'd his dirge, the gush of song,
And heart-warm fellowship of evening hours,
Was heard, now mute, as if the tones of joy

Had never scatter'd echoes there!—Alas!
For him, who in the green young spring had wed
The heart he worshipp'd; brightly laugh'd the Sun
Upon that morn of love complete; long days
Of bliss, and all the warm romance of youth
In radiant vision gather'd round his heart,
And now,—the world's become a tomb to him!

TRUE POETRY SEEKS THE HIGHEST OBJECT FOR ITS THEMES.

THERE are who call the poet's bliss
Too airy for a world like this!—
Alas! for wisdom, if her voice
Can teach the heart no glorious choice;
If downward to the dust she try
For aye to fix our slavish eye,
And seldom bid one glance be given
Aloft to mind's unclouded heaven!—
The freshness of poetic thought,
From out the groves of fancy brought,
And wafted o'er the soul's domain,—
What is it but a breezy strain
From winds of vanish'd Eden lent
To purify earth's element,
And summon forth those dream-born flowers
That grew in Milton's epic bowers;—
'Mid all the waste of worldly arts,
Oh! leave him yet some few fine hearts,

That still the poet's wand may raise
A vision of unfallen days,
And rescue from the fangs of time
Some feelings that are yet sublime!

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

AMID the pompous crowd
Of rich adorers, came a humble form;
A widow, meek as poverty doth make
Her children! with a look of sad content
Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast:
Then, timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the Temple. But her lowly gift
Was witness'd by an eye, whose mercy views
In motive, all that consecrates a deed
To goodness:—so He bless'd the widow's mite
Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestow'd.—
Thus is it, Lord! with Thee: the heart is Thine
And all the world of hidden action there
Works in thy sight, like waves beneath the sun
Conspicuous! and a thousand nameless acts
That lurk in lovely secrecy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers which fall
Beneath a proud man's foot,—to thee are known,
And written with a sunbeam in the Book
Of Life, where mercy fills the brightest page!

THE MAIL.

Now shadowy eve the fading woods hath crown'd,
And dew and darkness shed their spirit round;
Hark! o'er the hills what bugle-echoes play,
And die in many a fractured note away!
Behold! the MAIL in glimm'ring pomp appears;
And as it onward speeds, what smiles and tears,
What shades of time, or accident, or scene,
And memories for all that life has been,
It brings,—to sadden, sweeten, or beguile
The myriad hearts within our noble isle!
Perchance the morrow will an orphan hail,
A wife be weeping o'er some funeral tale,
A friend be doom'd in distant isles to roam,
And music cease in many a happy home!

THE NEGLECTED ARTIST.

IN a lone chamber, on a tatter'd couch
A dying painter lies. His brow shows young
And noble; lines of beauty on his face
Yet linger; in his eye of passion gleams
A soul, and on his cheek a spirit-light
Is playing, with that proud sublimity
Of thought, that yields to death, but gives to time
A Fame that will avenge his wrongs, and write
Their hist'ry in her canonized roll
Of Martyrs:—be it for his epitaph,
He lived for genius, and for genius died!
So sad and lone!—wall'd in by misery,

With none to smooth his couch, or shed the tear
That softens pain,—uncheer'd, unwept, unknown,
And famish'd by the want of many days,—
Hither! Ambition; wisdom breathes in woe.

There are, to whom this elemental frame
Of wonders seemeth but an outwaad show,
To look upon, and aid the life of things:
But some in more ethereal mould are cast,
Who from the imagery of nature cull
Fair meanings, and magnificent delights;
Extracting glory from whate'er they view,
Making th' unbodied air a blessing, light
A joy, and sov'reign attributes of Earth
Enchanting ministers to sense and soul.—
And such was he. An orphan of the woods,
With Nature, in her ancientness of gloom
And cavern, dark-peak'd hill, and craggy wild,
Whose boughs waved midnight in the eye of Day,—
He dwelt; until he hung the wizard sky
With fancies, and with earth incorporate grew!
Nature and he, in one communion glow'd:
With all her moods, majestic, calm, or wild,
He sympathized. In glory did he hear
Ecstatic thunders antheming the storm!
And when the winds fled by him, he would take
Their dauntless wings, and travel in their roar!
He worshipp'd the great Sea;—when rocking wild,
Making the waters blossom into foam
With her loud wrath; or savagely reposed,
Like a dark monster dreaming in his lair.

No wonder then, by Nature thus sublimed,
With all her forms and features at his soul,
The brain should teem with visions, and his hand
A glorious mimicry of Earth and Heaven
Perform! till lakes and clouds, and famish'd woods
In wintry loneness, crags and eagle-haunts,
And torrents in their mountain-rapture seen,
All dread, all high, all melancholy things,—
Full on his canvas started into life,
And look'd Creation!—To the capital
A parentless and unacquainted youth
He came, while many a prophecy still hung
About his heart, and made his bosom heave
With young expectancy.—Romantic fool!
To fancy genius and success were twins,
In such a sphere: how soon the dream was o'er!
Here Envy dogged him, Av'rice trampled down
His worth, and in the gloom of aidless want
His spirit bow'd,—but never was enslaved!
There was that haughtiness of proud despair,
That forward looking to avenging years
Which plucks the thorn from present woe, and drives
Adversity from out her darkest mood,—
To cheer him on, and buoy the spirit o'er
The indirection of opinion's tide:
He felt, as all the mighty ever feel,—
True greatness must o'erlook the living hour,
And task the future with her fame, alone.
Thus cherish'd he self-rev'rence; and the heart
Was faithful:—from the hand or voice of men,
No comfort came; but Nature was his own,
As ever! When the jarring city-roar

Woke round him, he could hush it in the calm
Of memory, and azure solitude
Of native skies: the weird-like tempest sound
O'er his dark chamber mutter'd, bade him dream
Of wilds, and whirlwinds havocking the night
Afar; and when a pilgrim sunset ray
Sat at his window, like a smile from home,
He scorn'd the present, and would think, how once
He loved to watch the bright farewell of day
Reflected o'er the roll of ocean waves,
Like sea-clouds rising in a gorgeous swell.—
Thus lived the victim of an art adored,
And perish'd in his passion!—On his name
A veil is hung; and his achievements lie
Forgotten; but a fame awaits them still!

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls;
And swift as ripples form upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep!
The Sea has heard it; coiling up with dread,—
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and with awful strife
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or felt;
All they around whose cradles Kingdoms knelt;

'yrants and warriors, who were throned in blood;
'he great and mean, the glorious and the good
.re raised from every isle, and land, and tomb,
o hear the changeless and eternal doom.

TASSO.

As moonlight weaves a varied spell
O'er rock and mountain, grove and dell,
So love with his transforming beam
Hath colour'd each romantic dream,
As, stern or mild, the spirit lay
Beneath the spell-work of his ray.—
A sense of beauty,—it was thine,
As deep, as burning, and divine,
As ever fed with living fire
The passion of a poet's lyre,
Thou martyr! whom Alphonso's hate
Imprison'd for a madman's fate,
Because, ere yet the lips could speak,
Emotion had betray'd thy cheek,
To tell him how a bard could dare
To love a princess—and despair!—
That love was like a blasting sun,
It sear'd the heart it shined upon!
But, oh! how much of Tasso's strain
Was born of his devoted pain;
When feelings in their hopeless strife
Contended with those clouds of life
That 'tween him and his idol grew,—
Till death alone could break them through.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

THOSE hands are bleeding, which have bless'd a world;
Those feet are tortured, which have never moved
Except on errands of celestial love; [dimm'd
Those brows are throbbing, and those eyes be-
Where light and immortality were throned!—
And ah! that pure, unspotted, perfect soul,
Divine as Deity on earth could be,
Doth agonize beneath th' imputed curse,
Whereby a ransom for the world is paid,—
* * * * *
Heart cannot dream, imagination dare
By words to picture the almighty pangs
That in His darkness, and distress of soul,
Th' Ineffable upon the cross endured!
Who held His spirit, as the Prince of Life,
To torment subject, till the curse was paid.
The ninth hour came, and then, with loud appeal,
In the full wrath of this avenging hour
He utter'd—'Why hast Thou forsaken Me!
My God! My God!'—then came an awful hush,
In which they deem'd Elias would descend
To save him!—but, a second time, a voice
More audible, the soul of myriads shook!
'TIS FINISHED! Father! to Thy hands divine
My Spirit I commend,' the Saviour cried,
And bow'd His head,—and breathed His soul away!

'TIS FINISHED!' let seraphic mind those words
Translate,—for immortality is there!
Which Heaven re-echoed, and the regions dark

Where Christ descended in a shape of Light,
Triumphant over powers and thrones of Hell,
Groan'd at the sound which deepen'd their despair!
The universe a ghastly signal gave,
And Nature, as in agony, confess'd
The Prince of Glory, as His spirit fled!
The earth was palsied, and the mountains rent
Like garments! tomb and sepulchre their dead
Released, and out of dust the saints arose,
And look'd upon the living!

THE IDIOT BOY.

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's frequent view,
The village wonder, and the widow's joy,
Dwells the poor, mindless, pale-faced maniac boy:
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
Reveal the wither'd thoughts that sleep below!
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods;
Sometimes along the woodland's winding glade,
He starts, and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruin'd mind!
Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted strays,
Playing his fingers in the noon-tide rays;
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;

And oft, beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune;
Till o'er his soft'ning features seems to play
A flick'ring gleam of mind's recover'd sway.

Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him,—near him,—wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian angel tracks him from above!
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The lonesome wand'rings of the maniac boy.

TWILIGHT.

An hour with Nature is an hour with heav'n,
When feeling hallows what the fancy views;
And thus, oh twilight! may the spirit learn
From thy fond stillness what the day denies.
Now Mem'ry too, divinest mourner, wakes
The soul's romance, till years of verdant joy
Revive, and bloom around the heart once more.
Bright forms, by greeting childhood so beloved
Maternal tones, and features, of whose smile
In blissful rivalry our own was born,
And voices,—echo'd in our dreams of heaven,
Around us throng, until th' unliving past
Our being enters, and is life again!

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

There is a shadow round the holy dead;
A mystery, wherein we seem to trade;

As oft their lineaments of life awake,
And sorrowing thoughts their hallow'd semblance take.
What once they dreamt, when mortal nature threw
Phantasmal dimness round their soaring view,
Now, all unearth'd, beatified, and free
From toil and tears,—the unscal'd eye can see:
No more on them, the fitful whirl of things
From joy to gloom, eternal trial brings;
Array'd in light, before the Throne they shine,
And fathom mysteries of Love Divine;
Why tears were shed, why pangs of woe prevail'd,
Why Goodness mourn'd, and Virtue often fail'd,—
No longer now a with'ring shadow throws,
Like that which hovers round the world's repose.

The holy dead! of Earth and Heav'n the dear!
Whene'er the darkness of our troubled sphere
'Twixt God and Man will demon-like arise,
Deject the soul, and doubt away the skies;
Then Mem'ry points to where their feet have trod,
Redeems our nature, and recals her God —
Creation's debt to discontented Time
They help'd to cancel, by excess sublime
Of worth and wisdom, magically great,
Above the meanness of our mortal state:
The smile that withers in its cynic play
Each hope of Earth when budding into day,
By merit aw'd, in forceless meaning falls,
Whenever mind exalted mind recals;
And eras bright of holiness and love
Their spirits promise from a world above!

THE CONDEMNED FELON.

To die
A malefactor's death,—to be the gaze,
The damned, hideous, and detested gaze
Of thousands, staring out their hungry eyes
To glut their wonder, while on tiptoe placed,
To see the spirit gasping from his throat,
And chronicle his agony;—to live
A ballad-hero, in the creaking rhymes
Of vagabonds, and have his felon name
From lip to lip thus vilely bandied out,
For vulgar warning,—oh! ye sinless days
Of childhood; oh! ye hours of love and home,
And summer dreams, by haunted wood or wild,
And blessings nightly murmur'd from the lip
Of parents,—glory of remember'd days!
Is *this* your ending, and his dreadful fate,
For whom old Age did prophesy renown,
And Fondness built her palaces?

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

Borne like a sunbeam on the bounding waves,
Behold a mariner the tempest braves!
Home, life, and love, and near-imagin'd death,
Nerve the stout limb, and lengthen out his breath:
A rock is reach'd, dash'd on a wave-worn peak
Lies the wreck'd sailor, shiv'ring, wan, and weak;
With livid face, and look of ghastly dread,
And locks, like sea-weeds, streaming from his head;

Unmoved his lips, but with his upturn'd eyes,
He shadows forth a saviour in the skies;
Visions a viewless temple in the air,
Feels God around, and silence is his prayer!

THE VILLAGE MAID.

QUEEN of the hamlet! years have flown,
And still thou art unwooed and lone:
Yet time, with magic unconfess'd,
Has moulded feelings in thy breast,
That now like buried music float
With soft and secret under-note;—
So delicate, they scarce appear
To haunt thy spirit's maiden sphere,
But, waken'd once,—and they shall be
A soul within a soul to thee!—
Emotions of themselves afraid
A temple in thy heart have made,
Wherein they flutter, like a bird
That trembles when a voice is heard!—
And fancy loves a Being now
Whom shaping words cannot avow,—
A Form of fine imaginings
To which attracted nature clings.—
At length he comes! that nameless one,
The eye of dreams had gazed upon!
The magic and the mystery
Of life have now begun for thee,
And thou the type of heaven wilt prove
In primal, deep, and deathless love!

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

WITHIN a coach perchance we oft may find
Some choice companion with a kindred mind;
Here unsubdued by ceremonious fear
The finer traits of character appear;
And thoughts unmanacled by mean control,
Flash bright and clear, like sparkles from the soul.
Shame on the man! who drones himself away,
When conversation should have turn to play;
A soul so bare, companionless, and cold,
Can scarce be stamp'd in Nature's kindly mould,
Who bids the social flame to kindle, when
We meet, though strangers, with our fellow men.
Commend me him, who with a courteous art,
Can loose his tongue, and let out half his heart;
Above suspicion, conscious of no end,
He turns the stranger to a passing friend,
Refined or rude, no matter, if the mind
Be meet for converse, and to truth inclined,
With him a journey yields delightful case:
His wit may 'liven, and his wisdom please,
Long miles escape amid colloquial charms,
His temper brightens, and acquaintance warms.

THE TOMB OF LAZARUS.

A MOURNFUL beauty, a sepulchral grace
Doth hallow nature, when the dead are tomb'd
In garden quiet, 'mid the wave of boughs
That often murmur in our living ears,
Like tones ancestral, by the heart revived!

Beneath the twilight of o'erhanging trees
A cave was hollow'd, in whose rocky depth
Affection to the arms of Earth resign'd
Her dead; in mute companionship, there lay
The babe and mother, sister, son, and sire,
A household, though in dust!—A sad delight,
More exquisite than loud-tongued pleasure feels,
Serened the spirit of surviving love,
Whene'er it rambled in the pensive gloom
Of such a garden. If the summer air
Breathed gladness, heaven was flaked with fleecy clouds,
And playsome leaves hung prattling to the wind!—
If hue and sound made life immortal seem,
A shade of sadness mellow'd, not destroy'd,
The mirth and beauty of surrounding day.
Oft would the eye of some fond mourner rest
On the green rock, whose cavern'd silence made
The home of death, where generations slept!
And haply, as the wild flowers meekly grew
From the dim verdure of sepulchral stone,
Delightful thoughts from sad mementos sprung!

TRIUMPH OF THE SOUL OVER DEATH.

How greatly does the hand of time unloose
The many links that chain'd us to the world!
The passions which inspirit youthful hearts,
And spread a lustre o'er the brow of life,
And bid the hopes of young ambition bound,
Decay and cool, as further down the vale

Of twilight years we wend, till all-resign'd,
The time-worn spirit ponders o'er the tomb
With elevating sadness, and the night
Of death is lit by those immortal stars
Which revelation sphered in heaven!———

* * * * *

How pure
The grace, the gentleness, of virtuous age!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely dead
To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honour'd and revered,
And breathes upon the young-limb'd race around
A gray and venerable charm of years.

Nor,—glory to the Power that tunes the heart
To sympathy with time!—is all decay'd;
The verdure shining o'er the path of youth,
To him who loves the bloom of days no more.
A meditative walk by wood or mead,
The lull of streams, and language of the stars,
Heard in the heart alone,—the bosom-life
Of all that beautified or graced his youth,
Is yet enjoy'd; and with that bliss are found
The feelings flowing from a better world.

Then, melt, ye horrors! which the grave begets,
And turn to glory, by the spell of faith
Transform'd, for Christ hath overcome the tomb.—
What, though 'tis awful, when the pulse of life
Is bounding, and the blood seems liquid joy,
To look corruption in its ghastly face,

The mind is man! no sepulchre for souls
Can dust and darkness frame; like God, apart,
In calm eternity they act and think:
The shroud, the hearse, the life-alarming knell,
The grave's cold silence, and the vision'd friends
Whose dreams will hover round our chill decay,—
Do haunt our living dust, and give to Death
A sting that dwells not in his own dark power.
We die in body, but we live in soul,
When flesh and spirit sunder;—then our chains
Are riven, and celestial freedom dawns!—
The fetter'd eagle whom a narrow cage
Imprison'd where so oft his haughty wings
In wild unrest have beat its hated walls
With blood-stain'd plumage, while his eye-balls glared
Proudly along the blue and boundless sky
Above him,—free and fetterless at last,
On plumes of ecstasy can soar away,
And mount, and mingle with the heaven he loves!

VIRGIN BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

But where yon ivy gate expands,
Within it what a vision stands!—
More exquisite in brow and limb
Than those aërial cherubim,
Which Painting in some starry dress,
Reveals on clouds of loveliness!
Around her, like a viewless zone,
A fascinating might is thrown:

Here brow is pure as thought can be,
And whiter than the foam-clad sea,
Expanded with an arch of grace,
Like heaven's, above a heavenly face;
And on that polish'd cheek, behold!
Her ringlets, by the breeze unroll'd,—
In gleaming motion dance and shake,
Like ripples on a restless lake!
Her years are on the verge of heaven,—
That period when to life is given
The freshness of elastic youth,
Yet touch'd with woman's deeper truth:—
Again, behold that virgin face!
'Tis beauty in the mould of grace;
Incarnate soul lies sculptured there!—
A feeling so divinely fair
Is dwelling in those dark-fringed eyes,
That when they front the dazzling skies,
Pure spirits well might deem that earth
Had copied some celestial birth,
Or beauty in the world had grown
All spirit-like, to match their own!

VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

Thou astounding main,
Time never felt so awful since his birth,—
Angels and demons o'er thy terrors hung,
When visioning afar his nameless world,
On thine immensity Columbus launch'd.
Yet thou wert well avenged! for Storm and Doubt,
Despair and Madness, on the billows rode,

And made the Ocean one dark agony!—
Dismal as thunder-clouds, the fated hours
Toil'd on; a living solitude still howl'd
And heaved, in dread monotony around; [closed,
Yet hope was quenchless; and, when daylight
The ocean-wand'rers, in the wooing glow
Of sunset, gladd'ning their despondent brows,
Hymn'd o'er the mellow wave their vesper-song;
Ave Maria! mingling with the choirs
Of billows, and the chant of evening winds.

But he was destined; and his lightning glance
Shot o'er the deep, and darted on thy world,
America!—Then, mighty, long, and loud,
From swelling hearts, the Hallelujahs rang,
And charm'd to music the Atlantic gales;
While, silent as the sun above him throned,
Columbus look'd a rapture to the skies,
And gave his glory to the God of Heaven?

VILLAGE SCENERY.

Ask ye of Lowland,—site of boyish days?
A village, such as Goldsmith's verse might praise;—
A gray church glimm'ring thro' the dark elm trees,
Whose sweet bells wander on the flying breeze,
A gothic mansion on the green withdrawn,
With freckled steps and smoothly-levell'd lawn,
Where priest and parish sages oft retire,
And bow obsequious to the ruddy squire;
An ochred inn behind a bench-girt tree,
Where chatt'ring statesmen kindly disagree;—

These are the proudest piles on Lowland's plain,
To charm the pilgrim, or delight the swain.

Though barren now, not so when summer-bloom,
Spreads a bright magic over winter's gloom,
Fair Lowland looks, and every garden greets
The way-worn traveller with exulting sweets.
The gravel winding to the lilac bower
Where shaded friends beguile their sultry hour,
The yellow camps where humming-bees abound,
And well-rope creaking forth its homely sound,
The fairy babble of a road-side stream,
Where the brown urchin weaves his infant dream—
With many a charm awake the wand'rer's smile,
Tempting his eye to pause, and dream awhile.

VANITY OF HUMAN PRIDE.

Pride blasted Eden, and the world has bow'd
Beneath her sceptre, which to break in dust
The God incarnate every meekness wore!
Yet, what are we, that our Titanic dreams
Assault the skies with their incessant aim?
Oh! could we read Creation's book aright,
Our nothingness on each vast page would shine
Convicted!—atoms mock our deepest ken,
The winds, invisible as angel-wings,
Attend our path, and tell not whence they come;
The dust derides us!—from the floating orbs
Of Night's dim world, an overwhelming ray
Of myst'ry pierces the distracted mind;

And ocean laugheth with resounding scorn,
When monarchs dare him, and his fleets, like foam,
From wave to wave are darted!—Gaze within,
And what is there? a tempest in repose
Of passions wild, dark energies and powers
That storm and madden at a demon's call!

VIEW OF OXFORD.

The Sun is up! behold a princely day,
And all things glorious in its glorious ray;
Ascend the Radcliffe's darkly-winding coil
Of countless steps, nor murmur at the toil;
For lo! a scene, when that ascension's o'er,
Where none can gaze, nor in that gaze adore.—
There, from the base of her commanding dome,
O'er many a mile the feasting eye may roam,
While music-wing'd, the winds of freshness sound,
Like airy haunters of the region round.
Yon heaven is azured to one dazzling die,
Beneath—a splendour that surpasses sky!
Spire, tow'r, and steeple, roofs of radiant tile,
The costly temple, and collegiate pile,
In sumptuous mass of mingled form and hue,
Await the wonder of thy ling'ring view!
Far to the west, autumnal meadows wind,
Whose fading tints fall tender on the mind;
And near a hoary tow'r with dial'd side,
And nearer still, in many-window'd pride,
All Souls', with central tow'rs superbly grand:
But see! the clouds are borne—they break—expand!

And sunshine, welcom'd by each ancient pile,
Like Past and Present when they meet to smile,
With tinting magic beautifully falls
On fretted pinnacles, and fresco'd walls,
Till dark St. Mary, with symmetric spire,
Swells into glory as her shades retire,
And Maudlin trees, that wave o'er Cherwell stream,
Flash on the view and flutter in the beam!—
In yellow faintness, lo! that sun-burst dies,
The vision changes with the change of skies;
Again have cent'ries their dominion won,
And shadows triumph o'er the failing sun.

VISION OF HEAVEN.

Who ever gazed on heaven nor dream'd of God,
Of human destiny, and things divine?
O that mine eye could pierce yon azure cope!—
Thus stirr'd the daring thought, and while it warm
Within, a trance like heavenly music stole
Round my hush'd spirit, weaning earthly sense,
Till, in a vision, up the airy deep
It darted,—as a sky-bird to the clouds!

Thus disembodied, through the air it rose,
Till earth beneath me in a glassy depth
Lay twinkling like a star; but all around,
Those burning mysteries that mortals view
With wonder, floating o'er the face of night,
Not gems of fire, but full and perfect worlds,
In congregations vast and glorious,—beam'd.

Aloft! Aloft! still soar'd my Spirit on,
Through hosts of worlds, self-balanced and secure,
Till the bright atmosphere appear'd to bloom
With rich suffusion, like a topaz glow;
And here, enchanted by the sheen divine,
My spirit paused, became all eye and ear,—
And Heaven, the palace of the Mighty God,
Expanded into view!—My living soul!
With awful feeling enter where He dwells.

An empyrean infinitely bright
And boundless, with a roof of rainbow's arch'd,
Before me lay: beneath this dazzling vault,
Glory beyond the wonder of the heart
To dream, around interminably blazed,—
I felt, but cannot paint the vision there!

While with permitted glance the scene I mark'd,
A thrilling tide of rich-toned music roll'd,
Waking delicious echoes, as it wound
From Melody's divinest fount! All heaven
In glorious fascination heard and drank
The tones elysian!—Silence lived again!
And where I gazed, a throne of awful fire
Flamed ceaselessly; before it thunders roll'd,
And veiling darkness round about it lay.
And here alone, in uncreated bliss,
And glory, sits THE ONE ETERNAL POWER,
CREATOR, LORD, and LIFE of ALL. Again
Stillness ethereal reign'd, and forth appear'd
Ecstatic creatures, robed in fleecy light,
Together flocking from celestial haunts

And mansions of purpureal mould; the Host
Of heaven assembled, to adore with harp
And hymn, The FIRST and LAST, The LIVING GOD:
They knelt,—an immaterial choir, and glow'd
More beauteous, while they breathed the chant divine,
And Hallelujah! Hallelujah! peal'd,
And thrill'd the concave with harmonious joy!

* * * * * *

From these I turn'd, and saw a sumless host
Of cherubim, and bright pavilions rank'd
In endless files!—And then remembrance warm'd,
Within me heavenly intuition woke,
And myriads, who on earth erewhile had run
The grand career of Life,—were all reveal'd!

I saw the sages whose immortal words
Are living oracles to man and mind;
I saw the pure, the patriotic bands
Of Heroes, whose avenging swords had cut
The fetters from their land, and bade the brave
Be free!—I saw the renovated forms
Of Martyrs, clad with glory, on their heads
Inwreathed crowns of life,—and they of old,
Whose names more eloquent than thunder sound
On young Ambition's ear,—the good and great,
Of every cast and clime, were now reveal'd;
The Past was in the Present born again!

I look'd for sainted bards of earth; a breath
Of hymned music, through the mellow air
Came wafted, from beside a crystal fount

That glitter'd like a living gush of light,—
There sat our own Mæonides! * around
A throng of list'ning Angels stood, and glow'd,
Till rapture trembled o'er their sunny wings,
While from his lyre the vision'd minstrel struck
Sweet inspiration!—sounds that pierce the soul!

Among the myriads of celestial Shapes
That mused and wander'd by the springs of Life,
I mark'd the humble, the dejected sons
Of Want and Woe, apparell'd bright as morn!
Deem'd vile on earth, their trampled hearts had bled
With sorrows never told; their joyless eyes
Had melted dim with tears; at wintry night
They roam'd, and shiver'd in the bleak-wing'd wind,
And often writhed beneath the glance of scorn,
Yet fainted not: and now, unfading joys,
Beatitude, and thrones in Heaven, were theirs!

Fairest of all fair visions seen above,
Remember'd loves, and unforgotten friends,
Were recognized again! Along a mead
Of bright immensity, I saw them stray;
Not anguish-worn, or rack'd with inward fears,
But shining in the beauty of the bless'd:—
Oh! ye in life so loved, in death so mourn'd!
How oft Affection through the desert world
Delights to track ye where your feet have trod,
Through fav'rite walks, or fancy-haunted bowers!
Blend your calm voices with the twilight breeze;

* MILTON.

In fairy music fraught with infant years,
Are echoes woven from your hymns above?
In solemn days, and melancholy hours,
We think of you: we shrine ye in the stars,
And recreate ye in celestial robes!
But while, at eve's poetic hour, we watch
The golden isles that glitter from the west,
Ye live in lovelier climes, and chaster skies;
By choral streams and aromatic woods
Ye roam, rememb'ring heaven-like walks on earth,
And friends, whose mansions ye survey above!

And such was fancy's vision-moulded heaven,
Around me miniatured! here God enthroned
In measureless perfection, truth, and power,
His unimaginable glory wields;
And here, ETERNAL LOVE, from HIM the fount
Of Love, enlightens, lives, and flows through All:
No tears, no trials, and no perils known,
No sin-worn hearts, and shatter'd feelings here;
But calm fruition of unfailing bliss:
All that the beauty of creative thought
Hath pictured to Devotion's eye, is felt
Ineffably more beauteous by the blest:
Wisdom and Virtue breathe their native air,
And Pleasures smiling on their steps attend.

Nor is the vanish'd World forgot; for oft
In bowers of everlasting bloom retired,
The ransom'd, by the blood of JESUS bought,
Think of the fight their spirits fought below!
Or sweetly muse o'er some romantic hour,

While heart to heart with holy truth responds;
Still Sages feed on ever-fruitful thought,
Still Poets sing, and panting Knowledge mounts,
From step to step for ever climbing up,
Yet never on the radiant summit throned!—
Here Bliss and Love eternity embrace,
And perfect MIND a perfect GOD adores.

VISION OF HELL.

No longer Death and Time remain'd: the doom
Revokeless, by prophetic lips foretold,
Was past; the universe had disappear'd,
And chaos revell'd o'er demolish'd worlds!

Apart, upon a throne of living fire,
The Fiend was seated; in his eye there shone
The look that dared OMNIPOTENCE! the light
Of sateless vengeance, and sublime despair.—
He sat amid a burning world, and saw
Tormented myriads, whose blaspheming shrieks
Were mingled with the howl of hidden floods,
And Acherontine groans;—of all the host
The only dauntless he! As o'er the wild
He glanced, the pride of agony endured
Awoke, and writhed through all his giant frame,
That redden'd, and dilated, like a sun!

And then, as ever-vanished hours woke
The torment of their memory,—to feed
The cravings of infernal wrath, he bade

The roar of Hell be hush'd,—and silence came!
He call'd the cursed,—and they flash'd from cave
And wild—from dungeon and from den they rose,
And stood an unimaginable mass
Of spirits, agonized with burning pangs!
In silence stood they, while the Demon gazed
On all, and communed with departed time,
From whence his vengeance such a harvest reap'd!

Before him, what a congregated host
Of perish'd creatures! sumless as the waves
Lash'd into life from out th' Atlantic sea;
Long ages gone, and they were breathing airs
Of heaven, with attributes divine endow'd,
Sharing the beauty of the world, and led
By Mercy through the round of being; bliss
And endless woe before them lay,—they braved
The doom to come, and barter'd Heaven for Hell!

Famed idols of the earth, around whose paths
The blinding light of Admiration blazed,
Despots who bathed the battle-field in blood,
And many, whose immortal names had fired
The page of history with a fearful life,—
Were here, immingled with a nameless host.

And one among the legions of the damn'd,
There was, the wonder and the curse of Time:
He held the vial of Almighty wrath,
And pour'd it on the world, or with a frown
O'erclouded nations, while his fearless sword
Dealt forth defiance to th' astounded Globe.

A word of his was thunder to the ears
Of Kings; and Empires quail'd, as from afar
The tempest of his coming darker grew!
Ambition was his God, and to o'ersway,
Or chain the world to his triumphal car,
The tyrant passion of his soul. Though Man
And Nature wail'd, though Ocean storm'd,
And mountains threaten'd an eternal bar,
Still went he on, and battled with them all!
Nor paused, till on the tower of conquest waved
The planted banner that proclaim'd him lord:—
Nor wail of widows o'er the tombless dead,
Nor groan of orphans, nor the demon cry
Of havoc, through the vanquish'd city howl'd,—
E'er deafen'd him; dominion was his own,
Rebellion hail'd him with applausive roar,
And slaughter'd millions swell'd his fame!——

WOMAN'S LOVE.

But, ah! there is a brighter charm,
No shade can dim, no cloud disarm;
A star enthroned o'er change and time,
Though meek, unmoved, though soft, sublime;
A glory, with whose beam is blent
A ray that crowns the heart's content;
A spell beyond the world to break,
Which, when our eyes this orb forsake,
Will cling around the parting soul,
And gird it with divine control,

For man design'd by heaven above,
And wafted down in woman's love!

That power, without whose added spell,
So vast, yet so invisible,
The lustre of our spirit wanes,
And pleasures are but smiling pains—
Is holy love, by hearts enjoy'd,
Unchill'd, unchanged, and unalloy'd!
And like the stoic deem me wrong,
A martyr of mistaken song?
Without it, what are crowns and kings,
But barren toys and blighted things?
Art, Wit, and Genius, all we glow
To think cold earth contains below,
By woman's voice, or woman's name,
Have gather'd fortune, might and fame.—
And ask him whom the world hath worn,
Whose brain is rack'd, whose bosom torn,
Amid the dust, the heat, and strife,
Around the day concentred,
How exquisite that purer life,
At eve, when he hath enter'd
The garden path where Peace can wind,
And cast the demon Care behind!
The tottering pace of infant feet,
Then haste a homeward sire to greet;
Each budding thought, and broken word,
So faintly seen and softly heard;
The tones of air, the tender hues
Affection pours on all its views;

And, sweeter far, those eyes that live
Upon the rays his own can give.
Now kindled into fond excess
Of light that speaks, and looks that bless,—
To him who feels such blended power
To hallow eve's domestic hour,
The star of life, where'er he roam,
Is she whose ray attracts him home.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Huge, high, and solemn, sanctified by fame,
And gazing skyward in the towry gloom
Of temple majesty, another pile
Behold! in mid-air ponderously rear'd.—
How dread a power pervadeth things, this mass
Of ancient glory tells. Whereon it stands,
The vacant winds did trifle, and the laugh
Of sunshine sported in bright freedom there:
It rose,—and lo! there is a spirit-awe
Around it dwelling; with suspended heart
'Tis enter'd, where a cold, sepulchral hush,
The holiness of its immensity,
The heaven-like vastness of the vaulted aisles,
The faded banners, and the trophied tombs,
And look of monumental melanch'ly,—
With aching sadness overcloud the soul
Of mortals, as they walk the reverend gloom
Of arch and nave, immersed in dreams of death.

Methinks Ambition might grow humble here:
Though blazon'd high, the mausoleums rise,
And from stain'd windows rosy light shades fall
On armoury, and crests of costly hue,
Heraldic glare, and sculptured canopies
To grace the dust of hero, sage, or king,—
The sense, that rankling clay beneath such pomp
Alone remains, humiliates, and chills
The passion for proud greatness. But her eye
More frequent to yon lonely transept turns
Where worshipp'd heroes of the heart repose,
And on it gazeth, with a deeper awe
Than ever high-rais'd tomb of monarchs won.

WHAT IS FAME?

And is that Fame, for which our feelings pine
With yearning fondness, not indeed divine?
Are lofty impulses of soul and sense,
For ever teaching her omnipotence,
A mimicry of fine emotions? born
From the gay wildness of a youthful morn?—
Time, Truth, and Nature speak a nobler tale,
Her pomp may perish, and her brightness fail,
But all that verdure which the spirit laid
O'er the dry wilderness the world display'd
In living freshness shall outbloom the hour,
And scatter earth with many a secret flow'r.—
Oh! 'tis not fame to form the midnight show,
Where Vice and Vanity alike may go;

It is not fame, to hear the shallow prate
Of busy fondness, or intriguing hate,
To feast on sounds of patronising pride,
And wring from dullness what the world denied,—
A high soul'd nature is her own renown!
Whate'er the jewels that compose her crown.
For 'mid the barrenness of mortal strife,
And daily nothings of uneasy life,
The spirit thirsteth for a purer world;
O'er this the wings of fancy are unfurl'd;
Hence painter's hue and poet's dream are brought,
And the rich paradise of blooming thought!
To quench that thirst,--let heav'n-born feelings flow,
Let genius wake! let inspiration glow!—
Why thus we panted for a world like this
May form a knowledge in our future bliss,

All are not fram'd alike: Love, Hope, and Truth,
That guard our age, and glorify our youth,
To various minds a varied tone impart;
What this man freezes,—fires another's heart!
The words that waken melodies of soul,
In tuneless ears, monotonously roll:
Their shades and shadows which Creation forms,
And fancy moulds from seasons and from storms
To living beauty, or to lovely hue,
And waves them phantom-like before our view,—
Will rouse the life-blood into fresher play
Of him who visions what the words array:
Another, eyeless save to sterner things,
Will frown them back as false imaginings!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ARISTOCRACY OF WEALTH.

Since pride of gold usurps the pride of birth,
And dignifies the basest scum of earth;
Each vaunting mongrel of a rascal breed,
Struts with his money-bag, and takes the lead!
Prate not of times, whose chronicle records
Slaves raised to tyrants, beggars up to lords;
Our addled ones the finest wonder deem,
When tinkers spout, and Platos drive a team!
When Folly trips old Wisdom by the heel,
And pert young puppies bark the nation's weal!

"I'm first!" cries Fungus, "unabash'd I'll stand,
Nor step behind the noblest of the land!
Though, scullion-bred, my kitchen tones declare,—
Should I deny—my mother basted there:
I rival Farquhar with my spotted hounds,
In domes, in palaces, and myrtle grounds;
What boots a doughty title more than these,
While Erskine's ragged widow craves her cheese,
And Thespian harlots swim the stage by night,
To keep their peers by day, and titles bright?"

Who has not mark'd, with a contemptuous sm[illegible]i
The mean presumption of the monied vile!
Th' inflated pomp of some disgusting tool
Who play'd the villain to a wealthy fool?—
Low-born himself, he sought some hoary knav[illegible]
Whose dotage asked the service of a slave;
He clinch'd his lies, admired each smutty joke,
And when some blunder from the idiot broke,
Cried "bravo!—excellent!—delicious wit!"—
Then woo'd his smile, and carved a dainty bit:
And if, perchance, some banish'd kinsman's na[illegible]
Awoke the fury of his wrathful flame,—
Why, then the parasite would swell and glow,
As if he felt him for his deadly foe!
And cry—"and you, dear sir, who was so kind!
Oh! shocking, shameful!—most ignoble mind!"—
Ask you the reason for such tender art?
Money!—the master-key to ev'ry heart;
Jingle your cash,—and you may buy the land!
Entreat a little,—go! and get ye hang'd!

ALBUM POETRY.

Sweet Album, hail!—morocco, green or jet,
The puny minstrel's scrawl-devouring pet;
Well-paw'd preserver of pellucid trash,
On thy smooth leaves, what tinkling frenzies flash!
Or thumb'd by blues, or filled by Lady Lamb,
A rhyme-stuff'd bundle of pedantic sham:—
Yes! though thy scented page such rhyme contains,
As hourly dolts ink there in doltish strains:

Each morning ass must sit and drop the cream
Of zig-zag verse to load the wire-wove ream:—
'Tis done!—"An Ode upon a death-bed sigh,"
Or, "Stanzas on my Uncle's squinting eye;"—
"What pathos here!" the circling Cruscas cry.

A NOTORIOUS QUACK.

Now for the foulest thing whom puffs have fed;
Let Vengeance drain her vial on his head!
Thou hideous glutton on the public purse,
Eternal pander to pollution's curse,
Rhyme is too weak to damn thy filthy fame,
And scorch thee with an inward hell of shame!
Is't not enough that Lust should rot and rage,
And be the monster passion of the age,
But thou, abhorrent quack! must taint the times,
And heap the mountain of enormous crimes?
Must each wild youth by thine incentive bill,
Become the victim of detested skill?
Must infant hands be poison'd by thy lies,
And crime come recommended to our eyes?
Oh! may the father's curse and mother's shriek
Of madness wither thee!—May Vengeance wreak
Her worst on one so calmly base and vile,
Thou more than Nero to thy natal isle!

AN UNFORTUNATE.

Those radiant orbs, that so obtrusive shine
Like stars, beneath thine eyebrow's arching line,

That lip's vermillion,—brow of lucid snow,
Can these betray thee, child of sin and woe?
Alas, that ever woman's gentle soul
Should sink to glutted passion's base control!
But still, around thine air there lurks a grief
That longs, yet will not ask a pure relief;
Perchance, ere villains taught thee thence to roa[illegible],
A mother clasp'd thee in her cottage home;
Some grey-lock'd sire sat round his evening hear[illegible],
Hung on thy neck, and blessed thy happy birth!

AUTHORS OF ALL HUES.

Close to that street where noontide puppies haste,
To pull the whisker and to sport the waist,
Where long and lean, an apish concourse meet,
And scent, like civet cats, the crowded street,
One dome there is, where manuscripts abound,
Turn into print, and spread pollution round:
Here authors, shirtless, hatless, of all hues,
From volume-hacks to grubbers for reviews,
Thick as the blights on wintry trees, resort,
As to one common, all-directing court;
Hence Ramsgate tourists, full of far renown,
With greasy quartos stuff the stupid town!
Hence novel-vampers, fraught with lackey lore,
Supply St. James's with their kitchen store;
Hence reminiscent rubbish, pick'd from brains
Addled and heavy with their rakish pains,
In fat octavos pester all the isle
With slip-slop, nasty, venomous, and vile:

Hence hungry hermits, Bow-Street blackguards, all
Book-vamping reptiles in this earthly ball,
In fetid volumes on the world intrude,
Spurr'd by the vulgar wish of getting food.

A FASHIONABLE NOVEL'S RECOMMENDATIONS.

"A HEM!" a bow hath pass'd from head to head,
And, lo! a manuscript before them spread;
And thus the author:—"Gentle sir, I've brought
The midnight harvest of much toil and thought—
A novel!—just three volumes, when in print,"
"The title, sir? What taking chapters in't?"
"The characters are all from life, you'll find;
I've ta'en a precious peep the scenes behind.
Broad hints that cannot fail to raise the dust,
A parry here, and there a desp'rate thrust;
Three lords unmask'd—a duchess to the life—
Crim-conic tales—much matrimonial strife—
Blues, blacks, and redcoats—duels fought by night,
All in my page of *ton* and truth unite;
With now and then a most tremendous lie,
And slanders furnish'd in a full supply:—
I'm sure I'm safe,—to finish off my book
I bribed a housemaid and secured a cook!
I know your taste—the work must have a run,
Wing'd on the flying puffs of BURLINGTON."

AN AUTHOR OF STERLING MERIT.

Now mark the one whose mind commands a store
Of all that wit or wisdom can adore:
How nobly different wrestles HE for fame!
He hires no trumpet to prelude his name,
He wants no hand to drag him to the goal,
But reaches it by energy of soul;
And, though some clouds of envy may o'ershroud
His struggling light, nor let it be allow'd,
And stars of vulgar fame may pertly frown
Upon his dim approach to fair renown,
Like the broad sun, he'll brighten into day,
Blaze on the world, and blot them all away!

CAITIFFS OF THE LAW.

A TRIBE there is,—the tribe of every street,
That steal unhang'd, yet help to hang the cheat;
A plague so direful, Egypt never saw,—
The money-gulphing vermin of the law:
The perjur'd banes to aught sincere and good,
Who prowl for jobs, and filch for daily food:
No doubt if Satan roams his kindred earth,
He finds a lawyer's cranium for his birth!

Down that long lane, whose time-encrusted porch
Leads care-worn clients to a dubious lurch,
In woeful wigs, and wavy robes resort,
Our budding Eldons, to besiege the court;
With fretful step, and circumambient glance,
And wrinkled brow, and bag, all slow advance;

Grim, lean, and hunger'd,—pond'ring on their
cause,
And prompt to spy the loop-holes of the laws.
But see! what dapper caitiffs bustling come,
Whose teeth-grip'd lips compress the mutter'd hum?
A savage grim plays on the sallow cheek,
While knitting eye-brows, augur'd pillage speak:
Beneath their hugging arms, tied briefs repose,
And free behind, the ruby tape-string flows:
These are the scurvy minions of a breed,
Whose sateless mouths on thwarted justice feed—
A cringing, tricky, overbearing host,
Whose law is quibble, and whose cheat's a boast;
Who twist fair reason to a crooked shape,
Teach fraud to flourish, and the rogue to 'scape,
Conceal a contract deed, from orphan's wrench,
And help the thief, both in and out the bench;
A baser tribe, three kingdoms cannot nurse,
To well-stock'd clients, bowing, sneaking, terse;
To lowlier ones, presumptive braggarts they,—
Tap-room Moguls, and despots of the day:
E'en round the cup they'll pant to twine the laws,
And plot a quarrel, to create a cause!

C——K——D'S.

Go! blind adorers of the day, and see
The modern temple of Iniquity:
Full in that street where Fashion's pimpled apes
Limp forth at noon, to show their poker shapes,
There in proud triumph mark a princely pile,
Rear'd to advance the ruin of our isle;

Where midnight sharpers and their hideous crew
Unite to see what knaves and dice can do.—
How many hearts shall wither to the core!—
How many happy shall be so no more!—
Yes; in yon room, where polish'd scoundrels meet,
Night after night to plunder and to cheat,
There shall be seen the fiercely-glaring eye,
There shall be heard the riven bosom's sigh,
There shall the hollow groan of Anguish sound,
And ruin glance her deadly eyes around!

And thou, base hell-hound! whose remorseless soul
Owns neither Pity's throb nor Shame's control;
Thou fishy vagabond, whose demon mind
Is black enough to damn all human kind,
Come forth in all thy filthy bloom of crime!—
I will not pat thee with persuasive rhyme,
But bare thy baseness till the world shall see
How rank a reptile they support in thee.
Yes! though I mark thee, with a savage smile,
Survey the chambers of thy sumptuous pile,
Till warm anticipations swell and rise,
And the full villain flashes from thine eyes!

Ye ancient Virtues of our glorious clime,
The friends of honour and the foes of crime,
Spirits that burn'd with an heroic glow,
Awake! arise! resume your reign below!
Again with Vice a valiant contest wage,
And blast the brazen monsters of the age;

Down with the domes where titled scoundrels meet,
And lash the dastard dogs from street to street,
Till every C———d from his throne be hurl'd,
Cursed by the good, and carted round the world!

CONNUBIAL INFELICITY.

Like flowers transplanted to a sandy heath,
Where vapours wither, and pollutions breathe:
Great heaven! and must youth's summer fleet away,
In cheerless union with the bald and grey?
Must blooming forms, and stainless bosoms press,
Where passion mocks, and nature cannot bless!
What eye can such a loathsome scene behold,
Nor curse the rottenness preserved in gold!

DEATH OF A LIBERTINE.

Contrast the hour of Fashion's brief delight,
With that of fearful Death's unhallow'd night;
When life and time are ebbing to their close,
And martyr'd pleasure dreads the tomb's repose:—
Alone and fever'd, on his sleepless bed,
Yon dying libertine supports his head;
There is an awe—a silence in the gloom,
As if the fiend were cow'ring o'er the room:
A faintly-glimm'ring taper flickers there,
Tinting his livid cheek with hectic glare.
Days were when beauty, love, saloon, and ball,
Found him the gayest, wildest, rake of all;

Unmanly wreck! all blanched and blighted now,
With hollow cheek, and anguish-moisten'd brow,
Oft turns he round, to feel his throbbing brain,
Grind his dark teeth, and root his locks for pain;—
Then tears the garment from his heated breast,
And lifts in vain, his pale-clench'd hands, for rest;
No tears of sad remorse bedew his face,
But penitential woe is in each trace;
Those burning lips that breathe a dismal sigh,
The frenzies flashing from his fretful eye,
That wild convulsion through each feature spread—
All speak of pangful guilt, and hopeless dread!

DEMOCRATICAL DEMAGOGUES.

Great Heaven! is Freedom's voice a vicious slang,
Roar'd, mouthed, or written, for the vulgar gang?
Is He a Patriot, who would hack, confound,
And sap our Constitution to the ground?—
That splendid pile of patriotic mind,
The great, eternal wonder of mankind!—
Oh! 'tis a hideous sight for eye to see
Each babbling hound, and grub of low degree,
Vomit their curses on our ancient laws,
Unrip their substance, and create their flaws.
Or rear for government the fool's amend,
And hurl our statutes where their triumphs end!
Or pour anathemas on rich and great,
Beggar the clergy, and denounce the state:—
While such base hellhounds bark against the crown,
And rant and roar for interest or renown.

Who feels no scorn within his bosom glow,
For Freedom's rebel, and for Virtue's foe?
I love thee, England! and thine azure hills,
Thy beauteous valleys, and thy mountain-rills;
I love the clime whose gallant sons are free,
And think Creation's glory crown'd in thee!
But while ignoble democrats combine,
May every patriot's soul-breathed prayer be mine;
God keep the demagogue from Church and State,
And bury treason in exhausted hate!

DRAMATIC MANAGEMENT.

Ye managerial knaves, whose nod decides,
Whose pocket judges, and whose whim provides;
Before whose glance the manuscript must shake,
And shirtless authors feel a fellow quake,—
While throned on high, by British boobies paid,
Let no mean tricks reveal the trust betray'd,—
Though patronage e'er be a blind-struck dupe,
And sotted thousands to your verdict stoop!—
Renounce all greedy arts, that end in shame,
Refine the Drama, and its force reclaim;
No more let thick-brain'd poachers, dull and crude,
Their scribbled bantlings on the stage protrude;
Or ape Mazurier climb the box, from France,—
Or Ducrow's stud on scenic stables prance;
Nor bribe your bawling mouths to aid a cheat,
And fill with riff-raff ev'ery vacant seat;
Dramatic dignity and wit restore,
Till Genius reign, and Mumm'ry be no more!

EVILS OF A VENAL PRESS.

And ye, ye pliant tools! whose manly page
Should prove the mental bulwark of the age,
Shame on the prostitution of the quill,—
Shame on the paltry bribe and supple will!
O, vaunted freedom of the giant Press,
When venal bribes can make it curse or bless!
Save when infuriate Spite would plant a blow
Against some patriot, or a private foe;
Then Freedom bounces forth in wild-boar strains,
Rears her huge head, and rattles off her chains;
Then, then behold! our darling Press all free
To pile up mountains of base obloquy;
Free in the bosom-scenes of life to rove,
And violate the home of wedded love,
To leave the principle, attack the man,
And break as many hearts as baseness can!
But when some rising rascal-quack in trade,
By cash secures your paragraphic aid,
Then braggant Freedom smoothes her stoic frown,
Nods her assent,—and pockets half-a-crown!

EPHEMERAL NOVELISTS.

How shallow is the basis of his name,
Whom puffs alone have foisted into fame!
What, though some parasites pretend to find
A mine of talent in a barren mind,
And papers, for sev'n-shilling puffs, declare
Him Scott the Second, till his rivals stare;

While magazines assist the fulsome whine,
And dub him great, resistless, and divine,
This sickening praise can barely but dispense
A dull apology for want of sense:
One week his novel struggles through the town,
One week the writer swaggers with renown,
The next, with brother trash his volume lies,
And cold oblivion all the scribbler's prize!

EVERY DAY SCENES IN LONDON.

To London—now so Babylonian grown,
That half is scarce to genuine Cocknies known;—
What errant mongrels of exotic breed,
What motley knaves from Ganges to the Tweed,—
Advent'rous tramp, with mother, brat, and spouse,
Quite scripless all, as to some pauper house?
From Ludgate Hill—see myriads throng in view,—
Turk, Swiss, and Gaul, John Bull, and howling Jew;
The world assembled from each far-off clime,
All passing swiftly to the goal of time;

* * * * *

Parade the streets!—what countless wonders rise,
Eternal changing to the changing eyes!
Fresh sights unrivall'd by Niag'ra's Fall,—
Minerva pigs, and tigers from Bengal.
Brobdignag heroes,—Lilliputian dwarfs,
And breeches languishing near ladies' scarfs!
The lame in dog-cars—giants on their stilts,
And matrons fing'ring out the ruffled quilts!—
Here, Hunt turns shoe-black to his dear-lov'd land,
And poisonous Eady dirts the lazy hand;

Here, round some pander's lust purveying shop,
The peering urchins strain their necks, and stop,—
While coal-hole sermons, when the walls are bare,
With snug enticement catch the lounger's stare.

From vulgar scenes, sometimes a gilded change,
When paunchy shrieves enjoy their wat'ry range;
Now bells are crack'd! and fat the turtle flames,—
For proudly sails the charlatan of Thames!
The sinking river sweats beneath its weight,
And bubbles anger at the capon'd freight;
While wond'ring idiots stare along the shore,
Sigh for the soup, or watch the dripping oar.

ENTRANCE INTO A LITERARY LIFE IN LONDON; ITS DIFFICULTIES.

To this huge capital,—the dream of youth,
That paradise till Fancy melt in truth,—
The young advent'rer, kindling for a name,
Repairs to offer at the shrine of Fame:
Parental lips have seal'd their parting kiss;
And fond farewells have omen'd future bliss,—
Then proudly pure, his panting bosom glows,
While Hope around him all her magic throws;
Thus comes he to the crowded capital,
Where toil-worn genius fades, and talents fall;
And hate and rivalship alike conspire,
To crush the spirit, and exhale its fire,
Deluding weakness! here did Goldsmith roam,
And Chatterton could share no shelt'ring home;

Here, martyr'd Otway hunger'd to his grave,
And toiling Johnson drudg'd a printer's slave!
The lurking satire of each stranger's eye,
The bribe-fed sycophants that swagger by,—
The knaves that cozen, and the fools that goad,
With all the thorns on life's precarious road,—
Commingled, these oft balk the firstling thrown
On life, to steer his little bark alone:
How many a flower of dear domestic pride,
In wasted fragrance here, has droop'd and died!
Yet better far, to languish on and die,
Than live to pen the page of infamy.

ENNUI OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

How time must lag, where Fashion sits the queen,
Nor heart, nor soul, commingles with the scene;
Where each succeeding hour is but the last,
And Folly stagnates, by herself surpass'd:—
To scribble, leave the card's diurnal lie,
Watch Christie's grin, or pinch a noon-tide pie,
Create importance in a matin call,
Unpack a tradesman's shop—nor buy at all,—
Crawl forth each morn, and so yawn out the day,
Growl, smile, and guzzle,—sorrowing to be gay;
Thus, Fashion dupes her addle-headed slaves,
Until, like dogs, they shrivel to their graves!

EFFECTS OF INDISCRIMINATE NOVEL-READING;

WITH A HINT TO A CERTAIN PUBLISHER.

HERE sentimental misses and coquettes,
Like sucking pigs, whine out their soft regrets:—
Here school girls learn the load-stone of their eyes,
The flush of feeling and exchange of sighs;
Each heart-felt twitch romantic love endures,
Till passion tickles,—and elopement cures!
E'en sluttish housemaids crib a farthing light,
To whimper o'er the novel's page by night;
And then, like heroines, scorning to be wed,
Next night make John the hero of their bed!

* * * * *

One word to thee, whose cheap-bought brains supply
The letter'd garbage for each reading stye:
Will not the hoarded heaps within thy chest
Feed the vile cravings of a selfish breast?
Go, monger,—all thy manufact'ry stop,
And drive the novel-panders from thy shop;
Yet, ere thou leave the fetid mass of lies
The minion of thy Pallas press supplies;
Think on the taintless hearts thy dross defiled,—
Think on the youthful ones thy hacks have wiled!
In thy lewd leaves how many pens have taught,
The filth of fancy, and the lust of thought.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THOUGH all the knaves of Edinburgh confess,
Their Scotch Review the censor of the press,

The froth and fury of this reckless league,
Betray the infamies of Whig intrigue:
Whose heath'nish tongue praised Europe's mur-
d'ring foe,
Who wiped the blood-stains of his frequent blow;
And, link'd with Jacobins, have vilely sneer'd
At England's glories, and her rites revered?
Whose Jesuistic rant has tried to fan,
And raise up rebels from the vulgar clan?—
The Scotch Review!—th' accursed vamp for all
That surly B——, or simpering S—— scrawl,
For all the inebriate lies of party rage,
And dunghill democrats that soil the age;—
Oh! might discerning Truth her foes surpass,
And fling from England's isle this vip'rous mass!

FASHION.

'Tis Fashion dies the beldame's blister'd cheek,
Lives in her errant gaze, and kitten squeak;
'Tis Fashion rolls the lech'ry of the eye,
Breathes in the tone, and wantons in the sigh,—
Deals with the gambler, pilfers with the rogue,
And gives to wealth, a NEW-MADE DECALOGUE!

FRENCH MANNERS IMITATED.

The times are come, when arts Parisian please,
And Britons, to be Englishmen must cease:

To Gallic shores our demireps resort,—
Return again—and all their filth import:
Then like French apes these scented mongrels talk,
Feast like the French, and like the Frenchmen walk.

And can it be, that Albion's deem'd no more
A fairer, nobler clime, than Gallia's shore?—
Must England stoop to be the mime of France,
Beget her toaders, and adopt her dance?
For novel crimes, need English spendthrifts roam,
And kindly teach them to us boors at home?

FECUNDITY OF AUTHORS—ITS CAUSE.

What wonder, then, while puffs insure a sale,
That, thick as muck-flies in the evening gale,
Authors appear, of every breed and kind,
Far as absurdity can stretch the mind:
Pun-clenchers—they whose eyes poetic roll
With all the hot insanity of soul;
Prose-dabblers, wrenching, like great L——'s face,
Their style and words into a monstrous grace,
Makers of tales, romance-mechanics, all
Book-scrawlers, brazen, barren, great and small,—
Arise each morn—assert their lofty claim,
And yelp, like hungry puppies, for their fame.

GAMESTERS.

Great God! how hearts must welter in their vice,
When blighted happiness supports the dice,

And gamblers with convivial smiles can meet,
Sit face to face, and triumph in the cheat!
Within St. James's Hells, what bilks resort,—
Both young and hoary, to pursue their sport!
'Tis Mis'ry revels here!—the haggard mien
And lips that quiver with the curse obscene,
The hollow cheeks that faintly fall and rise,
While silent madness flashes from the eyes,
Those fever'd hands, the darkly-knitting brow,
Where mingling passions delve their traces now—
Denote the RUINED,—whose bewilder'd air,
Is one wild vengeful throbbing of despair!
Deserted homes, and mothers' broken hearts,
Forsaken offspring,—crime's unfathomed arts,
The suicide,—and ev'ry sad farewell,—
These are the triumphs of a London Hell!

HINTS FOR COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

OH! ye who wallow on the couch of ease,
Who gorge what meats, and quaff what wines ye please;
Ye who ride smiling o'er your spacious grounds,
Bestride your hunters, and pursue the hounds;
Can banquets, balls, and luxuries from town,
And every gaud that buys a mean renown,
Bestow such bliss, as if the happy poor
Pointed with blessings to your open door!
As if your wealth diffused around the plain,
"Health to the sick, and comfort to the swain?"

Soften your hearts, ye noble, if ye can;
Let England see her Country Gentleman!
That patriotic plant of British growth,
Worth all your lordly lumps of vice and sloth;
Instead of fops, raise sons that shall adorn,
While thousands bless the spot where they were born;
Instead of painted drabs to swoon and whine,
And snivel o'er a sentimental line,
Or else to waltz it with unbosom'd charms,
In the snug circle of a dandy's arms;
Instead of such a shape of vulgar pride,
Rear modest daughters, who shall well preside
Where'er domestic life, or duteous art,
Demand the union of the head and art;
So, when the mother's love shall claim a share
Of fond solicitude and tender care,
Duty and love will both alike combine,
And teach them to uprear a useful line.

HONESTY.

"AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD;"
So lectured Pope, who sway'd the critic's rod;—
He's prais'd by matron, moralist and don,
Though SEEN more rarely than the coal-black swan!
TRUE HONESTY!—where is it in these days,
When rogues repeat, and villains beg their praise?
Not in the full-blown unassuming face,
Where honesty is but a smiling grace;
Nor in the glossy candour of their tones,
Who pule and gabble what the heart disowns;—

Nor in prim proverbs daub'd with moral paint,
Where unfelt goodness whimpers from the saint,
Or mumbling drones that foster secret vice,
But blazon Virtue, and define her nice:
In truth, the HONEST MAN scarce lives at all,
The last I saw was on a church-yard wall!—
If ev'ry knave must have his reprimand,
Then take a rope and gibbet half the land.

HOUSE ON FIRE.

BUT list! huge wheels roll o'er the jarring stones,
I hear the clatt'ring hoofs, and rabble's tones!
Before yon dome the creaking engines wait,
Where shield-mark'd firemen empt their liquid freight,
While, grandly awful to the startled sight,
Rear the red columns of resistless light!
The windows deepen into dreadful glow,
Till the hot glass bursts shatt'ring down below;
While darting fires around their wood-work blaze,
And lick the water, hissing as it plays;
Above the crackling roof fierce flames arise,
And whirl their sparks, careering to the skies;
Triumphantly the ravenous blazes mount,
As if they started from a fiery fount,
Now, cloud-like, piling up in billowy fire,
Now quiv'ring sunk, to re-collect their ire:—
But see! again whirl up the blood-red flames,
In vain the rushing flood their fury tames;

Like burning mountain-peaks, aloft they raise,
Their jagged columns of unequal blaze,
Till the loose beams, and flaking rafters fall,
And, like a thund'ring earthquake, bury all!

INTEREST THE GOVERNING PRINCIPLE.

QUENCH'D now the olden spirits' dauntless fire
No fear extinguished, and no gain could hire;
Refining meanness gilds the manlier part,
And Gallic treach'ries find an English heart!
Now, slipp'ry tongues can prostitute their praise,
And whine, and wheedle, though the rancour blaze;
Now Interest fetters Passion's free-born right,
Smothers the malice and conceals the spite,
Beams in the eye, and whimpers in the tone,
Lies at the court, and flatters at the throne;
Life, feeling, conscience—every trait divine,
Is basely offer'd at her selfish shrine!
The heart devotes that mast'ry Nature gave,
And barters Freedom, to be Fortune's slave:
This lost, though shadowy liberty remains,
The soul is sunk in adamantine chains;
What chains more hideous could a despot find,
Than those which shackle thought, and slave the mind?

LANGUAGE.

PLAIN ENGLISH, undefiled, correctly pure,
Where native force and nervous sounds allure,

Now rarely greets us in the gauzy page,
Spun out to suit this puffing, piping age.
In Latin patch-work, and in French brocade,
Twisted and tortured, see our language fade;
A mongrel compost, called a polished style,
Mere flippant, fine-wove drivel, crude and vile—
With this the greasy press eternal teems,—
For this Rag Fair is robb'd to raise the means!

IN PRAISE OF PUFFING.

Of puffs defrauding, and the puffing race,
The curse of learning, and the land's disgrace,
I sing. Accomplish'd Heliconian Miss,
Descend, and aid a task divine as this!
Diffuse sweet influence through all my brain,
Balance the periods, keep in tune the strain;
When low, upraise,—direct me when I fly!
And all but smut and modern slang supply;
Illume, refine, and regulate my song,
Perch on my page, and puff the verse along.

And, first, I'll thank my stars I live in times
Genteelly tinctured with the best of crimes,
When Vice herself puts on a dainty mien,
Mimics her air, and struts in every scene.
Our ancestors—monotonously good!
Liv'd on, poor souls! as virtuous as they could;
So plainly honest, and so bluntly pure,
They liv'd in calm simplicity secure;
Content to make their paradise at home,
They seldom frisk'd in France, or whined at Rome;

No snug elopement, or polite crim. con.
For paper-grubs, or law, to live upon,—
No London trip, to run the crazy round
Of Vice above, and Folly under ground,—
By rich or poor was courted or required,
While duty triumph'd and plain sense inspired.

How mean and moping such Arcadian life!
No headlong spirits to produce a strife;
No stage-worn beldames to amuse the land
With wedding fuss, or love at second hand;
No dirty demirep, or paltry peer
To cram the papers with his foul career;
Good heavens! how dull the way of life they trod,—
Adorn'd their country, and adored their God!

JEW MONEY-LENDERS.

Or swindlers most abhorr'd—the crafty Jews,
Colleagued with brokers and their monied crews,
Crawl round the land to cozen and enmesh,
Like Shakspeare's, ready for the coins or flesh;—
The world's collected scum from ev'ry zone,
Would shame these men-hounds that defile our own:
Look on a Jew-dog!—how the living pest
Palls on the gaze, and heats the loathing breast;
Mark! how the minion rolls his greedy eye,
And through his widen'd jaw lets out the monstrous lie!
Prowling for victims, through the allies dark
He roams, a lender to each high-born spark;
And grants some squeezing pittance for a bond,
Till ruin'd heirs from barter'd rights abscond.

KING'S BENCH PRISON.

A DEN there is in London's foggy sphere,
To rank convenient, and to scoundrels dear,
Where purseless rogues, and monied knaves are met,
To share the easy purgat'ry of debt;
Free from the bailiff,—here's a calm retreat
For all who bravely live, and wisely cheat;
For all who go the dirty round of bills,
And live, like monarchs, on their empty tills!—
Far down the court extends the oblong pile,
With grated windows and o'er-slanting tile;
Within, some choice old rascals sit at ease,
And curse, and grin, and guzzle as they please;
Or stretch'd luxurious on infected beds,
With pensive satisfaction rub their heads;
Without, some crack the joke, or sound the song,
Or puff their pipe-smoke on the passing throng;
More active, others 'gainst a circled wall,
With wiry bats hurl up the mounting ball;
Or, still as logs, upon a narrow seat,
Lay out their limbs and doze away the heat.
Oh! blest beyond cool Academus' glade,
Is England's shelter for her sons of Trade;
Where weary debtors are quite snug awhile,
And plot how villains may become more vile!

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

COME, heavenly times! when carters' heavy pates
Replete with figures, like scholastic slates,
Shall throb o'er Barrow, and reflect with Locke,
And science flourish down to whip and frock!—

Come, lovely days, when teeming pedants reign,
Homers in shops, and Virgils on the plain!
When feeling butchers like their oxen moan,
And turncocks see the philosophic stone:—
Lo! the bright visions raise a rebel's smile,
And whiggy Brougham grins serene the while!

Would statesmen condescend to view the past,
A land of upstarts is too weak to last:
Like starry orbs, perplex'd in their career,
Each man will jostle on another's sphere;
Respectful order, and spontaneous hands
To ply the engine, and prepare the lands,—
The genial blessings of the isle will fade,
And spuming knowledge spurn the humble trade:

Ye dark refiners of the dirty clan,
Whom plot, or spite, have kindled to a man,—
Ye little Broughams, and ye bubbling great,
By lectures taught to lie and legislate—
Why foist your false philanthropy, to force
Contented ignorance from its heaven-plann'd course?
Where inborn genius flames the struggling soul,
Godlike, alone, it reaches to the goal;—
Or, like an elemental war in earth,
Will burst with single energy to birth.
Let knowledge once her helmless empire gain,
And sway prepost'rous o'er each boor and swain,—
Let Lumpkin once desert a useful post,
To battle plans and problems by the host,—

How soon will faction's smoky minions breed,
And addled sceptics doubt their father's creed?
By demagogues and wild commotions torn,
Too late to alter, and too bad to mourn,—
Deluging foes thy strength will undermine,
And France's fate, my country, then be thine!

MOCK PATRIOTS.

Ye tinkling twisters of malignant rhyme,
Ye Hunts and Cobbetts who purvey for crime,
Ye Shiels and Connells—all ye remnant vile,
That lie for lucre and subsist on guile,—
Can aught of PATRIOTIC fervour grace
The heart corruptions of your reptile race?
Will the foul frothings of ignoble spite
Protect your country, or the freeman right?
Go!—dip your nasty quills in Grubb-street mire,
Traduce for malice, and lampoon for hire;
Cling to the cursed columns that ye scrawl,
Like bloated beetles on a slime-lick'd wall,—
There mark the foulness of your covert aim,
And strut in all the energy of shame!

MODERN DRAMATISTS.

Look where we please, there is a sad decline,
From human, to realities divine;
Religion, morals,—all but vice, decay,
And Fashion leads, while Folly blinds the day,

No more the Thespian art's improving power,
Lights up the mind, and lures a vacant hour;
Nor forceful talent sway with Passion's rod,
Where Kemble spoke, and Shakspeare's heroes trod!
Ere patchwork dramas, and their tawdry train,
Prologued the mumm'ries of an impure reign,—
Our stage was evening bliss, where Britons sought
The flash of Genius and the fire of thought,—
Where guilt was imag'd to the musing eye,
And dread example drew the gentle sigh,
Till worth triumphant breath'd its hallow'd prayer,
And virtue smiled to see her semblanee there!

While fumbling dramatists employ their pen,
Sublimely careless of the *where* and *when*,
Let Britain blush for her degraded state,—
The scenic fripp'ries of a bloated age:
A flag far-streaming, with coruscant sheen,
The rose-wreath'd trees to dance along the scene,—
A pensive fountain lolling on a rock,
A squirt of lightning, and a copper shock;—
The clash of pewter, and the raw recruit,
Whose gilded scabbard dangles to his foot;
And then, the lean procession's limping throng,
Like white-wash'd puppets, wheeling slow along;—
All these,—with clouds to fatten up the sky,
And mid-day moons to ope the sawney's eye,—
Drawl out the ling'ring life of plays purvey'd,
And hash'd-up melodrames to serve the trade!

* * * * * *

Awake thee, Kemble, from thy sluggish trance,
And drive dramatic flumm'ry to France;

No more let poachers of exotic trash,
For Farce and trick, monopolize thy cash;
Shall fustian flourish, where thy brother paced,
And Shakspeare's boards by mummers be disgraced?
Shall piping Roscius represent his king,
And tragic bull-dogs bay the crowded ring?
Though emptied buckets mimic Ocean's fall,
And sooty jugglers whirl the brazen ball,—
While ragged scenes, refresh'd with horn and drum,
Secure the shillings of the London scum,—
These mean buffoon'ries blot thy Thespian name,
And barter genius for a worthless fame.

MODERN JEHUS.

O! MARK the red-nosed Jehu, awe the street,
With file-thinn'd teeth, and "benjamin" complete;
His balanc'd hat, and far equestrian gaze,
The val'rous spume that round his muzzle plays;
That cock-pit air, and fine Herculean fist,
Where Belcher science turns the flexile wrist;
The look from Tattersall's,—the snorted "hail,"—
All show him tallied for the horse's tail:
Had heaven, in pity, doom'd the vulgar fool
In fitter rank the whip and wheel to rule,
How would his stable mien adorn the place,
And add new dignity to coachee's grace!

Be proud, be greatly proud of Jehu's fame,
Great Albion, worthy now of Argos' name:

Each high-born ass—each "bit of blood" can breed
Or whip with critic lash, the glossy steed;
Far round the world thy TITLED GREATNESS blooms
Thy barons whips, thy peerage raised to grooms!

NEGLECT OF MATERNAL DUTIES IN HIGH LIFE.

A MOTHER'S love,—resistless speaks that claim,
When first the cherub lisps her gentle name!
And looking up, it moves its little tongue,
In passive dalliance to her bosom clung;—
'Tis sweet to view the sinless baby rest,
To drink its life-spring from her nursing breast;
And mark the smiling mother's mantling eyes,
While hush'd beneath, the helpless infant lies:—
How fondly pure that unobtruding pray'r,
Breath'd gently o'er the listless sleeper there!
'Tis nature this!—the forest beast can hug,
And cubs are nestled 'neath its milky dug;
But FASHION petrifies the HUMAN heart,
Scared at her nod, see ev'ry love depart!

In Rome's majestic days, long fleeted by,
Did not HER mighty dames sing lullaby?
No mean-bred hags then nurs'd the guiltless child
No kitchen slang its innocence despoil'd;
'Twas deem'd a glory that the babe should rest
In slumb'ring beauty, on the MOTHER'S breast;—
But ENGLAND'S mighty dame is too GENTEEL,
To nurse, and guard, and like the mother feel!

NIGHT SCENE—LONDON.

THE doleful thunder of the deep-mouth'd bell
Hath roll'd to heav'n the dying day's farewell;
And, like a death-groan from a tomb in air,
The echo bounds with dismal mutter there;—
'Tis midnight hour:—through England's city Queen
Her countless lamps throw out their glitt'ring sheen;
And oft, some pensive pilgrims trace a while,
The far faint lustre of their twinkling file,—
Then turning, look, where more serenely bright,
Smile the sweet spirit stars of list'ning Night.

The city slumbers, like a dreary heart,
Whose chaining sorrows tremblingly depart;
And now, what victims are within her walls,
Whom changeful Fortune martyrs, guides, and thralls!
The pale-cheek'd mourner in the dungeon's tomb,
The glad ones tripping o'er the wax-lit room,—
The proud and mean—the wealthy and the poor,
The free to spend—the miser at his ore,
All now, from ev'ry shade of woe and joy,
In changeful moods their midnight hour employ:
How many pillows bear some fev'rish head,
Damp with the weepings on their downy spread:
How many eyes, in sealing slumber hid,
With tear-drops quivering on their wan-cold lid!

* * * * *

Now from the Op'ra's widened portals stream
A shiv'ring concourse,—wide the torches gleam,—

And fling cadav'rous hues upon each face,
Where pall'd delight has left her pale-worn trace;
Perturbed mark, the blinking chap'rons guard,
Wrapt in her gather'd silks—their dainty ward;
While flutt'ring near, gallants obtrusive try
To read the twinkling promise of her eye:
Within the crush-room fretful throngs parade,
And lisping puppies quiz each well-laced maid;
Some round the fire-place chafe their chilly hands,
Smooth their wild locks, and fold their silken bands:
Here, too, the rival flirt with whispers loud,
Hung on a suitor's arm, attracts the crowd;
While borne with crutches to the creaking door,
The snarling cuckolds for their cars implore:
Without,—a Pandemonium seems to sound,
Where busy foot-balls beat along the ground;
The bouncing coachman's sky-ascending bawl,
And loud-mouthed lackies elbowing through all.

* * * * *

With tott'ring step and motion of a beast.
Next come the rev'llers, sotted from their feast;
Quick of affront, they growl some cockney strain,
Or stutter oaths to ease the swimming brain;
While bustling by, shop-puppies whiff cigars,
Clink their nail'd heels, and swagger at the stars!—

OPERATIC VICES.

Patrons of vice, from dunghill or from court,
In mercy, cease such Operatic sport!
Caress no Boschas in your costly home,
No whisker'd knave, no eunuch scamp'd from Rome!

O! let the lavish'd millions feed the poor,
The wan-eyed paupers fainting at your door,—
With pity mark, what home-bred mis'ries stare,
Let Britons born, an unask'd bounty share,—
Then sickness, want, and woe, would bless the gift,
And orphan babes, their tear-moist hands uplift.

ORIGINAL IDEAS SCARCE IN MODERN BOOKS.

A BOOK *original*, oh! who can find
Amid the wordy waste of modern mind?
Though tomes on tomes come chirping by the score,
They are but skeletons of trash before.
Dull scribbling cannibals, our authors sit,
And grin, and gorge upon each other's wit;
From stuff to stuff, triumphant they proceed,
And steal or lend, as empty skulls may need;
From hand to hand it goes, till hunted down,—
One good idea serves a reading town!

PAST AND PRESENT TIMES CONTRASTED.

TIME was, ere avaricious Folly came,
To quench Content, and fan Ambition's flame,
When lowly Labour was well pleased to toil,
Till sterile earth became a teeming soil;
And arts industrious, in their kindred sphere
Made bluntness true, and poverty sincere;

Now, boundless schemes pervade the humbles breast,
And dreams of av'rice lure away its rest;
All push beyond what Providence bestows,
And discontent in every bosom glows.

POETRY—PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF.

And Poetry—the very sound will throw
A bankrupt gloom on Paternoster Row,
Who mourns not for her unredeem'd disgrace,
Defiled by such a reptile rhyming race,
Who crawl and drag their slimy verse around,
Like creeping snails upon the humid ground?
O! *was* there not a muse-ennobled time,
When Glory hover'd round the hallow'd rhyme,
And poesy was deem'd celestial art,
To charm and tune the life-strings of the heart?
When cultur'd Genius held the pen's control,
And dash'd the feeling burning from the soul,
While Fancy caught th' immortal spark of fire,
Blazed in its verse, and bade a world admire?

* * * * *

Ask ye the reason, why the Muse, distress'd,
Weeps o'er her classic laurels once possess'd?
Go, find it in the hourly grubs that rise,
From ponds of tear-drops, and from caves of sighs.
Who sweat and swell, then burst abroad in verse,
And make themselves and poesy a curse!
How shall we number all the whining gang
Of mope-eyed things, that sound their ceaseless twang!

What odes, and elegies, on cats and dogs,
What brilliant pictures of romantic fogs!
What splay-foot madrigals—what ragged lays,
In every spot obtrude upon the gaze!
From the pert monthly patch of couplets small,
To the brown distich on a barber's wall.

Like a mix'd herd of pigs, the sons of rhyme,
Methinks I see them up Parnassus climb:
One grunts an epic with a hideous howl,
And nods his pond'rous head, and shakes his jowl;
Another, half between a grunt and groan,
Snuffles along, delighted with his tone;
The last, a little whimp'ring frisky thing,
Squeaks a shrill stanza on the state and king.

PUFFING UNIVERSAL.

WHAT pen shall justly praise the pleasing art
To pick the pocket, and beguile the heart?
That crafty—curious—most convenient stuff,
Belov'd by authors, and baptized a puff?
A PUFF!—in learning, politics, and prayer—
In virtue—vice—'tis PUFFERY ev'ry where;
Puff me—puff you—thus puffing on we go,
Until the last Puff puff us all below!

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY

CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF FORMER DAYS.

BEHOLD our peasantry! Britannia's pride,
While baleful Luxury her boon denied;
The tyrant grasp of Desolation spoils
Each homely shelter for the lab'rer's toils;
While sad and far the houseless peasant flies,
And mansions o'er his ruin'd hamlet rise:
For him no more shall bloom the garden flower,
No Sabbath guest shall greet his hazel bower,
Nor winter's evening bring domestic bliss,
Nor laughing infants leap to share the kiss.
Inhuman tyrants, whose destructive hand,
To grasp domain, would desolate the land;
Can barren pomp one joyous hour bestow,
While famine fills a thousand hearts with woe?
Can palisadoed lawns of wide extent
Please, like the rural homes of calm Content?
Sweeter by far, methinks, were wealth to pour
Diffusive blessings from her ample door;
And where the sick man pin'd, to visit there,
And with the smile of mercy, hush despair.
And dear the scene that charmed the pilgrim's eye,
Ere Luxury rose, or Avarice pealed her cry;
Where cottage homes, upon the green domain,
Were health and shelter to the toiling swain:
There many a way-worn trav'ller sighing stay'd,
And ask'd of heaven some equal hamlet shade,
Where humble life flowed undisturbed away,
And happiness led on each new-born day.

The smoke enwreathing with the playful breeze,
The glowing produce, ripening on the trees,
The rolling bee low-humming in the flower,
Or pigeon cooing from his woody tower,
With all the nameless charms that nestle round
The cottage garden, and the pasture ground,
Made every passing stranger stop awhile,
And lit his ling'ring eye with many a smile.
Here was the home, where toil-worn age, at last,
Might rest secure, and muse on labours past;
Here was the welcome round of rustic mirth,
The family supper, and the blazing hearth,
The happy converse, and the cheerful gaze,
With all that Gratitude to Mercy pays.
Rare now is such a rural scene as this,
Such peaceful plenty, and such healthful bliss;
Oppressive wealth usurps each lawny spot;
Where bloom'd the garden, and where rose the cot,
Mansions, and groves, and princely parks abound,
Stretch o'er the plain, and seize each rood of ground,
While Pomp frowns every humble home away,
And leaves the peasant but a scanty pay;
Doom'd through the day to bear the summer blaze,
Or mend, 'mid ice and snow, the public ways;
Or else beneath the bleak autumnal showers,
In damp and pain to pass the tedious hours,—
A pittance from the tyrant of the soil
Is all that pays him for his dismal toil;
Then home he wanders to a cheerless shed,
With discontented heart and aching head:
Here shall no rosy babes, or smiling wife,
Attend to make the sweetnesses of life;

No social ease to keep the mind in tune,
And shed delight around life's waning noon;
But starving infants, with imploring eyes,
Raising their little hands and piteous cries,
Till agony distract the parent's brain,
Flame the wild thought, and rack the soul with pain;
When Want bursts every tie of virtue free,
And Crime conducts him to the gallows-tree!

PHRENOLOGISTS.

One night as Gall lay grunting on the bed,
It chanced his night-cap fretted from his head;
With peevish yawn he groped his bristling hair,
Loosed his long jaws, and snuff'd the curtain'd air;
Meantime the restless finger felt some lumps;—
"'Tis very odd," saith he,—"these boundless bumps
Must be true organs of my inward brain—
I'll have some plaster heads, to show them plain!"
This said—he smoothed his nob, and pleas'd resign'd
To cob-web dreams, his phrenologic mind;
Soon spread the mapp'd-out skulls thro' Scotia's towns,
And Glasgow sawnies bump'd their dirty crowns;
Then foggy Spurzheim croak'd in bungling tomes,
Till gaping Scotland hugg'd her crack-brain'd momes!—
Last, Combe, the printing jobbernowl for all,
In half a thousand pages grubb'd for Gall;
And found a deputy in smug Deville,
With unwash'd hands to fumble and to feel.

PRECOCIOUS POETS.

So fast the stream from Helicon o'erflows,
Poor Wisdom trembles for her flooded prose!
Miss rhymes at School;—be-praised, her eighteen
years
Present a volume fresh with sighs and tears!—
The lad of twenty, puff'd from ancient Rome,
Fails not to cram his ravings in a tome;
While elder idiots in lethargic strains,
Distil poetic vapours from their brains:—
If poets born or made—no matter,—when
'Tis print and paper that inspire the pen.—
When, thus, the brainsick rumble out their lines,
And every spinster in her "hot-pressed" shines,—
When papers, trunks, and fashionable pies,
Alike reveal the poet to our eyes,—
No wonder, meaning swoons away in sound,
And gaudy jingle runs a modish round!

NOTED ATHEISTS.

Now for the apex of polluted souls,
No shame subdues, no reverence controls,
Puff'd into pertness, pand'ring to the time,
Two pinnacles of blasphemy and crime;—
Come, godless, blushless—England's vilest pair,
Blots on her land, and pestful to the air,—
C—— and T——! may each kindred name,
Be linked to one eternity of shame!

First, thou, the cap'ring coxcomb of the two,
With head upshooting from thy coat of blue,—
Say, what has "Reverend" to do with thee,
Thou big and bloated with effrontery?
Go, caitiff!—put a mask upon that face,
The staring mirror of thy soul's disgrace,
Go, seek some dunghill to harangue thy breed,
And there enjoy the dark satanic creed:—
Though stiff in port, and stately with thy glass,
Make good men frown, whene'er they see thee pass,
Till even infant tongues shall lisp thee, "vile,"
And Britons hoot thee from their tainted isle!

The base we've had, of ev'ry kind and hue,
The bloody, lech'rous, and unnat'ral too—
But, never, yet, the wretch that equall'd thee,
Thou synonyme of all depravity;
Thy mind as canker'd as thy columns vile,—
Thou pois'nous, poor polluted thing,—C———!
For THEE, must heaven's empyreal portals close,
And hope be buried in her dead repose!—
For thee must glorious aspirations cease,
Nor faith still vision out her heav'n of peace,
And minds no longer dare to feel divine,
But turn distorted, fester'd, lewd as thine!—
If yet within thee dwell one thought of shame,
If the least feeling for thy country's claim,
And common nature but preserve her right,—
Then tear thy hellish pictures from our sight;
If vile thou must be,—hie thee to some den,
To feast the fancies of thy fellow-men;

But stand not forth to Britain's public eye,
The monger-fiend of painted blasphemy;
Now go!—and quickly end thy course perverse,
Hung on the gibbet of a nation's curse!

PUBLIC BALLS.

THE ball commences—rich the music flows,
Melts on the heart, and vivifies the toes;
Wide o'er the room, behold the chalky round,
Where light the foot-beat floor begins to bound;
Awak'ning pleasure each red face illumes,
And flirting misses toss their crested plumes;—
Warm streams the blood within each thrilling vein,
Tints the bright cheek, and rushes on the brain.

PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED COOK.

AUTHORS, avaunt! unto your garrets hie!—
Enter the Prince of Pudding and of Pie!
See! round his frizzly pate what grandeur plays,
While his eyes twinkle with a kitchen blaze,—
Illustrious child of gastronomic art!
While sentimental dunces stuff the heart,
Thou stuff'st the meat with scientific hand,
And rott'st the noblest stomachs of the land,
When at the steaming board rich gluttons dine,
And turn their entrails into pipes of wine.
Like thee who models with a CATIAN gust,
The pepper' viand and the painted crust,

The soup and sauce, each highly-flavour'd food,
That taints and festers in the heated blood?
Oh! many an ulcer'd leg, and saffron cheek,
And palsied hand, and tongue too parch'd to speak;
Many a midnight rack is owed to thee,
Thou flower of cooks, and lord of fricassee!

REFINEMENT OF THE AGE.

REFINEMENT!—Say, in country or in town,
In lord or lubber, courtier or in clown,
Above, beneath,—where is not man refined?
Behold the glorious gallop of the mind!
O joy! we've lived Augustan times to see,
Scour'd from the rust of stern antiquity;
New means, new manners, and new morals rise,—
A new creation starts before our eyes!
The sage and quack, the patriot and the rogue,
With fresh endowments lead the modern vogue;
Villains in show'rs descend upon the land,
The poor look wealthy, and the little grand;
Cooks for our wits,—the kitchen turn'd a court,—
Ethics in grins, philosophy in sport,—
Like an old shoe, all ancient modes are cast
To rot and ruin—where we go at last.

Then rise, accomplish'd country! rise and strut,
Rouged and brocaded, like a sumptuous slut;
To all the world thy brazen aspect bend,
Be foppish, fine, and fulsome without end.

* * * * * *

Away! free as the wind let knowledge reign,
Prance through the town, and canter o'er the plain;
Like a mad cracker, let her whisk and run,
And brighten every hole beneath the sun;
Refine the dustman, soothe the market jade,
And jumble rank, professions, arts, and trade;
From thrones to dung-heaps, let her queenship rule,
Till pert old England strut one pompous school!

REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS.

THERE are who scribble till their brain is sore,
And filter folly from their dregs of yore;
And such art thou, now lagging through the scene,
Mighty in talent, and in moral mean!
Acute in books, yet blund'ring at the heart,
Prating on truth, yet acting falsehood's part:
Misguided, miserably gifted man,
Be wisely free, a patriot if thou can!
What! hath not sad experience raised thy soul
From passion's sink, to purity's control?
Hath not Affliction's adamantine rod
Burst every bolt that barred thee from thy God?
In vain—in vain—like an uneasy door,
Thou creak'st, and harp'st upon the times of yore,
When blood and blasphemy defiled mankind,
And France became an image of thy mind.
Then wipe pollution from thy weary pen,
Refine, and not debase, thy fellow-men;
If not,—then know, though England sullied be,
She's good and wise enough to laugh at thee!

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE FATE OF EMPIRES,

AND ITS APPLICATION TO BRITAIN.

WHERE now the empress of the palmy East,
Proud of her walls, and gorgeous at the feast?
Where Greece, the well-remember'd classic clime
That bloom'd in science, and that fought sublime,—
And seven-hill'd Rome, who held the world's wide sway,
Till Goth and Vandal crush'd her steel'd array?
All, like the meteors of a Greeland sky,
Emblaz'd th' astonish'd world, and then pass'd by?
As these fell once, may'st thou not, Britain, fall,
When crimes ennerve thee, and thy sons enthral;
Though suppliant nations feel thy living power,
These stain thy glories, and precede that hour
When forest tribes shall make thy plains their home,
And History sorrow o'er her second Rome!

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

FROM living fools to parted greatness turn,
And shed an heart-flowed tear on Byron's urn:
Oh! when again will Britain give to birth
A master-mind of such gigantic worth,
Whose genius brighten'd into quenchless blaze,
And bade the world one glorious altar raise!
"His thoughts more boundless than the dark blue sea."
With Grecian soul he wished the Grecian free;

And like a hero, sought the battle plain,
To die in arms, or burst the Moslem chain.
But blighting Death then struck his noble prey,
And sadly darken'd Freedom's dawning day;
The same glad guns that greeted him to shore,
For clay-cold Byron pealed their minute roar!

In Missolonghi, when his spirit fled,
What sorrowing thousands mourned their guardian dead!
Then, tears of love and homage fell for thee,
Phillenic minstrel of the brave and free!
No listless pomp, no mock heraldic glare,
No sembled sobs profan'd thy funeral there;
But down-cast eyes, and drops of faithful woe,
Were eloquence beyond all art to show;
When slowly moving with their lifeless load,
Thy weeping Greeks paced o'er the dismal road:
An oaken case then formed thy couch of rest,
A soldier's cloak fell mantling o'er thy chest;
Helmet and sword, with coroneted green,—
These obsequies made all the funeral scene;
But each attending breeze that wander'd by,
Bore up to heaven an unaffected sigh,
While Britons, Suliot troops, and warrior's wild,
Stood musing mourners for the peerless *Childe*.

TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS.

Disturb'd at Parry's fame, a moon-struck race,
Forsake at once their creditors and place;—

To measure pyramids,—descend a tomb,
And filch a mummy from its catacomb;
Or traverse deserts on a camel's back,
And prove that China's walls kept Tartars back!
Dispose the Nile, and hear a sea-pig roar,
Convert a Mussulman, or shoot a boar:
Sail over Dover's Straits, with book to note,
Observe each sign-post,—get each inn by rote,
With Denham's glance, survey the land and sky,
How gluttons gobble, and how French cooks fry,
Ransack the Louvre, yawn at classic plays,
Depict Parisian modes, and Sabbath-days,
Mark priest-blind Charles his ivory cross adore,
Contrive three volumes, and denote them "Tour."
"A Tour to France!" the crazy public cries,
Reviewers gape—and Prince Puff Colburn buys.

THE BARD OF DULNESS.

THEN comes your drowsy, dull, afflicting bore,
Infus'd with all the verse he's read before:
With many a long and uncongenial strain,
He melts a line from out his frosty brain:
So from the roof-tops, when the sun is felt,
Reluctant snows in liquid crystal melt:
Unmov'd by genius, whose warm flame, inspire,
And o'er the page exhale a mental fire,
With graceless toil he plies his stubborn art,
And writes too faultless to awake the heart;

Obtusely chaste, and so correct indeed,
Our heads grow sleepy as we try to read;
Till tired and sicken'd with the languid stuff,
We curse the poet, and exclaim, "Enough!"

VIRGIN LOVE.

When blushing Love first breathes its virgin sigh,
And fond devotion glitters in the eye;
How soon it steals an unsuspecting mind,
That melts away, like perfume on the wind!
Not half so fondly does the bud repose,
Its drooping beauty on the parent rose;
Not half so tenderly the dew-lit gem
At morning, hang upon the languid stem,—
As woman's maiden love,—when true and warm,
Rests on the plighted vow, and lover's charm:
How base the bosom then, with treach'ry fraught,
For her who claims the homage of each thought!

VOTARY OF FASHION IN OLD AGE.

In wint'ry age, how sadly drear the lot
Of Fashion's hack, by Fashion's host forgot!—
Bow'd down by crippled age, impurely grey,
To mental throes, and peevish qualms a prey:
Dimm'd now the youthful gleams of love-lit eyes,
And cold the filmy lid that o'er them lies;
O, where are they that throng'd her matin court,
Plann'd out the day's intrigue, and shared its sport,
Who prais'd her plumes, her love-attracting gait,
And ball-room glance, that bade the proudest wait?
Alas! the parasites of youth have fled,
Some mope like her, some fill their wormy bed.

VENAL CRITICS.

From authors, turn we to the critic tribe,
Well panoplied with serpent eye and gibe;
The canine noisome, unrepenting herd,
That snarl, like bull-dogs, o'er each luckless word;
Skill'd but to jeer, or like poltroons assault,
Commit the blunder, and create the fault;—
Save frown and censure softly sink away
In the full languishment of balmy pay!

Who reads to trust?—who dreams the dies of heaven
Will last unchanged from morning to the even;
Who thinks to split a rainbow with a straw,
Or find a gem in every goose's maw?
Such puling puppets are the critics turn'd,
By craft and perjury, their bread is earn'd;
Lurk'd back, like spiders in their dismal holes,
They mangle merit, and belie their souls.

VULGAR PRIDE.

Judge by the tongue, and all mankind are true,
Sincere, untainted, and religious too;
Judge by appearance, and the poorest shine
In grandeur, happier far than, Beckford, thine!
But, Pride's the monster passion of the times,
The spring of folly, and the nurse of crimes;
Pride makes the black-leg swindle for his ore,
Pride makes the honest to be so no more;

Pride tempts the guilty to become more vile,
At once the curse and ruin of our Isle!
Superbly see the trader's costly bale
Rolled on the counter for patrician sale;
The ribbon garland, and the plated glass
To catch the beauty of each country ass;
The brass-lined window, and Peruvian show
Of silks for belles, and kerchiefs for the beaux—
All prove the spirit of commercial pride,
And shed a glory on the counter's side!
And then the master of this mighty place—
Oh! what a model of slim form and grace;
So prim and spruce—so civet-like and sweet,
Such taper fingers and such dainty feet! [chaise
He keeps a groom and "blood," and Sabbath
Olivia waltzes, and Amelia plays;
And then, he gives his ball, and guzzles wine,
And deems it courtly not till eve to dine:
In short, no Nabob more sublimely swells,
Than this same connoisseur of yards and ells,
Till debt and ruin rouse the rascal's fears,
And George's whitewash blots his long arrears!

VICIOUS EFFECTS OF JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES.

In early times, Vice felt her true disgrace,
And mostly put a mask upon her face:
But, see the privilege of modern times,
When thieves and knaves can advertise their crimes!

Furious with plans, large "Companies" unite,
Bait their nice hook, and get the dupes to bite:
Tremendous ones for coke, and salt, and steam,
For starching bed-gowns and for skimming cream!
For horseless coaches and potatoe flour,
For gin well poisoned, and for wine soon sour;
Or schemes for golden mines,—as yet all clay,
For South Sea Islands—catch 'em if you may!

* * * * * *

And thou, fair Greece!—by Turkish hands profaned,
By Britons plunder'd, and by Moslems chain'd;
Time honoured soil, where god-like Plato taught,
Where Pindar sung, and Spartan valour fought;
Thy storied clime bedewed with Hellic gore,
Thy martyr'd freedom—who will not deplore?
When Contemplation takes her silent stand
To mourn the havoc of thy beauteous land,
How fondly weeping Mem'ry stoops to trace
Each monumental wreck and marble grace,
Each pillar'd relic of the proud and free,
Each hallowed bust, that, Athens, breathes of thee!
Each graven tomb-pile of some patriot son
Who dared—as Freedom did at Marathon!
To chase the spoilers from their classic ground,
And bid fair Liberty exult around,
This deed of greatness and perennial flame,
Became thee, Albion! rival of her name:
And one there was, Britannia's pilgrim bard,
Whose genius grac'd the clime he came to guard:
Achaia's soil he sought—there doom'd to die,
Remember'd Hellas sped his parting sigh!

Accursed bondsmen!—ye who groan'd for Greece,
Ye mean impostors, who combined to fleece,
When kindled England heard the freeman's moan,
And glowing patriots gave the needed loan,
Oh! what a hell was in your common heart,
That Greece was robb'd, and Plunder hugg'd its part?
Oh! when can Avarice more vileness show,
Than when she gluts upon the wreck'd and low?

WONDERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Oh! for the pen that scribed that Naval List,
The beacon pride of the Philologist,—
To trace the jaunty triumphs of our day,
When startled elements resign their sway!—
Ballooning bedlamites to top the air,
Goose-grease to plaster for eternal hair;
Unrivall'd pills, to poison and to purge,
And steam, to ride—or blow us o'er the surge,—
Equestrian kites, and Salamander throats,
Immortal eyes and teeth, cork rumps and coats,—
Champagne for cockneys, made of gooseberry juice,
And Hamiltonian puffs—of little use!
Lake-water'd bards, and automatic twins,
Apostate whigs, and parsons without sins,
Young maids at seventy-two, besmear'd with sham,
And dowagers that pine,—*"sed ohé jam!!"*

NOTES.

forgotten, " the few " will swell into the many, and then shall editions do justice to their fame. Thus, under the weight of unpurchased volumes, are they enabled to feel " that a thousand years after their death, the Indian on the banks of the Ganges, and the Laplander on his hills of snow, will read their works, and envy the happy clime that produced such extraordinary genius."*

Amid such distressful circumstances, a writer endowed with true delicacy would have faded into an elegant consumption, and died young, in order to be tenderly remembered. Such, however, was not the case: his health was audaciously good, and his pen was as active as ever. To explain his tough pertinacity, we must suppose him to have been somewhat acquainted with the history of criticism, and to have found, that from the days when Gray's Elegy was pronounced a. " *respectable piece of mediocrity*,"† to the time when Lord Byron was advised, " *forthwith to abandon poetry*,"‡ and betake him to more profitable pursuits, similar afflictions had been constantly endured. Popularity was,—" vulgar fame;" praise, —" absurd flattery;" and religious feeling,—" mere cant," assumed for the occasion. Then, as now, did the great unknown lament the decline of taste, the dearth of genius, and the nothingness of public opinion; while every author imprudent enough to succeed was described as the mere idol of the day, beneath the observation of the discerning " few."

May we not hope then, that those gentlemen whose pens are prepared to demolish the present unfortunate production, seeing that they have as yet

* See Gibbon's Essay on Polite Literature.
† See the London Magazine of that period.
‡ Vide Edinburgh Review.

produced nothing new in critical warfare, will devise some other means for effecting an honourable purpose? For truly lamentable would it be, if, after exhausting such noble energies in the defence of true taste and feeling, a headstrong public should decide for itself! Since mere critical blows, however violent and fierce, and constantly repeated, fail in effecting an author's annihilation, can they not contrive to invent a few immoralities, and philippize against the hypocrisy, cant, and deceitfulness of the times? Success appears to smile on this plan: since, whatever may be the character of the critic himself, the morality of the author is indispensable. It is, doubtless, on the truth of this sentiment, that several *religious* periodicals have lately acted. Being a little puzzled with the muse, they sneer at her morality, and, according to the creed of *their* gospel, insinuate into the character of others, what piety never admits in their own.

Let us conclude this discussion by a survey of the principal charges adduced against a writer, whose volumes have sold. First in the list of offences appears—a portrait without a neckcloth. Assuredly this is a melancholy affair, inasmuch as it no more resembles the author, than it does the face of Ali Pasha! And vanity, that fault which is only agreeable in ourselves, nothing but vanity, *could* have invented that upturned gaze!—Here was a source of infinite martyrdom. One gentleman, remarkable for his Byronic deficiency of cravat, considered the portrait a rivalrous attempt; while every reviewer who boasted an ugly face, thought it a personal satire. It is but fair, however, to add, that any gentleman who has the misfortune to possess a copy of this portrait, by sending it to Mr. Hobday, the artist,

may have his money returned, or a neckcloth supplied.

When we add to this circumstance, that the author "gives no dinners," writes no critiques, corresponds with no magazine, haunts no *coteries*, and,—owing to the study of astronomy in early youth,—holds his head very high when he walks,—together with the weakness of being rather young,—can we wonder that he has been lampooned in periodicals, or slandered in reviews ?*

A few months since, an order issued from proprietary headquarters, for a certain young writer to be immolated in the next number of the venerable *blue* and *yellow*. In obedience to this command, several

* Lord Byron was fearfully alive to the annoyances of petty reviewers. Indignant sarcasm against the meanest Dennis who invaded his poetical renown is continually bursting forth in his correspondence. Speaking of critics in one of his letters to Murray, he says, after forbidding him to forward any more of the reviews: "These do not interrupt, but they soil the current of my mind. I am sensitive enough, but not until I am troubled." To this remark, Moore has appended a note, evidently emanating from the smart which critical malignancy produces. "The petty but thwarting obstructions which are at present thrown across the path of men of real talent by that swarm of minor critics and pretenders, with whom the want of a seat in other professions has crowded all the walks in literature." Nor is it only the writers of the day who suffer from this multifarious rush into the mart; the readers also from having "the *superficies* of too many things presented to them at once, come to lose by degrees their power of discrimination; and in the same manner, as the palate becomes confused in trying various wines, so the public taste declines in proportion as the impressions to which it is exposed multiply."

To such sentiments Bruyère's remark applies. "Quand une lecture vous éleve l'esprit, et qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon et fait de l'ouvrage. La Critique, après ça, peut s'exercer sur les petites choses, relever quelques expressions corriger des phrases, parler de syntaxe," &c. &c.

articles were prepared, all of which finally yielded to the one that was inserted, as combining a due quantity of venom, with affectionate candour towards an ill-used public.

Majora canamus;—let us with modest gaze approach the "bright excess" of this surpassing criticism. After a little uncomfortable wriggling, the reviewer works his way into the subject—Puffery. Here it is painful to add, that two or three pages are pilfered from *The Puffiad**, without any acknowledgment of the offence. After this follows a verbal analysis, rather clumsy, and by no means original. The plagiarisms are proved after the following learned manner:—a few lines, selected from various parts of the guilty production, are exhibited, in which the words, "ocean," "dew," &c. &c. occur; some lines are also produced from DRYDEN and LORD BYRON, in which similar expressions occur. Now, what is plainer than that the former writer is convicted of plagiarism, since neither the ocean nor the dew was discerned, till LORD BYRON and DRYDEN perceived them one day, and patronised them in their poems? This spirited hunt after plagiarisms extends through several pages, when, with a gracious smile at his own performance, the reviewer receives his pay, and bids us farewell. The hint to plagiarists, it is hoped, may prove serviceable; the advice given by a respectable old lady to her bud of iniquity, in *Paul Clifford*, ought not to be forgotten; "Never steal,—'specially when any body's nigh."—Yet, may a question be put to this ingenious gentleman,—If all he pilfered from his predecessors, distilled from old magazines and encyclopædias, gathered from indices, and squeezed

* A very unamiable production, concerning which, the papers maintained a most disinterested silence.

from the book itself under review, were combined,—how much of any article that he has composed, may be called his *own?*—His critiques remind us of a circumstance in Armenia;—When a poor man appears with a new coat, he is suspected to have stolen it: but if it be cleverly patched by contributions from old cloth,—it is supposed to be his own.

The reviewer had evidently seen better days; though accustomed from the blushing dawn of his talents to perform the scrubwork of criticism, still he had occasionally spoken truth, and slept soundly after praising an author. Here, however, was a task of peculiar dirtiness which threatened to soil even *his* hands, all accustomed as they were to menial offices. He had to grope his way through sixteen pages of print, and better men than he might be forgiven, for not having accomplished the tiresome duty without some awkward grimaces on the road.

The critic's favourite metaphor is "a Turkey carpet:" from this it may be concluded that he is an upholsterer, haunted by the dreams of a shop: not but that an upholsterer may be a very excellent personage, though seldom, perhaps, a good critic: unless, indeed, after the manner of Addison's trunk-maker, who, it is recorded, could knock down an ox, or write a comment on the *Ars Poetica*, with equal facility.

The article was a decided failure; there was of course a chuckle of delight among authorlings, and a yelp of applause from criticlings,—beyond this, nothing was effected. The public has a good memory on these occasions; and recollected that the same review, now employed in exposing the puff system, had from its infancy invariably puffed its own *coterie*, from the budding statesman, down to the

full-blown versifier. It also appeared rather strange, that no *proofs* were produced to support an accusation; and that those who were notoriously addicted to the paragraphic vice, were suffered to remain, "unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

On a primary view of the matter, this treatment on the part of the public, towards the patronizing tenderness of a reviewer, may appear unmerited. But when we remember, that during the last fifteen years, *there is not a solitary instance in which the Edinburgh Review has guided public taste in conferring eminence on a writer*,—the matter is explained. With respect to poetry this is especially true. All who have won reputation, it has endeavoured either to blast in their path to fame, or allowed them to be unmentioned, till years had procured a popularity, which required the aid of no reviewer to sustain it. Besides, there is a little impolicy in a critic's frontless assertion,—that the public is a mighty Ass, easily led by the nose, wherever the popular impulse of an hour may conduct it. For who is it but this same stultified public that supports the very review that contemns it? In this the critic sees profound judgment and correct taste; in every other respect the judgment of the many is altogether vain. Admirable logic! and urbane conclusion! No doubt, some literary bubbles have been puffed into popular favour, and that poetical unworthiness has been occasionally overrated; a few months, however, have redeemed the truth, and conducted taste to her legitimate conclusions. He must, therefore, be a bigot of the very first water, and on tolerable good terms with himself, who condescends to patronize the public, by assuming all judgment and taste, as the inheritance of his own brains; while the many are catalogued as blockheads

and dunces, never to be respected,—except when they believe an oracular review!

The reviewer is, we believe, still alive; and from time to time employs himself in making mouths at distinguished men.

Let us, however, conclude this strange eventful history; and let us likewise imitate the critic's atoning kindness, by expressing our regret, should any of these remarks be "painful to his feelings." —Most heartily do we wish him a nobler office, than that of being the hired assassin of a bigoted review.

In the course of this volume incidental allusions have been made to contemporary criticism: no candid reader will mistake or misapply them. It would be a censorious foppery for any man, whatever his rank in literature, to express unlimited contempt for an art in which many of the most accomplished and profound scholars of the day are engaged; and laughable bigotry to deny the wit, eloquence, and brilliancy from time to time exhibited in our modern reviews. But while we allow the excellencies of criticism, we cannot be blind to the theoretic dulness, flimsy sarcasm, and monotonous twaddle which distinguish a great part of it. Of late, a new class of critics has arisen, composed chiefly of bankrupt prosers, and miscellaneous rhymers, whom Pope has christened, "Grub-street poets run to seed." At present they are trying an experiment with public taste,—whether "criticism," diseased with prejudice, and bloated with vulgarity, will be popularly relished and meet with success. Their whole power consists in noise and nonsense, and with these they make a most industrious rattle from week to week and month to month.

But let no reader consider these remarks as intended to excite indignation against a mournful race of men, who are too often compelled to eat the bread of infamy, and, under the name of critics, unite the double character of poltroons and maligners.* Rather let him change contempt into the more Christian feeling of pity. * * * *

Yet were he to single one out of the herd for minute observation, how often would he discover him to be a shrivelled unfortunate, gnawed by disappointment or jaundiced by despair!—one who has indeed been a writer of all work—the Helot of literature. Amid such disasters, let a generous mind pause ere it condemn him, whom circumstances have twisted into a degenerate hireling. When the petty rivalries of the hour are forgotten, and truth is alone remembered, the retrospections of such a character are by no means enviable. To him belongs not the smile of the good, nor the friendship of the great: as he has lived to be degraded, so will he die to be forgotten.

* Among the absurd charges which were, at one time, circulated against the author, was that of having *assumed* the name of a cotemporary poet; and though this mean slander was annihilated by an advertisement from his publisher, which appeared in "The Times," yet there were spirits base enough to reiterate the scandal, and to take extraordinary pains in giving it currency. We ought not, perhaps, to be surprised at this, since we daily see that envy is as senseless as it is malignant.

THE END.

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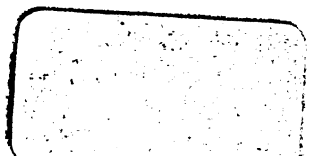
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